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and other sermons

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T. DE WITT TALMAGE

In Twenty Volumes

Vol. 5

The Christian Herald
Louis Klopsch, Proprietor
Bible House— A. D. 1900—New York

PREFACE*

In opening the front door of these twenty volumes—containing over five hundred sermons which were selected from thousands of sermons, first with reference to usefulness, and next with reference to variety—an explanatory statement is appropriate.

Many of these sermons were preached during my pastorates in Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Washington, and others in Europe and Asia and the Islands of the Sea. Chronological order has not been observed. Some of them were delivered thirty years apart, a fact that will account for certain dates and allusions. Some reference in almost every discourse will indicate the approximate time of its delivery. The publication of these volumes is partly induced by the kindness with which my previous books have been received by the press here and abroad. I am more indebted than any other man to the newspaper fraternity for the facilities they have given me for preaching the Gospel for over thirty years, without the exception of a single week, in almost every neighborhood of Christendom and in "the regions beyond"; and I gladly avail myself of every opportunity for thanking them and I thank them now.

Of the more than fifty different books published under my name in this country and in other lands, the large majority were not authorized by me for publication, and were pirated. I knew nothing of them until I saw them advertised. I have personally corrected the proofs for these twenty volumes, and their publication is hereby sanctioned. If they shall alleviate the fatigue of some travelers on the rough road of this life, and help some to find the way to the sinless and tearless Capital, whose twelve gates stand wide open, my prayer will be answered.

T. De Witt Talmage

(*Reprinted from Volume I.)

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INDEX OF TITLES AND TEXTS,
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GATES OF CARBUNCLE*

Isaiah, 54: 12: "And I will make thy windows of agates and thy gates of carbuncles."

Perhaps because a human disease of most painful and oftentimes fatal character is named after it, the Church and the world have never done justice to that intense and all-suggestive precious stone, the carbuncle. The pearl that Christ picked up to illustrate his sermon, and the jasper and the sapphire and the amethyst which the apocalyptic vision masoned into the wall of heaven, have had proper recognition, but this, in all the ages, is the first sermon on the carbuncle.

This precious stone is found in the East Indies, in color is a deep scarlet, and held up between your eye and the sun it is a burning coal. The poet puts it into rhythm as he writes:

> Like to the burning coal whence comes its name;
> Among the Greeks as Anthrax known to fame.

God sets it high up in Bible crystallography. He cuts it with a divine chisel, shapes it with a precise geometry, and kindles its fire into an almost supernatural flame of beauty. Its law of symmetry, its law of zones, its law of parallelism — something to excite the amazement of the scientist, chime the cantos of the poet, and arouse the adoration of the Christian. No one but the infinite God could fashion a carbuncle as large as your thumb-nail; and as if to make all ages

* Preached during the Presidential campaign of 1896.

appreciate this precious stone, he ordered it set in the first row of the high priest's breastplate in olden time, and higher up than the onyx and the emerald and the diamond; and in Ezekiel's prophecies concerning the splendors of the Tyrian court, the carbuncle is mentioned, the brilliancies of the walls and of the tessellated floors suggested by the Bible sentence: "Thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire!"

But in my text it is not a solitary specimen that I hand you, as the keeper of a museum might take down from the shelf a precious stone and allow you to examine it. Nor is it the panel of a door that you might stand and study for its unique carvings or bronzed traceries, but there is a whole gate of it lifted before our admiring and astounded vision — ay! two gates of it; ay! many gates of it. "I will make thy gates of carbuncles." What gates? Gates of the Church. Gates of anything worth possessing. Gates of successful enterprise. Gates of salvation. Gates of national achievement. Isaiah, who wrote this text, wrote also all that about Christ "as the lamb to the slaughter," and spoke of Christ as saying: "I have trod the wine-press alone," and wrote: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" And do you think that Isaiah in my text merely happened to represent the gates as red gates, as carmine gates, as gates of carbuncle? No. He means that it is through atonement, through blood-red struggle, through agonies we get into anything worth getting into. Heaven's gates may well be made of pearl, a bright, pellucid, cheerful crystallization, because all the struggles are over and there is beyond those gates nothing but raptures and cantata and triumphal procession and everlasting holiday and kiss of reunion; and so the twelve gates are twelve pearls,

and could be nothing else than pearls. But Christ hoisted the gates of pardon in his own blood, and the marks of eight fingers and two thumbs are on each gate; and as he lifted the gate it leaned against his forehead and took from it a crimson impress, and all those gates are deeply dyed, and Isaiah was right when he spoke of those gates as gates of carbuncle.

What an odd thing it is, think some, this idea of vicarious suffering or suffering for others! Not at all. The world saw vicarious suffering many times before Christ came and demonstrated it, on a scale that eclipsed all that went before and all that shall come after. Rachel lived only long enough after the birth of her son to give him a name. In faint whisper she said: "Call him Ben-oni," which means "son of my pain," and all modern travelers on the road from Jerusalem to Bethel uncover their heads and stand reverently at the tomb of Rachel who died for her boy. But in all ages how many mothers die for their children, and in many cases grown-up children, who by recreancy stab clear through the mother's heart! Suffering for others? Why, the world is full of it. "Jump!" said the engineer to the fireman on the locomotive. "One of us is enough to die. Jump!' And so the engineer died at his post, trying to save the train. When two trains crashed into each other near Atlantic City, among the forty-seven who lost their lives, the engineer was found dead with one hand on the throttle of the locomotive and the other on the brake. Ay! there are hundreds to-day suffering for others. You know and God knows that it is vicarious sacrifice. But on one limestone hill, five minutes' walk from the gates of Jerusalem, was the sublimest case of suffering for others that the world ever saw or ever will see—Christ the victim, human and satanic malevolence the executioner, the whole human

race having an overwhelming interest in the spectacle. To open a way for us sinful men and sinful women into glorious pardon and high hope and eternal exultation, Christ, with hand dripping with the rush of opened arteries, swung back the gate, and behold! it is a red gate, a gate of deepest hue, a gate of carbuncle.

What is true in spirituals is true in temporals. There are young men and older men who hope, through the right settlement of this acrid controversy between silver and gold, or the bimetallic quarrel, that it will become easy to make a living. That time will never come. It never has been easy to make a living. The men who have it very easy now, went through hardships and self-denials to which most young men would never submit. Unless they got it by inheritance, you cannot mention twenty men who have come to honorable fortune that did not fight their way inch by inch, and against fearful odds that again and again almost destroyed them. For some good reason God has arranged it for all the centuries that the only way for most people to get a livelihood for themselves and their families is with both hands and all the allied forces of body, mind, and soul to push back and push open the red gate, the gate of carbuncle.

For the benefit of all young men I would call the roll of those who overcame obstacle. How many of the mighty men who went one way on Pennsylvania Avenue and reached the United States Senate, or walked the other way on Pennsylvania Avenue and reached the White House, did not have to climb over political obloquy? Not one. How much scorn and scoff and brutal attack did Horace Mann endure between the time when he first began to fight for a better common school system in Massachusetts, and the day when a statue in honor of him was placed on the

steps of the State House overlooking "The Commons!" Read the biography of Robert Hall, the Baptist preacher, who, though he had been pronounced a dunce at school, lived to thrill the world with his Christian eloquence; and of George Peabody, who never owned a carriage and denied himself all luxuries that he might while living, and after death, through last will and testament, devote his uncounted millions to the education of the poor people in England and America; and of Bishop Janes, who in boyhood worked his passage from Ireland to America and became the joy of Methodism and a blessing to the race. Go to the biographical alcove in city, State, or national library, and find at least every other book an illustration of overcome obstacle, and of carmine gate that had to be forced open.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. Was it a mild spring morning when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock; and did they come in a gilded yacht, gay streamers flying? No. It was in cold December, and from a ship in which one would not want to cross the Hudson or the Potomac river. Scalping-knives all ready to receive them, they landed; their only welcome the Indian war-whoop. Red men on the beach. Red men in the forest. Red men on the mountains. Red men in the valleys. Living gates of red men. Gates of carbuncle!

Aboriginal hostility pushed back, surely now our forefathers will have nothing to do but to take easy possession of the fairest continent under the sun. The skies so genial, the soil so fertile, the rivers so populous with finny life, the acreage so immense, there will be nothing to do but eat, drink, and be merry. No. The most powerful nation, by army and navy, sounded its protest across three thousand miles of water. Then came Lexington and Bunker Hill and Monmouth

and Long Island battles and Valley Forge and Yorktown and starvation and widowhood and orphanage, and the thirteen colonies went through sufferings which the historian has attempted to put upon paper and the artist to put upon canvas, but all in vain. Engravers' tool and reporters' skill and telegraphic wire and daily press, which have made us acquainted with the horrors of modern battle-field, had not yet begun their vigilance, and the story of the American Revolution has never been told and never will be told. It did not take much ink to sign the Declaration of Independence, but it took a terrific amount of blood to maintain it. It was an awful gate of opposition that the men and women—and the women as much as the men—pushed back. It was a gate of self-sacrifice. It was a gate of blood. It was a gate of carbuncle.

We are not indebted to history for our knowledge of the greatest of national crises. Many of us remember it, and fathers and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children; so that instead of their being dependent upon cold type and obliged to say: "On such a page of such a book you can read that," will they rather be able to say: "My father told me so!" "My mother told me so!" Men and women who vividly remember 1861 and 1862 and 1863 and 1864 be yourselves the historians, telling it, not with pen, but with living tongue and voice and gesture. That is the great use of Memorial or Decoration Day, for the lilies on the grave-tops soon become breathless of perfume, and in a week turn to dust like unto that which lies beneath them. But the story of courage and self-sacrifice and patriotism told on platforms and in households and by the roadside and in churches and in cemeteries, by that annual recital will be kept fresh in the memory of generations as long as our American institutions are worthy of

preservation. Long after you are dead your children will be able to say, with the Psalmist: "We have heard with our ears, O God! our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old." But what a time it was! Four years of homesickness! Four years of brotherly and sisterly estrangement! Four years of martyrdom! Four years of massacre! Put them in a long line, the conflagration of cities, and see them light up a whole continent! Put them in long rows, the hospitals, making a vast metropolis of pain and paroxysm! Gather them in one vast assemblage, the millions of bereft from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific beaches! Put the tears into lakes and the blood into rivers and the shrieks into whirlwinds!

During those four years many good and wise men at the North and the South saw nothing ahead but annihilation. With such a national debt we could never meet our obligations! With such mortal antipathies Northern and Southern men could never come into amity! Representatives of Louisiana and Georgia and the Carolinas could never again sit side by side with the representatives of Maine, Massachusetts, and New York in the national Capitol. Lord John Russell had declared that we were "a bubble-bursting nationality," and it had come true. The nations of Europe had gathered with very resigned spirit at the funeral of our American Republic. They had tolled the bells on Parliaments and Reichstags and lowered their flags at half-mast, and even the lion on the other side of the sea had whined for the dead eagle on this side. The deep grave had been dug, and beside Babylon and Thebes and Tyre and other dead nations of the past our dead Republic was to be buried. The epitaph was all ready: "Here lies the American Republic. Born at Philadelphia, 4th of July, 1776.

Killed at Bull Run July 21, 1861. Aged eighty-five years and seventeen days. Peace to its ashes." But before the obsequies had quite closed there was an interruption of the ceremonies, and our dead nation rose from its mortuary surroundings. God had made for it a special resurrection day, and cried: "Come forth, thou Republic of Washington and John Adams and Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry and John Hancock and S. S. Prentiss and John Marshall. Come forth!" And she came forth, to be stronger than she had ever been. Her mightiest prosperities have come since that time. Who would want to push back this country to what it was in 1860 or 1850? But, oh! what a high gate, what a strong gate she had to push back before she could make one step in advance! Gate of flame! See Norfolk Navy Yard and Columbia and Chambersburg and Charleston on fire! Gate of bayonets! See glittering rifles and carbines flash from the Susquehanna and the James to the Mississippi and the Arkansas! Gate of heavy artillery making the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky and Virginia tremble as though the earth itself were struggling in its last agony. The gate was so fiery and so red that I can think of nothing more appropriate than to take the suggestion of Isaiah in the text and call it a gate of carbuncles

This country has been for the most part of its history passing through crises, and after each crisis was better off than before it entered it, and now we are at another crisis. We are told on one hand that if gold is kept as a standard and silver is not elevated, confidence will be restored and this nation will rise triumphant from all the financial misfortunes that have been afflicting us. On the other hand, we are told that if the free coinage of silver is allowed, all the wheels of business will revolve, the poor man will have

a better chance, and all our industries will begin to hum and roar. During the last six presidential elections I have been urged to enter the political arena, but I never have and never will turn the pulpit in which I preach into a political stump. Every minister must do as he feels called to do, and I will not criticise him for doing what he considers his duty; but all the political harangues from pulpits from now until the third of November will not in all the United States change one vote, but will leave many ears stopped against anything that such clergymen may utter the rest of their lives. As a general rule, the laymen of churches understand politics better than the clergy; because they study politics more than the clergy do, and have better opportunity of being intelligent on those subjects. But good morals, honesty, loyalty, Christian patriotism, and the Ten Commandments—these we must preach. God says distinctly in the Bible: "The silver and the gold are mine," and he will settle the controversy between those two metals.

If ever this country needed the divine rescue it needs it now. Never within my memory have so many people literally starved to death as in the past few months. Have you noticed in the newspapers how many men and women here and there have been found dead, the *post-mortem* examination stating that the cause of death was hunger? There is not a day that we do not hear the crash of some great commercial establishment, and as a consequence many people are thrown out of employment. Among what we considered comfortable homes have come privation and close calculation and an economy that kills. Millions of people who say nothing about it are at this moment at their wits' end. There are millions of people who do not want charity but want work. The cry has gone up to the ears of the "Lord of Sabaoth," and

the prayer will be heard and relief will come. If we have nothing better to depend on than American politics, relief will never come. Whoever is elected to the Presidency, the wheels of Government turn so slowly, and a caucus in yonder white building on the hill may tie the hands of any President. Now, though we who live in the District of Columbia cannot vote, we can pray; and my prayer day and night shall be: "O God, hear the cry of the souls from under the altar! Thou who hast brought the wheat and corn of this season to such magnitude of supply, give food to man and beast! Thou who hadst not where to lay thy head, pity the shelterless! Thou who hast brought to perfection the cotton of the South and the flax of the North, clothe the naked! Thou who hast filled the mine with coal, give fuel to the shivering. Bring bread to the body, intelligence to the mind, and salvation to the soul of all the people! God save the nation!" But we must admit it is a hard gate to push back. Millions of thin hands have pushed at it without making it swing on its hard hinges. It is a gate made out of empty flour-barrels and cold fire-grates, and worn-out apparel and cheerless homes and unmedicated sickness and ghastliness and horror. It is a gate of struggle. A gate of penury. A red gate, or what Isaiah would have called a gate of carbuncles.

Now, as I have already suggested, as there are obstacles in all our paths, we will be happier if we consent to have our life a struggle. I do not know any one to whom it is not a struggle; in all conditions of life there come disappointment and struggle. God has for some good reason arranged it so. If it is not poverty, it is sickness. If it is not sickness, it is persecution. If it is not persecution, it is contest with some evil appetite. If it is not some evil appetite, it is bereavement. If it is not one thing, it is another.

Do not get soured and cross and think your case is peculiar. You are just like the rest of us. You will have to take the bitter draught whether it be handed to you in golden chalice or pewter mug. A man who has a thousand dollars a year income sleeps sounder and has a better appetite than the man who has five millions. If our life were not a struggle we would never consent to get out of this world, and we would want to stay here, and so block up the way of the advancing generations. By the time that a man gets to be seventy years of age, and sometimes by the time he gets to be fifty years of age, he says: "I have had enough of this, and when the Lord wills it I am ready to emigrate to a country where there are no taxes and the silver of the trumpet put to one's lips has no quarrel with the gold of the pavement under his feet." We have in this world more opportunity to cultivate patience than to cultivate any other grace. Let that grace be strengthened in the Royal Gymnasium of obstacle and opposition; and by the help of God, having overcome our own hindrances and worriments, let us go forth to help others whose struggle is greater than our own.

I have been told that a Russian author writes of a shoemaker in a Russian city whose bench was in the basement of a building, and so far underground that he could see only the feet of those who went by on the sidewalk. Seated on his bench, he often looked up, and there went the swift and skipping feet of children, and then the slow and uniform step of the aged, and then feet with shoes old and worn-out, and then crippled feet; and he resolved he would do a kindness to each one who needed it. So when the foot with the old and worn-out shoe was passing, he would hail it and make for it a comfortable covering; for he had the hammer and the pegs and the shoe-lasts and the

lapstone and the leather to do it. And when he saw the invalid foot pass he would hail it and go out and offer medicine and crutch and helpfulness. And when he saw the aged foot pass he hailed it and told the old man of heaven, where he would be young again. When he saw the foot of childhood pass on the sidewalk he would go out with good advice and a laugh that seemed like an echo of the child's. Of course, as the years went on, under this process the shoemaker became more and more Christian, until one day he said to himself: "I wish among all those feet passing up there on the sidewalk I could see the feet of the dear Christ passing. Oh! if I could only see his feet go by, I would know them, because they are scarred feet." That night the shoemaker dreamed, and in the dream he saw the glorious Christ, and he asid: "O Christ! I have been waiting for thee to pass on the sidewalk, and I have seen lame feet and wounded feet and aged feet and poor feet, but in vain have I looked for thy scarred feet." And Christ said to the shoemaker: "Man! I did pass on the sidewalk and you did see my feet, and you did come out and hail me and bless me and help me. You thought it was the foot of a poor old man that went shuffling by; that was my foot. You thought it was the foot of a soldier that went limping past; that was my foot. You thought that shoeless foot was the foot of a beggar; that was my foot. The shoes, the clothing, the medicines, the cheering words that you gave to them, you gave to your Lord. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'" My hearers, with the humble spirit of that Russian mechanic, let us go forth and help others. Having shoved back the carbuncle gate for yourself, to pass in and pass on and pass up, lend a hand to others,

that they also may get through the red gate and pass in and pass on and pass up!

But mark well, and underscore with heavy dashes of the pen the order of the gates. Gate of carbuncle before gate of pearl. Isaiah the Prince saw the one gate centuries before St. John the Exile saw the other. The one you must push open. The other stands open. Gate of a Saviour's atonement before the gate of divine pardon. Gate of poverty before gate of affluence. Gate of earthly trial before gate of heavenly satisfaction. Through much tribulation you enter the kingdom of God if you ever enter it at all. But heaven will not be so much of a heaven to those who had everything in this world. A man who had everything in this world enters heaven, and the welcoming angel appoints such a newly-arrived soul to a mansion, and says: "Go in and live there. That mansion is yours forever." That man thinks to himself: "Why, I have for many years lived in a mansion; a mansion is no novelty to me." The welcoming angel appoints some prospered soul of earth to a fine landscape in the heavenly country and says: Walk there and enjoy yourself." The soul thinks to itself: "The place I owned on the Hudson," or: "The castle I had on the Rhine was almost as picturesque, and then I cannot see the sunset on the river, for it is here everlasting day. Let the welcoming angel then say to a prospered soul of earth: "Go now and rest; this is the everlasting rest." "Why," the soul would think, "I am not tired; why do I want to rest? I have not done a stroke of work for the last twenty years. I spent my winters in Florida and my summers in the Adirondacks, and I am not in need of rest." Heaven will not be so much of a heaven for those who had no struggle on earth. But when those who had a hard push with the red gate of my text, the gate of car-

buncle, come to the gate of pearl and find it wide open, they will say: "Why, how strange this is! This is the first gate of blissful entrance in forty years that I have found open." And the welcoming angel will say to some Christian mother who reared a large family of children and prepared them for usefulness and heaven: "Go where you please and sit down on what velvet bank or cushioned throne you may prefer." And I hear the newly-arrived soul saying: "Oh, my! What a good thing it is to rest! I was so tired. I was tired for forty years. Angel, tell me, is this an unbroken rest? Can it be that there are no sick children to take care of? My head was so tired, planning for the household on small means; my eyes were so tired with sewing and knitting; my back ached with doing work that made me stoop for so many hours. There was nothing in the universe I so much needed as rest. Now I have it. Blessed Jesus! Blessed heaven! Blessed rest!" Then the welcoming angel will say to some Christian who on earth was deaf and had not heard voice of song or voice of friendship: "Hark now to the choirs in white as they are about to join in the opening piece of the Temple Worship," and as the baton swings and as the deft fingers begin to feel the pulses of the harp, and lips of martyrs breathe on the soft lutes of praise, I hear the surprised soul, just entered heaven, saying: "Music! Why, that is the finest I ever heard. Will it keep on? Tell them not to stop. What is the name of that anthem? Why, I never heard anything like that. I never heard anything at all." Then the angel will say to a lifelong invalid: "Did you ever breathe air like this? Such balm! Such tonic! Did you ever have any climate on earth like this climate of heaven?" And the soul says: "This is the first time in many a long year I have been freed from pain. As I passed

through the river by that gate the last ache left me, and I am well, gloriously well, everlastingly well. I have swallowed the last bitter draught. I have felt the last cut of the knife. I have passed the last sleepless night, and now I realize the beauty of what St. John said in Revelation: "There shall be no more pain." And then the martyrs and the prophets and the apostles will take up the chorus, and all the recovered invalids from earth will join in the triumphant refrain that surges to and fro, from east gate of heaven to west gate. Chorus: "No more pain, no more pain; no more pain, no more pain!"

It will be a great heaven for all who get through; but the best heaven for those who had on earth nothing but struggle. Blessed all those who, before they entered the gate of pearl, passed through the gate of carbuncle!

BURDEN-BEARING

Gal., 6: 2: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

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Every man for himself! If there be room for only one more passenger in the lifeboat, get in yourself. If there be a burden to lift, you supervise while others shoulder it. You be the digit while others are the ciphers on the right hand side — nothing in themselves, but augmenting you. In opposition to that theory of selfishness Paul advances in my text the Gospel theory: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Everybody has burdens. Sometimes they come down upon the shoulders, sometimes they come down upon the head, sometimes they come down upon the heart. Looking over any assembly, they all seem well and bright and easy; but each one has a burden to lift, and some of them have more than they can lift. Paul proposes to split up these burdens into fragments. You take part of mine and I must take part of yours, and each one will take part of the other's, and so we will fulfil the law of Christ.

Mrs. Appleton, of Boston, the daughter of Daniel Webster, was dying after long illness. The great lawyer after pleading an important case in the court-room, on his way home stopped at the house of his daughter and went into her sick-room. She said to him: "Father, why are you out to-day in this cold weather without an overcoat?" The great lawyer went into the next room and was in a flood of tears, saying: "Dying herself, yet thinking only of me." Oh, how much more beautiful is care for others than

this everlasting taking care of ourselves. High up in the wall of the Temple of Baalbec there are three stones, each weighing eleven hundred tons. They were lifted up by a species of machinery that is now among the lost arts. But in my text is the Gospel machinery, by which the vaster and the heavier tonnage of the world's burden is to be lifted from the crushed heart of the human race. What you and I most need to learn is the spirit of helpfulness.

Encourage the merchant. If he have a superior style of goods, tell him so. If he or his clerks have displayed good taste in adorning the show windows and the shelves, compliment his skill. If he have a good business locality, if he have had great success, if he have brilliant prospects for the future, recognize all this. Be not afraid that he will become arrogant and puffed up by your approval. Before night some shop-going person will come in and tell him that his prices are exorbitant and that his goods are of an inferior quality, and that his show window gave promise of far better things than is found inside. Before the night of the day in which you say encouraging words to that merchant there will be some crank, male or female, who will come into the store and depreciate everything, and demand that he haul down enough goods from the shelves to fit out a family for a whole winter without buying a cent's worth. If the merchant be a grocer there will be some one before night who will come into his establishment, and taste of this and taste of that and taste of everything else, in that way stealing all the profits of anything that he may purchase — buying three apples while he is eating one orange! Before the night of the day when you approve that merchant, he will have a bad debt which he will have to charge to profit and loss — a bad debt made by some one who has moved away from the

neighborhood without giving any hint of the place of destination. Before the night of the day when you have uttered encouraging words to the merchant, there will be some woman who will return to his store and say she has lost her purse, she left it there in the store, she brought it there, she did not take it away, she knows it is there, leaving you to make any delicate and complimentary inference that you wish to make. Before night that merchant will hear that some style of goods of which he has a large supply is going out of fashion, and there will be some one who will come into the store and pay a bill under protest, saying he has paid it before, but the receipt has been lost. Now, encourage that merchant, not fearing that he will become arrogant or puffed up, for there will be before night enough unpleasant things said to keep him from becoming apoplectic with plethora of praise.

Encourage newspaper men. If you knew how many annoyances they have, if you understood that their most elaborate article is sometimes flung out because there is such great pressure on the columns, and that an accurate report of a speech is expected although the utterance be so indistinct that the discourse is one long stenographic guess, and that the midnight which finds you asleep demands that they be awake, and that they are sometimes ground between the wheels of our great brain manufactories; sickened at the frequent approach of men who want complimentary newspaper notices, or who want newspaper retraction; one day sent to report a burial, the next day to report a pugilistic encounter; shifted from place to place by sudden revolution which is liable to take place any day in our great journalistic establishments; precarious life becoming more and more precarious — if you understood it, you would be more

sympathetic. Be affable when you have not an axe to be sharpened on their grindstone. Consider what the nineteenth century would be without the newspaper, and give encouraging words to all who are engaged in this interest, from the chief of editorial department down to the boy who throws the morning or evening newspaper into your basement window.

Encourage mechanics. They will plumb the pipes, or they will kalsomine the ceilings, or they will put down the carpets, or they will grain the doors, or they will fashion the wardrobe. Be not among those who never say anything to a mechanic except to find fault. If he has done a job well, tell him it is splendidly done. The book is well bound, the door is well grained, the chandelier is well swung, the work is grandly accomplished. Be not among those employers who never say anything to their employees except to swear at them. Do not be afraid that you will make that mechanic so puffed up and arrogant he will never again want to be seen with working apron or in shirt sleeves, for before the night comes of that day when you praise him there will be a lawsuit brought against him because he did not finish his work as soon as he promised it, forgetful of the fact that his wife has been sick and two of his children have died of scarlet fever and he has had a felon on a finger of the right hand. Denounced perhaps because the paint is so very faint in color, not recognizing the fact that the mechanic himself has been cheated out of the right ingredients, and that he did not find out the trouble in time; or scolded at because he seems to have lamed a horse by unskillful shoeing, when the horse has for months had spavin or ringbone or springhalt. You feel you have the right to find fault with a mechanic when he does ill. Do you ever praise a mechanic when he does well?

Encourage the farmers. They come into your stores, you meet them in the city markets, you often associate with them in the summer months. Office-seekers go through the land and they stand on political platforms, and they enlarge to the farmers on the independent life of a farmer, giving flattery where they ought to give sympathy. Independent of what? I was brought up on a farm, I worked on a farm, I know all about it. I hardly saw a city until I was full grown, and I tell you that there is no class of people in this country who have it harder and who more need your sympathy than farmers. Independent of what? Of the curculio that stings the peach trees? of the rust in the wheat? of the long rain with the rye down? Independent of the grasshopper? of the locust? of the army worm? of the potato bug? Independent of the drought that burns up the harvest? Independent of the cow with the hollow horn? or the sheep with the foot rot? or the pet horse with a nail in his hoof? Independent of the cold that freezes out the winter grain? Independent of the snowbank out of which he must shovel himself? Independent of the cold weather when he stands threshing his benumbed fingers around his body to keep them from being frosted? Independent of the frozen ears and the frozen feet? Independent of what? Fancy farmers, who have made their fortunes in the city and go out in the country to build houses with all the modern improvements, and make farming a luxury, may not need any solace; but the yeomanry who get their living out of the soil, and who in that way have to clothe their families and educate their children, and pay their taxes and meet the interest on mortgaged farms — such men find a terrific struggle. I demand that office-seekers and politicians fold up their gaseous and imbecile speeches about the independent life

of a farmer, and substitute some word of comfort drawn from the fact that they are free from city conventionalities and city epidemics and city temptations. My most vivid remembrance of boyhood is of my father coming in on a very hot day from the harvest-field, and seating himself on the door-sill because he was too faint to get into the house, the perspiration streaming from forehead and from chin, and my mother trying to resuscitate him with a cup of cold water which he was too faint to hold to his own lips, while saying to us: "Don't be frightened; there's nothing the matter; a little tired that's all; a little tired." Ever since that day, when I hear people talking about the independent life of a farmer, I see through the sham. Farmers want not your flatteries but your sympathies.

Encourage the doctors. You praise the doctor when he brings you up from an awful crisis of disease, but do you praise the doctor when through skillful treatment of the incipient stages of disease, he keeps you from sinking down to the awful crisis? There is a great deal of cheap and heartless wit about doctors, but I notice that the people who get off that wit are the first to send for a doctor when there is anything the matter. There are those who undertake to say in our day that doctors are really useless. One man has written a book entitled, "Every Man His Own Doctor." That author ought to write one more book entitled, "Every Man His Own Undertaker." "Oh," says some one, "physicians in constant presence of pain get hard-hearted!" Do they? The most celebrated surgeon of the last generation stood in a clinical department of one of the New York medical colleges, the students gathered in the amphitheatre to see a very painful operation on a little child. The old surgeon said: "Gentlemen, excuse me if I retire;

these surgeons can do this as well as I can, and as I get older it gives me more and more distress to see pain." Physicians have so many hardships, so many interruptions, so many annoyances, I am glad they have so many encouragements. All doors open to them. They are welcome to mansion and to cot. Little children shout when they see them coming down the road, and the aged, recognizing the step, look up and say, "Doctor, is that you?" They stand between our families and the grave, fighting back the troops of disorder that come up from their encampment by the cold river. No one hears such thanks as the doctor hears. They are eyes to the blind, they are feet to the lame, their path is strewn with the benedictions of those whom they have befriended.

One day there was a dreadful foreboding in our house. All hope was gone. The doctor came four times that day. The children put away their toys and all walked on tip-toe, and at the least sound said: "Hush!" How loudly the clock did tick, and how the banister creaked, though we tried to keep it so still. That night the doctor stayed all night. He concentrated all his skill upon the sufferer. At last the restlessness of the sufferer subsided into a calm, sweet slumber, and the doctor looked up and smiled and said: "The crisis is past." When propped up with pillows, in the easy chair, she sat, and the south wind tried to blow a roseleaf into the faded cheek, and the children brought flowers — the one a red clover top; the other a violet from the lawn — to the lap of the convalescent, and Bertha stood on a high chair with a brush smoothing her mother's hair, and we were told in a day or two she might ride out, joy came back to our house. And as we helped the old country doctor into his gig, we noticed not that the step was broken, or the horse stiff in the knees, and

we all realized for the first time in our life what doctors were worth. Encourage them.

Encourage the lawyers. They are often cheated out of their fees, and so often have to breathe the villainous air of court-rooms, and they so often have to bear ponderous responsibility, and they have to maintain against the sharks in their profession the dignity of that calling which was honored by the fact that the only man allowed to stand on Mount Sinai beside the Lord was Moses, the lawyer, and that the Bible speaks of Christ as the Advocate. Encourage lawyers in their profession of transcendent importance — a profession honored by having on the bench a Justice Story and a John Marshall.

Encourage the teachers in our public schools — occupation arduous and poorly compensated. In all the cities when there comes a fit of economy on the part of officials, the first thing to do is always to cut down teachers' salaries. To take forty or fifty boys whose parents suppose them precocious and keep the parents from finding out their mistake; to take an empty head and fill it; to meet the expectation of parents who think their children at fifteen years of age ought to be mathematicians and mataphysicians and rhetoricians; to work successfully that great stuffing machine, the modern school system, is a very arduous work. Encourage them by the usefulness and lasting value and the magnitude of their occupation, and when your children do well, compliment the instructor, praise the teacher, thank the educator.

Encourage all individuals by telling them how many you have known with the same ailments who got well, and not by telling them of their sunken eye, or asking them whether the color of their cheek is really hectic, or mentioning cases in which that kind of disease ended fatally, or telling them how badly

they look. Cheerful words are more soothing then chloral, more stimulating than cognac, more tonic than bitters. Many an invalid has recovered through the influence of cheerful surroundings.

Encourage all starting in life by yourself becoming reminiscent. Established merchants, by telling these young merchants when you got your first customer, and how you sat behind the counter eating your luncheon with one eye on the door. Established lawyers, encourage young lawyers by telling of the time when you broke down in your first speech. Established ministers of the Gospel, encourage young ministers by merciful examination of theological candidates, not walking around with a profundity and overwhelmingness of manner as though you were one of the eternal decrees. Doctors established, by telling young doctors how you yourself once mistook the measles for scarlatina. And if you have nothing to say that is encouraging, O, man! put your teeth tightly together and cover them with the curtain of your lip; compress your lips and put your hand over your mouth and keep still.

A gentleman was crossing a bridge in Germany, and a lad came along with a cage of birds for sale. The stranger said, "How much for those birds and the cage?" The price was announced, the purchase was made, and the first thing the stranger did was to open the door of the cage and the birds flew out into the sunlight and the forest. Some one who saw the purchase and the liberation said: "What did you do that for?" "Ah!" said the stranger, "I was a captive myself once, and I know how good it is to be free." Ye who remember hardships in early life, but have survived those hardships, sympathize with those who are in the struggle! Free yourself, help others to get free. Governor Alexander

Stephens, during his last illness, persisted in having business matters brought to his bedside. The incident was told me by a colored man, the servant of the Governor, while I was in the ante-room of the State house at Atlanta, Ga., waiting for the obsequies of Governor Stephens to begin. There was on the governor's table a petition for the pardon of a distinguished criminal, the petition signed by distinguished men. There was also on that table a letter from a poor woman in the penitentiary, written and signed by herself alone. Dying Alexander Stephens said: "You think that because I have been ill so many times and got well, I shall get well now, but you are mistaken; I shall not recover. Where is that letter from that woman in the penitentiary? I think she has suffered enough. As near as I can tell, she has no friends. Bring me that paper that I may sign her pardon." A gentleman standing by, thinking this too great a responsibility for the sick man, said: "Governor, you are very sick now; perhaps you had better wait till to-morrow; you may feel stronger and you may feel better." Then the eye of the old governor flashed, and he said: "I know what I am about." Putting his signature to that pardon, he wrote the last word he ever wrote, for then the pen fell from his pale and rheumatic and dying hand forever. How beautiful that the closing hours of life should be spent in helping one who had no helper!

Encourage the troubled by thoughts of release and reunion. Encourage the aged by thoughts of eternal juvenescence. Encourage the herdsman amid the troughs of sin to go back to the banquet at the father's homestead. Give us tones in the major key instead of the minor. Give us "Coronation" instead of "Naomi." You have seen cars so arranged that

one car going down the hill drew another car up the hill. They nearly balanced each other. And every man that finds life up-hill, ought to be helped by those who have passed the heights and are descending to the vale. Oh, let us bear one another's burdens!

Since Christ bore our burdens, surely we can afford to bear those of others.

MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS

Judges, 11: 36: "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth."

MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS

Judges, 11: 36: "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth."

Jephthah was a freebooter. Early turned out from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men, and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was considered right for a man to go out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and a predatory life he became reckless and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never reverses his natural temperament. The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking him to become commander-in-chief of all the forces. He might have said, "You drove me out when you had no use for me, and now you are in trouble you want me back;" but he did not say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country, and, getting no favorable response, marshals his troops for battle.

Before going out to the war Jephthah makes a very solemn vow, that if the Lord will give him the victory, then, on his return home, whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt-offering. The battle opens. It was no skirmishing on the edge of danger, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurling of men on the point of swords and spears until the ground could

no more drink the blood, and the horses reared to leap over the pile of bodies of the slain. In those old times, opposing forces would fight until their swords were broken, and then each one would throttle his man until they both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death-stare to death-stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corpses from which the last trace of manhood had been dashed out.

Jephthah wins the day. Twenty cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpeters call up the survivors. Homeward to your wives and children. Homeward with your glittering treasures. Homeward to have the applause of an admiring nation. Build triumphal arches. Swing out flags all over Mizpeh. Open all your doors to receive the captured treasures. Through every hall spread the banquet. Pile up the viands. Fill high the tankards. The nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed, and the national honor is vindicated.

Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror! Jephthah, seated on a prancing steed, advances amid the acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home, that should be sacrificed as a burnt-offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotless lamb, what brace of doves will be thrown upon the fire of the burnt-offering.

Oh, horrors! Paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child, rushes out the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents on his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Hold-

ing back his child from his heaving breast, and pushing the locks back from the fair brow, and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection, with choked utterance he says, "Would God I lay stark on the bloody plain. My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, thou art the sacrifice!"

The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollow-hearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip, as a rose-leaf trembles in the sough of the south wind; there may have been the starting of a tear like a rain-drop shook from the anther of a water-lily; but with a self-sacrifice that man may not reach, and only woman's heart can compass, she surrenders herself to fire and to death. She cries out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me whatsoever hath proceeded from thy mouth."

She bows to the knife, and the blood, which so often at the father's voice had rushed to the crimson cheek, smokes in the fires of the burnt-offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpeh twisted for Jephthah the warrior have gone into the dust; but all ages are twisting this girl's chaplet. It is well that her name came not to us, for no one can wear it. They may take the name of Deborah, or Abigail, or Miriam, but no one in all the ages shall have the title of this daughter of sacrifice.

Of course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord; especially as God had made provision for just such a contingency. He could redeem his daughter for thirty shekels of silver (see Lev. 27:4); but before you hurl your denunciations at Jephthah's cruelty, remember

that in olden times, when vows were made, men thought they must execute them, perform them, whether they were wicked or good. There were two wrong things about Jephthah's vow. First, he ought never to have made it. Next, having made it, it were better broken than kept. But do not take on pretentious airs and say, "I could not have done as Jephthah did." If, in former days, you had been standing on the banks of the Ganges, and you had been born in India, you might have thrown your children to the crocodiles. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because we have more Gospel light.

Now I make very practical use of this question when I tell you that the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was a type of the physical, mental, and spiritual sacrifice of ten thousand children in this day. There are parents all unwittingly bringing to bear upon their children a class of influences which will as certainly ruin them as knife and torch destroyed Jephthah's daughter. While I speak, the whole nation, without emotion and without shame, looks upon the stupendous sacrifice.

In the first place, I remark that much of the system of education in our day is a system of sacrifice. When children spend six or seven hours in school, and then must spend two or three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air, and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necescary for the duties of coming life? No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common-school education. The printing of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of largest calibre, are themes on which every philanthopist ought to be

congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of children in ill-ventilated school-rooms, and poorly equipped halls of instruction is making many of the places of knowledge in this country a huge holocaust. Politics in many of the cities gets into educational affairs, and while the two political parties are scrabbling for the honors, Jephthah's daughter perishes. It is so much so that there are many schools in the country to-day which are preparing tens of thousands of invalid men and women for the future; so, that, in many places, by the time the child's education is finished the child is finished! In many places, in many cities of the country, there are large appropriations for everything else, and cheerful appropriations; but as soon as the appropriation is to be made for the educational or moral interest of a city, we are struck through with an economy that is well nigh the death of us.

In connection with this I mention what I might call the cramming system of the common schools and many of the academies; children of delicate brain compelled to tasks that might appal a mature intellect; children going down to school with a strap of books half as high as themselves. The fact is, in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate, for the simple reason, they say, "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an institution." Tens of thousands of children educated into imbecility; so that, connected with many such literary establishments there ought to be asylums for the wrecked. It is push, and crowd, and cram, and stuff, and jam, until the child's intellect is bewildered, and the memory ruined and the health is gone. There are children who once were full of romping and laughter, and had cheeks crimson with health, who are now

turned out in the afternoon pale-faced, irritated, asthmatic, old before their time. It is one of the saddest sights on earth, an old-mannish boy, or an old-womanish girl.

Girls ten years of age studying algebra! Boys twelve years of age racking their brain over trigonometry! Children unacquainted with their mother tongue crying over their Latin, French, and German lessons! All the vivacity of their nature beaten out of them by the heavy beetle of a Greek lexicon! And you doctor them for this, and you give them a little medicine for that, and you wonder what is the matter with them. I will tell you what is the matter with them. They are finishing their education!

In my parish in Philadelphia, a little child was so pushed at school that she was thrown into a fever, and in her dying delirium, all night long, she was trying to recite the multiplication table. In my boyhood I remember that in our class at school there was one lad who knew more than all of us put together. If we were fast in our arithmetic, he extricated us. When we stood up for the spelling class, he was almost always the head of the class. Visitors came to his father's house, and he was always brought in as a prodigy. At eighteen years of age he was an idiot. He lived ten years an idiot, and died an idiot, not knowing his right hand from his left, or day from night. The parents and the teachers made him an idiot.

You may flatter your pride by forcing your child to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child, if by the additions to its intelligence you are making a subtraction from its future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take care of them, but when you are old or dead, alas!

for them, if through the wrong system of education which you adopted they have no swarthiness or force of character to take care of themselves. Be careful how you make the child's head ache or its heart flutter. I hear a great deal about black men's rights, and Chinamen's rights, and Indians' rights, and women's rights. Would God that somebody would rise to plead for children's rights. The Carthagenians used to sacrifice their children by putting them into the arms of an idol which thrust forth its hand. The child was put into the arms of the idol, and no sooner touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was the art of the mothers to keep the children smiling and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a hilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking; but it is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice. Would God there were only one Jephthah's daughter.

Again: there are many parents who are sacrificing their children with wrong systems of discipline — too great rigor or too great leniency. There are children in families who rule the household. The high chair in which the infant sits is a throne and the rattle is the sceptre and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be miscreants. There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the botheration of the Church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are these young men that swagger through the street, with their thumbs in their vest, talking about their father as "the old man," "the governor," "the squire," "the old

chap," or their mother as "the old woman?" They are those who in youth, in childhood, never learned to respect authority. Eli having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness, fell over backward, and broke his neck and died. Well he might. What is life to a father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley is pleasant to his taste, and the driving rains that drip through the roof of the sepulchre are sweeter than the wines of Heshbon.

There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's government. The father will be tempted to too great rigor. The mother will be tempted to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her voice is a little softer, her hand seems better fitted to pull out a thorn and soothe a pang. Children wanting anything from the mother, cry for it. They hope to dissolve her will with tears. But the mother must not interfere, must not coax off, must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion of a parental supremacy and the subjugation of a child's temper. There comes in the history of every child an hour when it is tested whether the parents shall rule or the child shall rule. That is the crucial hour. If the child triumphs in that hour, then he will some day make you crouch. It is a horrible scene. I have witnessed it: a mother come to old age, shivering with terror in the presence of a son who cursed her gray hairs, and mocked her wrinkled face, and begrudged her the crust she munched with her toothless gums:

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
> To have a thankless child.

But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when domestic government

becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight fire with fire, but you cannot successfully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect our children to be perfect. We must not see everything. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to be too rough when we discover that our children have as many. If tradition be true, when we were children we were not all little Samuels, and our parents were not fearful lest they could not raise us because of our premature goodness. You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold drizzle. Above all, avoid fretting and scolding in the household. Better than ten years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old-fashioned application of the slipper! That minister of the Gospel of whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers will never come to canonization. The arithmetics cannot calculate how many thousands of children have been ruined forever either through too great rigor or too great leniency. The heavens and the earth are filled with the groan of the sacrificed. In this important matter seek divine direction, O father, O mother. Some one asked the mother of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield if she was not proud to have three such eminent sons, and all of them so good. "No," she said, "it is nothing to be proud of, but something for which to be very grateful."

Again: there are many who are sacrificing their children to a spirit of worldliness. Some one asked a mother whose children had turned out very well, what was the secret by which she prepared them for usefulness and for the Christian life, and she said,

"This was the secret: When, in the morning, I washed my children, I prayed that they might be washed in the fountain of a Saviour's mercy. When I put on their garments, I prayed that they might be arrayed in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. When I gave them food, I prayed that they might be fed with manna from heaven. When I started them on the road to school, I prayed that their path might be as the shining light, brighter and brighter to the perfect day. When I put them to sleep, I prayed that they might be enfolded in the Saviour's arms." "Oh," you say, "that was very old-fashioned." It was quite old-fashioned. But do you suppose that a child under such nurture as that ever turned out bad?

In our day most boys start out with no idea higher than the all-encompassing dollar. They start in an age which boasts it can scratch the Lord's Prayer on a ten-cent piece, and the Ten Commandments on a ten-cent piece. Children are taught to reduce morals and religion, time and eternity, to vulgar fractions. It seems to be their chief attainment that ten cents make a dime, and ten dimes make a dollar. How to get money is only equaled by the other art, how to keep it. Tell me, ye who know, what chance there is for those who start out in life with such perverted sentiments? The money market resounds again and again with the downfall of such people. If I had a drop of blood on the tip of a pen, I would tell you by what awful tragedy many of the youth of this country are ruined.

Further on, thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to worldliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialities of society. They are inducted into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that

twenty-five cent stories of adventurous love are delicious. With capacity that might have rivaled a Florence Nightingale in heavenly ministries, or made the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor, their life is a waste, their beauty a curse, their eternity a demolition.

In the siege of Charleston, during our civil war, a lieutenant of the army stood on the floor beside the daughter of the ex-Governor of the State of South Carolina. They were taking the vows of marriage. A bombshell struck the roof, dropped into the group, and nine were wounded and slain; among the wounded to death the bride. While the bridegroom knelt on the carpet trying to stanch the wounds, the bride demanded that the ceremony be completed, that she might take the vows before her departure; and when the minister said, "Wilt thou be faithful unto death?" with her dying lips she said, "I will," and in two hours she had departed. That was the slaughter and the sacrifice of the body; but at thousands of marriage altars there are daughters slain for time and slain for eternity. It is not a marriage; it is a massacre.

Affianced to some one who is only waiting until his father dies, so he can get the property; then a little while they swing around in circles, brilliant circles; then the property is gone, and having no power to earn a livelihood, the twain sink into some corner of society, the husband an idler and sot, the wife a drudge, a slave and a sacrifice. Ah! spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head, and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyrdom.

I lift up my voice to-day against the sacrifice of children. I look out of my window on a Sabbath, and I see a group of children, unwashed, uncombed, unchristianized. Who cares for them? Who prays

for them? Who utters to them one kind word? When the city missionary, passing along the park in New York, saw a ragged lad and heard him swearing, he said to him, "My son, stop swearing! You ought to go to the house of God to-day. You ought to be good; you ought to be a Christian." The lad looked in his face and said, "Ah! it is easy for you to talk, well clothed as you are, and well fed; but we chaps hain't got no chance."

Who lifts them to the altar for baptism? Who goes forth to snatch them up from crime and death and woe? Who to-day will go forth and bring them into schools and churches? No. Heap them up, great piles of rags and wretchedness and filth. Put underneath them the fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put on more fagots, and while we sit in the churches with folded arms and indifferent, crime and disease and death will go on with the agonizing sacrifice.

During the early French Revolution at Bourges there was a company of boys who used to train every day as young soldiers; and they carried a flag, and they had on the flag this inscription: "Tremble, tyrants, tremble; we are growing up." Mightily suggestive! This generation is passing off, and a mightier generation is coming on. Will they be the foes of tyranny, the foes of sin, and the foes of death, or will they be the foes of God? They are coming up!

I congratulate all parents who are doing their best to keep their children away from the altar of sacrifice. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your children may wander away from God, but they will come back again. A voice comes from the throne to-day, encouraging you: "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." And though when you lay your head in death there may be some wanderer of the family far away from God, and you may be twenty years in

heaven before salvation shall come to his heart, he will be brought into the kingdom, and before the throne of God you will rejoice that you were faithful. Come at last, though so long postponed his coming. Come at last!

I congratulate all those who are toiling for the outcast and the wandering. Your work will soon be over, but the influence you are setting in motion will never stop. Long after you have been garnered for the skies, your prayers, your teachings, and your Christian influence will go on, and help to people heaven with bright inhabitants. Which would you rather see? — which scene would you rather mingle in, in the last great day — being able to say, "I added house to house, and land to land, and manufactory to manufactory; I owned half the city; whatever my eye saw I had, whatever I wanted I got;" or on that day to have Christ look you full in the face and say, "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it to me"?

MARTYRS OF THE KITCHEN

Luke, 10: 40: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her, therefore, that she help me."

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Yonder is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead, and his widow is taking charge of the premises. This is the widow Martha of Bethany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. This is Mary, the youngest sister, with a book under her arm, and her face having no appearance of anxiety or perturbation. Company has come. Christ stands outside the door, and, of course, there is a good deal of excitement inside the door. The disarranged furniture is hastily put aside, and the hair is brushed back, and the dresses are adjusted as well as, in so short a time, Mary and Martha can attend to these matters. They did not keep Christ standing at the door until they were newly appareled, or until they had elaborately arranged their tresses, then coming out with affected surprise as though they had not heard the two or three previous knockings, saying: "Why, is that you?" No. They were ladies, and were always presentable, although they may not have always had on their best, for none of us always have on our best; if we did, our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door, and greet Christ. They say: "Good morning, Master; come in, and be seated."

Christ did not come alone; He had a group of friends with Him, and such an influx of city visitors would throw any country home into perturbation. I suppose also the walk from the city had been a good appetizer. The kitchen department that day

was a very important department, and I suppose that Martha had no sooner greeted the guests than she fled to that room. Mary had no anxiety about household affairs. She had full confidence that Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany. She seems to say: "Now, let us have a division of labor. Martha, you cook, and I'll sit down and be good."

So you have often seen a great difference between two sisters. There is Martha, hard working, painstaking, a good manager, ever inventive of some new pastry, or discovering something in the art of cooking and housekeeping. There is Mary, also, fond of conversation, literary, so engaged in deep questions of ethics she has no time to attend to the questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor with Christ. Martha is in the kitchen. It would have been better if they had divided the work, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Jesus; but Mary monopolizes Christ, while Martha swelters at the fire. It was a very important thing that they should have a good dinner that day. Christ was hungry, and He did not often have a luxurious entertainment. Alas! me, if the duty had devolved upon Mary, what a repast that would have been! But something went wrong in the kitchen. Perhaps the fire would not burn, or the bread would not bake, or Martha scalded her hand, or something was burned black that ought only to have been made brown; and Martha lost her patience, and forgetting the proprieties of the occasion, with besweated brow, and perhaps with pitcher in one hand and tongs in the other, she rushes out of the kitchen into the presence of Christ, saying: "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me." Christ scolded not a word. If it were scolding, I

should rather have His scolding than anybody else's blessing. There was nothing acerb. He knew Martha had almost worked herself to death to get Him something to eat, and so He throws a world of tenderness into His intonation as He seems to say: "My dear woman, do not worry; let the dinner go; sit down on this ottoman beside Mary, your younger sister. Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful." As Martha throws open that kitchen door, I look in and see a great many household perplexities and anxieties.

First, there is the trial of non-appreciation. That is what made Martha so vexed with Mary. The younger sister had no appreciation of her older sister's fatigues. As now, men bothered with the anxieties of the store, and office, and shop, or coming from the Stock Exchange, say when they get home: "Oh, you ought to be in our factory a little while; you ought to have to manage eight, or ten, or twenty subordinates, and then you would know what trouble and anxiety are!" Sir! the wife and the mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, while she is health officer, police, and president of her realm! She must do a hundred things, and do them well, in order to keep things going smoothly; and so her brain and her nerves are taxed to the utmost.

I know there are housekeepers who are so fortunate that they can sit in an arm-chair in the library, or lie on the belated pillow and throw off all the care upon subordinates who, having large wages and great experience, can attend to all of the affairs of the household. Those are the exception. I am speaking of the great mass of housekeepers — the women

to whom life is a struggle, and who, at thirty years of age, look as though they were forty, and at forty look as though they were fifty, and at fifty look as though they were sixty. The fallen at Chalons, at Austerlitz, at Gettysburg, at Sedan are a small number compared with the slain in the great Armageddon of the kitchen. You go out to the cemetery, and you will see that the tombstones all read beautifully poetic; but if those tombstones would speak the truth, thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman killed by too much mending, and sewing, and baking, and scrubbing, and scouring; the weapon with which she was slain was a broom, or a sewing-machine, or a ladle."

You think, O man of the world! that you have all the cares and anxieties. If the cares and anxieties of the household should come upon you for one week, you would be a fit candidate for an insane asylum. The half-rested housekeeper arises in the morning. She must have the morning repast prepared at an irrevocable hour. What if the fire will not light; what if the marketing did not come; what if the clock has stopped — no matter, she must have the morning repast at an irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got off to school. What if their garments are torn; what if they do not know their lessons; what if they have lost a hat or sash — they must be ready. Then you have all the diet of the day, and perhaps of several days, to plan; but what if the butcher has sent meat unmasticable, or the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated, and what if some piece of silver be gone, or some favorite chalice be cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur — you must be ready.

Spring weather comes, and there must be a revolution in the family wardrobe; or autumn comes, and

you must shut out the northern blast; but what if the moth has preceded you to the chest; what if, during the year, the children have outgrown the apparel of last year; what if the fashions have changed. Your house must be an apothecary's shop; it must be a dispensary; there must be medicines for all sorts of ailments — something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. You must be in half a dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be.

If, under all this wear and tear of life, Martha makes an impatient rush upon the library or drawing-room, be patient, be lenient. Woman, though I may fail to stir up an appreciation in the souls of others in regard to your household toils, let me assure you, from the kindliness with which Jesus Christ met Martha, that He appreciates all your work from garret to cellar; and that the God of Deborah, and Hannah, and Abigail, and Grandmother Lois, and Elizabeth Fry, and Hannah More is the God of the housekeeper.

Jesus was never married, that He might be the especial friend and confidante of a whole world of troubled womanhood. I blunder; Christ was married. The Bible says that the Church is the Lamb's wife, and that makes me know that all Christian women have a right to go to Christ and tell Him of their annoyances and troubles, since by His oath of conjugal fidelity He is sworn to sympathize. George Herbert, the Christian poet, wrote two or three verses on this subject:

> The servant by this clause
> Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
> Makes this and the action fine.

Again, there is the trial of severe economy. Nine hundred and ninety-nine households out of the thousand are subjected to it — some under more and some under less stress of circumstances. Especially if a man smoke very expensive cigars, and take very costly dinners at the restaurants, he will be severe in demanding domestic economies. This is what kills tens of thousands of women — attempting to make five dollars do the work of seven. How the bills come in! The woman is the banker of the household; she is the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk; and there is a panic every few weeks! This thirty years' war against high prices, this perpetual study of economics, this life-long attempt to keep the outgoes less than the income, exhausts uncounted housekeepers.

My sister, this is a part of the Divine discipline! If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be to open the front windows and the ravens would fly in with food; and after you had baked fifty times from the barrel in the pantry, the barrel, like the one of Zarephath, would be full; and the shoes of the children would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness — forty years. Beside that, this is going to make heaven the more attractive in the contrast. They never hunger there, and consequently there will be none of the nuisances of catering for appetites. And in the land of the white robe they never have to mend anything, and the air in that hill country makes everybody well. There are no rents to pay; every man owns his own house, and a mansion at that.

It will not be so great a change for you to have a chariot in heaven if you have been in the habit of riding in this world. It will not be so great a change for you to sit down on the banks of the

river of life, if in this world you had a country-seat; but if you have walked with tired feet in this world, what a glorious change to mount celestial equipage; and if your life on earth was domestic martyrdom, oh, the joy of an eternity in which you shall have nothing to do except what you choose to do! Martha has had no drudgery for eighteen centuries! I quarrel with the theologians who want to distribute all the thrones of heaven among the John Knoxes, and the Hugh Latimers, and the Theban Legion. Some of the brightest thrones of heaven will be kept for Christian housekeepers. Oh, what a change from here to there — from the time when they put down the rolling-pin to when they take up the sceptre!

There are many housekeepers who could get along with their toils if it were not for sickness and trouble. The fact is, one-half of the women of the land are more or less invalids. The mountain lass, who has never had an ache or pain, may consider household toil inconsiderable, and toward evening she may skip away miles to the fields and drive home the cattle, and she may until ten o'clock at night fill the house with laughing racket; but oh, to do the work of life with worn-out constitution, when whooping-cough has been raging for six weeks in the household, making the night as sleepless as the day — that is not so easy. Perhaps this comes after the nerves have been shattered by some bereavement that has left desolation in every room of the house, and set the crib in the garret, because the occupant has been hushed into a slumber which needs no mother's lullaby. Oh, she could provide for the whole group a great deal better than she can for a part of the group now the rest are gone! Though you may, by way of consolation, tell her that God is taking care of those who are gone, it is mother-like to brood

both flocks; and one wing she puts over the flock in the house, the other wing she puts over the flock in the grave.

There is nothing but the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ that will take a woman through the trials of home life. At first there may be a romance or a novelty that will do for a substitute. The marriage hour has just passed, and the perplexities of the household are more than atoned by the joy of being together, and by the fact that when it is late they do not have to discuss the question as to whether it is time to go! The mishaps of the household, instead of being a matter of anxiety and reprehension, are a matter of merriment — the loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen; the slushy custards; the jaundiced or measly biscuits. It is a very bright sunlight that falls on the cutlery and the mantel ornaments of a new home.

But after a while the romance is all gone, and then there is something to be prepared for the table that the book called "Cookery Taught in Twelve Lessons" will not teach. The recipe for making it is not a handful of this, a cup of that, and a spoonful of something else. It is not something sweetened with ordinary condiments, or flavored with ordinary flavors, or baked in ordinary ovens. It is the loaf of domestic happiness; and all the ingredients come down from heaven, and the fruits are plucked from the tree of life, and it is sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom, and it is baked in the oven of home trial. Solomon wrote out of his own experience. He had a wretched home. A man cannot be happy with two wives, much less with seven hundred; and he says, writing out of his own experience: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

How great are the responsibilities of housekeepers! Sometimes an indigestible article of food, by its effect upon a commander or king, has defeated an army or overthrown an empire. Housekeepers, by the food they provide, by the couches they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influences they bring around their home, are deciding the physical, intellectual, moral, eternal destiny of the race.

You say your life is one of sacrifice. I know it. But, my sisters, that is the only life worth living. That was Florence Nightingale's life; that was Payson's life; that was Christ's life. We admire it in others; but how very hard it is for us to cultivate ourselves. When young Dr. Hutchison, having spent a whole night in a diphtheritic room for the relief of a patient, became saturated with the poison and died, we all felt as if we would like to put garlands on his grave; everybody appreciates that. When in the burning hotel at St. Louis a young man on the fifth story broke open the door of the room where his mother was sleeping, and plunged in amid smoke and fire, crying: "Mother! where are you?" and never came out, our hearts applauded that young man. But how few of us have the Christ-like spirit — a willingness to suffer for others!

A rough teacher in a school called upon a poor, half-starved lad, who had offended against the laws of the school, and said: "Take off your coat directly, sir." The boy refused to take it off, whereupon the teacher said again: "Take off your coat, sir," as he swung the whip through the air. The boy refused. It was not because he was afraid of the lash — he was used to that at home — but it was from shame; he had no undergarment, and as at the third command he pulled slowly off his coat, there went a sob through the school. They saw then why he

did not want to remove his coat, and they saw the shoulder blades had almost cut through the skin, and a stout, healthy boy rose up and went to the teacher of the school, and said: "Oh, sir, please don't hurt this poor fellow; whip me; see, he's nothing but a poor chap; don't you hurt him, he's poor; whip me." "Well," said the teacher, "it's going to be a severe whipping; I am willing to take you as a substitute." "Well," said the boy, "I don't care; you can whip me, if you will let this poor fellow go." The stout, healthy boy took the scourging without an outcry. "Bravo," says every man — "Bravo!" How many of us are willing to take the scourging, and the suffering, and the toil, and the anxiety for other people! Beautiful thing to admire, but how little we have of that spirit! God give us that self-denying spirit, so that whether we are in humble spheres or in conspicuous spheres we may perform our whole duty — for this struggle will soon be over.

One of the most affecting reminiscences of my mother is my remembrance of her as a Christian housekeeper. She worked very hard, and when we would come in from summer play, and sit down at the table at noon, I remember how she used to come in with beads of perspiration along the line of gray hair, and how sometimes she would sit down at the table, and put her head against her wrinkled hand and say; "Well, the fact is, I'm too tired to eat." Long after she might have delegated this duty to others, she would not be satisfied unless she attended to the matter herself. In fact, we all preferred to have her do so, for somehow things tasted better when she prepared them. Some time ago, in an express train, I shot past that old homestead. I looked out of the window, and tried to peer through the darkness. While I was doing so, one of my old

schoolmates, whom I had not seen for many years, tapped me on the shoulder, and said: "DeWitt, I see you are looking out at the scenes of your boyhood." "Oh, yes," I replied, "I was looking out at the old place where my mother lived and died."

That night, in the cars, the whole scene came back to me. There was the country home. There was the noonday table. There were the children on either side of the table, most of them gone never to come back. At one end of the table my father, with a smile that never left his countenance even when he lay in his coffin. It was an eighty-six years' smile — not the smile of inanition, but of Christian courage and of Christian hope. At the other end of the table was a beautiful, benignant, hard-working, aged Christian housekeeper, my mother. She was very tired. I am glad she has so good a place to rest in. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

MINISTRY OF TEARS

Rev., 7: 17: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

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Riding across a Western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine; and I thought, What a beautiful spectacle is this! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas! me! they are falling all the time. In summer, you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them, anyhow? Why, not

substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well, and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live? — the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients — the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is: it is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I discourse of the uses of trouble.

First. It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me!" You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to

hasten off to the picture-galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "What is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Titians here that I have not looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall he do it? He cannot afford to deface his horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water-lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof does not leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere, where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where

he reads Genesis once. The old story, "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That Book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and mansions built.

Yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after a while you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our dependence upon God. Men think that they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay our great plans, and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, and when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well, so it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said, "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after a while we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me, and

said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children; and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after a while we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

After a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember. Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep; and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats, and cried out, "Oh God, save us!" There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say, "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? Is it the earnestness of it. Oh! I tell you, a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of, that we catch hold of God only. Why, you do not know who the Lord is! He

is not an autocrat, seated far up in a palace, from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. He is a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotelkeeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is, "If you do not pay up Saturday night, you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital. Getting there, he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage-stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of ten o'clock when she gets the letter. At ten o'clock the trains starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why did you not send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you

call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O Lord, I come to thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet, and head; and by the sprinkling of tears, people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity, we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At seven o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At twelve o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At four o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At ten o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurises and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows,

and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God makes me the son of consolation to the people! I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the cauldron the root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the cauldron some of the leaves from the Tree of Life, and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the cauldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall

rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of his either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that Great Weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why, His step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant, bidding you hush your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on His left arm, His face beaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.

Friends, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our every-day work. Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa University, put in my hands a meteoric stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me! And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites, and find them crystallizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven! "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is, when they get news there of a Christian's death, from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you

stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven — between requiem here and triumph there — parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land; but together, in different rooms of the same house — the house of many mansions. Together!

I never more appreciated that thought than when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred;" and I thought to myself, "Together in the grave — together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after a while." I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone.

Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation — what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city

of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

> There we shall march up the heavenly street,
> And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

THE POOR ALWAYS

Matt., 26: 11: "Ye have the poor always with you."

THE POOR ALWAYS

Matt., 26: 11: "Ye have the poor always with you."

Who said that? The Christ who never owned anything during His earthly stay. His cradle and His grave were borrowed. Every fig He ate was from some one else's tree. Every drop of water He drank was from sone one else's well. To pay His personal tax which was very small, only thirty-one and a quarter cents, He had to perform a miracle and make a fish pay it. All the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of poverty Christ measured in His earthly experience, and when He comes to speak of destitution, He always speaks sympathetically, and what He said then is as true now: "Ye have the poor always with you."

For six thousand years the bread question has been the active and absorbing question. Witness the people crowding up to Joseph's storehouse in Egypt. Witness the famine in Samaria and Jerusalem. Witness the five thousand hungry people for whom Christ multiplied the loaves. Witness the uncounted millions of people now living, who, I believe, have never yet had one full meal of healthful and nutritious food in all their lives. Think of the three hundred and fifty-four great famines in England. Think of the twenty-five million people under the hoof of hunger in 1892 in Russia. The failure of the Nile to overflow for seven years in the eleventh century left those regions depopulated. Plague of insects in England. Plague

* This sermon was preached in the winter of 1894, when there was great suffering among the poor.

of rats in Madras Presidency. Plague of mice in Essex. Plague of locusts in China. Plague of grasshoppers in America. Devastation wrought by drought, by deluge, by frost, by war, by hurricane, by earthquake, by comets flying too near the earth, by change in the management of national finances, by baleful causes innumerable. I proceed to give you three or four reasons why my text is markedly and graphically true in this year 1894.

The first reason we have always the poor with us, is because of the perpetual overhauling of the tariff question, or, as I shall call it, the Tariffic controversy. There is a need for such a word, and so I take the responsibility of manufacturing it. There are millions of people who are expecting that the present Congress of the United States will do something one way or the other to end this discussion. But it will never end. When I was five years of age I remember hearing my father and his neighbors in vehement discussion of this very question. It was high tariff or low tariff or no tariff at all. When your great-grandchild dies at ninety years of age, it will probably be from overexertion in discussing the tariff. On the day the world is destroyed, there will be three men standing on the post-office steps — one a high tariff man, another a low tariff man, and the other a free trade man — each one red in the face from excited argument on this subject. Other questions may get quieted, the Mormon question, the Silver question, the Pension question, the Civil Service question. All questions of annexation may come to peaceful settlement by the annexation of islands two weeks voyage away, and the heat of their volcanoes, conveyed through pipes under the sea, made useful in warming our continent; or by annexation of the moon, dethroning the Queen of Night, who is said to be dissolute, and bringing the

lunar populations under the free influence of our free institutions; yea, all other questions, national and international, may be settled, but this Tariffic question, never. It will not only never be settled, but it can never be moderately quiet for more than three years at a time, each party getting into power taking one of the four years to fix it up, and then the next party will fix it down. Our finances cannot get well because of too many doctors.

It is with sick nations as with sick individuals. Here is a man terribly disordered as to his body. A doctor is called in, and he administers a febrifuge, a spoonful every hour. But recovery is postponed, and the anxious friends call in another doctor, and he says: "What this patient needs is blood-letting; now roll up your sleeve!" and the lancet flashes. But still recovery is postponed, and a homœopathic doctor is called in, and he administers some small pellets, and says: "All the patient wants is rest." Recovery still postponed, the family say that such small pellets cannot amount to much anyhow, and an allopathic doctor is called in, and he says: "What this patient wants is calomel and jalap." Recovery still postponed, a hydropathic doctor is called in, and he says: "What this patient wants is hot and cold baths, and he must have them right away. Turn on the faucet and get ready the showerbaths." Recovery still postponed, an eclectic doctor is called in, and he brings all the schools to bear upon the poor sufferer, and the patient, after a brave struggle for life, expires. What killed him? Too many doctors. And that is what is killing our national finances. My personal friends, Cleveland and Harrison and Carlisle and McKinley and Sherman, as talented and splendid men as ever walked the earth, all good doctors, but their treatment of our languishing finances so different that none of their

methods has a full opportunity, and under the constant changes it is simply wonderful that the nation still lives. The tariff question will never be settled because of the fact — which I have never heard any one recognize, but, nevertheless, the fact — that high tariff is best for some people, and free trade is best for others. This Tariffic controversy keeps business struck through with uncertainty, and that uncertainty results in poverty and wretchedness for a vast multitude of people. If the eternal gab on this subject could have been fashioned into loaves of bread, there would not be a hungry man or woman or child on all the planet. To the end of time, the words of the text will be kept true by the Tariffic controversy: "Ye have the poor always with you."

Another cause of perpetual poverty is the cause alcoholic. The victim does not last long. He soon crouches into the drunkard's grave. But what about his wife and children? She takes in washing when she can get it, or goes out working on small wages, because sorrow and privation have left her incapacitated to do a strong woman's work. The children are thin-blooded and gaunt and pale and weak, standing around in cold rooms, or pitching pennies on the street corner, and munching a slice of unbuttered bread when they get it, sworn at by passers-by because they do not get out of the way, kicked onward toward manhood or womanhood, for which they have no preparation, except a depraved appetite and frail constitution, candidates for almshouse and penitentiary. Whatever other causes of poverty may fail, the saloon may be depended on to furnish an ever-increasing throng of paupers.

Oh, ye grog-shops of Brooklyn and New York and of all the cities! Ye mouths of hell! when will ye cease to crouch and devour? There is no danger of

this liquor business failing. All other styles of business at times fail. Dry goods stores go under. Hardware stores go under. Grocery stores go under. Harness makers fail, druggists fail, bankers fail, butchers fail, bakers fail, confectioners fail, but the liquor dealers never. It is the only secure business I know of. Why the permanence of the alcoholic trade? Because, in the first place, the men in that business, if tight up for money, only have to put into large quantities of water more strychnine and logwood and nux vomica and vitriol and other congenial concomitants for adulteration. One quart of the real genuine pandemoniac elixir will do to mix up with several gallons of milder damnation. Beside that, these dealers can depend on an increase of demand on the part of their customers. The more of that stuff they drink, the thirstier they are. Hard times, which stop other businesses, only increase that business, for men go there to drown their troubles. They take the spirits down to keep their spirits up.

There is an inclined plane down which alcoholism slides its victims. Claret, champagne, port, cognac, whiskey, Tom and Jerry, sour mash, on down until it is a sort of mixture of kerosene oil, turpentine, toadstools, swill, essence of the horse blankets and general nastiness. With its red sword of flame, that liquor power marshals its procession in ranks long enough to girdle the earth, and the procession is headed by the nose-blotched, nerve-shattered, rheum-eyed, lip-bloated, soul-scorched inebriates, followed by the women who, though brought up in comfortable homes, now go limping past with aches and pains and pallor and hunger and woe, followed by their children, barefoot, uncombed, freezing, and with a wretchedness of time and eternity seemingly compressed in their agonized features. "Forward, march!" cries the liquor

business to that army without banners. Keep that influence moving on and you will have the poor always with you. Report comes from one of the cities where the majority of the inhabitants are out of work and dependent on charity, yet last year they spent more in that city for rum than they did for clothing and groceries.

Another warranty that my text will prove true in the perpetual poverty of the world is the wicked spirit of improvidence. A vast number of people have such small income that they cannot lay by in savings bank or life insurance one cent a year. It takes every farthing they can earn to spread the table and clothe the family and educate the children, and if you blame such people for improvidence, you enact a cruelty. On such a salary as many clerks and employes and many ministers of religion live, and on such wages as many workmen receive, they cannot, in twenty years, lay up twenty cents. But you know and I know many who have competent income and could provide somewhat for the future, who use up every dollar, and when they die, their children go to the poorhouse or on the street. By the time the wife gets the husband buried, she is in debt to the undertaker and the gravedigger for that which she can never pay. While the man lived he had his wine parties and fairly stunk with tobacco, and then expired, leaving his family upon the charities of the world. Do not send for me to come and conduct the obsequies and read over such a carcass the beautiful liturgy: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," for, instead of that, I will turn over the leaves of the Bible to First Timothy, fifth chapter, eighteenth verse, where it says: "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel," or I will turn to Jeremiah,

twenty-second chapter, nineteenth verse, where it says: "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem."

I cannot imagine any more unfair or meaner thing than for a man to get his sins pardoned at the last minute, and then go to heaven and live in a mansion, and go riding about in a golden chariot over the golden streets, while his wife and children, whom he might have provided for, are begging for cold victuals at the basement doors of an earthly city. It seems to me there ought to be a poor-house somewhere on the outskirts of heaven, where those guilty of such improvidence should be kept for a while on thin soup and gristle, instead of sitting down at the King's banquet.

It is said that the church is a divine institution, and I believe it. Just as certainly are the savings banks and life insurance companies divine institutions. As out of evil good often comes, so out of the doctrine of probabilities, calculated by Professor Hugens and Professor Pascal for games of chance, came the calculation of the probabilities of human life as used by life insurance companies, and no business on earth is more stable or honorable, and no mightier mercy for the human race has been born since Christ was born. Bored beyond endurance for my signature to papers of all sorts, there is one style of paper that I always sign with a feeling of gladness and triumph, and that is a paper which the life insurance company requires from the clergyman after a decease in the congregation, in order to the payment of the policy to the bereft household. I always write my name then so they can read it. I cannot help but say to myself: "Good for that man to have looked after his wife and children after earthly departure. May he have one of the best seats in heaven!" Young man! The day before or the day after you get married, go to a life insurance

company of established reputation and get the medical examiner to put the stethoscope to your lungs and his ear close up to your heart, with your vest off, and have signed, sealed and delivered to you a document that will, in the case of your sudden departure, make for that lovely girl the difference between a queen and a pauper. I have known men who have had an income of three thousand dollars, four thousand dollars, five thousand dollars a year, who did not leave one farthing to the surviving household. Now that man's death is a defalcation, an outrage, a swindle.

There are a hundred thousand people in America to-day a-hungered through the sin of improvidence. "But," say some, "my income is so small I cannot afford to pay the premium on a life insurance." And are you sure about that? If you are sure, then you have a right to depend on the promise in Jeremiah, forty-ninth chapter, eleventh verse: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." But remember you have no right to ask God to do for your household that which you can do for them yourself.

Another fact that you may depend upon for perpetual poverty is the incapacity of many to achieve a livelihood. You can go through any community and find good people with more than usual mental calibre, who never have been able to support themselves and their households. They are a mystery to us, and we say: "I do not know what is the matter with them, but there is a screw loose somewhere." Some of these persons have more brain than thousands who make a splendid success. Some are too sanguine of temperament, and they see bargains where there are none. A common minnow is to them a gold fish, and a quail a flamingo, and a blind mule on a tow-path a Bucephalus. They buy when things are highest and sell when

things are lowest. Some one tells them of city lots out West, where the foundation of the first house has not been laid. They say: "What an opportunity!" and they put down the hard cash for an ornamented deed for ten lots under water. They hear of a new silver mine opened in Nevada, and they say: "What a chance!" and they take the little money they have in the savings bank and pay it out for as beautiful a certificate of mining stock as ever was printed, and the only thing they will ever get out of the investment is the aforesaid illuminated lithograph. They are honest, brilliant failures. They die poor, and leave nothing to their families but a model of some invention that would not work, and whole portfolios of diagrams of things impossible. I cannot help but like them, because they are so cheerful with great expectations. But their children are a bequest to the Bureau of City Charities. Others administer to the crop of the world's misfortune by being too unsuspecting. Honest themselves, they believe all others are honest. They are fleeced and scalped and vivisected by the sharpers in all styles of business, and cheated out of everything between cradle and grave, and those two exceptions only because they have nothing to do in buying either of them.

Others are retained for misfortune by inopportune sickness. Just as that lawyer was to make the plea that would have put him among the strong men of the profession, neuralgia stung him. Just as that physician was to prove his skill in an epidemic, his own poor health imprisoned him. Just as that merchant must be at the store for some decisive and introductory bargain, he sits with a rheumatic joint on a pillow, the room redolent with liniment. What an overwhelming statistic would be the story of men and women and children impoverished by sicknesses.

Then the cyclones. Then the Mississippi and Ohio freshets. Then the stopping of the factories. Then the curculios among the peach trees. Then the insectile devastation of potato patches and wheat fields. Then the epizootics among the horses and the hollow horn among the herds. Then the rains that drown out everything and the droughts that burn up half a continent. Then the orange groves die under the white teeth of the hoar frost. Then the coal strikes and the iron strikes and the mechanics' strikes, which all strike labor harder than they strike capital. Then the yellow fever at Brunswick and Jacksonville and Shreveport. Then the cholera at the Narrows, threatening to land in New York. Then the Charleston earthquake. Then the Johnstown flood. Then hurricanes sweeping from Caribbean Sea to Newfoundland. Then there are the great monopolies that gulley the earth with their oppressions. Then there are the necessities of buying coal by the scuttle instead of the ton, and flour by the pound instead of the barrel, and so the injustices are multiplied. In the wake of all these are overwhelming illustrations of the truth of my text: "Ye have the poor always with you."

Remember a fact that no one emphasizes, a fact, nevertheless, upon which I want to put the weight of an eternity of tonnage, that the best way of insuring yourself and your children and your grandchildren against poverty and all other troubles is by helping others. I am an agent of the oldest insurance company that was ever established. It is near three thousand years old. It has the advantage of all the other plans of insurance — Whole Life policy, Endowment and Tontine — and it pays up while you live and pays up after you are dead. Every cent you give in a Christian spirit to a poor man or woman, every shoe you give to a barefoot, every stick of wood or lump of coal

you give to a fireless hearth, every drop of medicine you give to a poor invalid, every star of hope you make to shine over unfortunate maternity, every mitten you knit for cold fingers, is a payment on the premium of that policy. I hand about five hundred million policies to all who will go forth and aid the unfortunate. There are only two or three lines in this policy of Life Insurance. Psalms 41:1, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Other life insurance companies may fail, but this Celestial Life Insurance Company never. The Lord God Almighty is at the head of it, and all the angels of heaven are in its Board of Direction, and its assets are all worlds, and all the charitable of earth and heaven are the beneficiaries. "But," says some one, "I do not like a Tontine policy so well, and that which you offer is more like a Tontine and to be chiefly paid in this life." "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Well, if you prefer the old-fashioned policy of life insurance, which is not paid till after death, you can be accommodated. That will be given you in the day of judgment, and will be handed you by the right hand, the pierced hand, of our Lord Himself, and all you do in the right spirit for the poor is payment on the premium of that life insurance policy. I read you a paragraph of that policy: "Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, for I was hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me.'" In various colors of ink other insurance policies are written. This one I have just shown you is written in only one kind of ink, and that red ink, the blood of the cross. Blessed be God, that is a "Paid-Up-Policy,"

paid for by the pangs of the Son of God, and all we add to it in the way of our own good deeds will augment the sum of eternal felicities.

The time will come when the banks of the largest capital stock will all go down, and the fire insurance companies will all go down, and the life insurance companies will all go down. In the last great earthquake all the cities will be prostrated, and as a consequence all banks will forever suspend payment. In the last conflagration the fire insurance companies of the earth will fail, for how could they make appraisement of the loss on a universal fire? Then all the inhabitants of the round world will surrender their mortal existence, and how could life insurance companies pay for depopulated hemispheres? But our Celestial Life Insurance will not be harmed by that continental wreck, or that hemispheric accident, or that planetary catastrophe. Blow it out like a candle — the noon-day sun! Tear it down like worn-out upholstery — the last sunset! Toss it from God's finger like a dewdrop from the anther of a water lily — the ocean! Scatter them like thistledown before a schoolboy's breath — the worlds! That will not disturb the omnipotence or the composure or the sympathy or the love of that Christ who said it once on earth, and will say it again in heaven to all those who have been helpful to the downtrodden and the cold and the hungry and the houseless and the lost: " Inasmuch as ye did it to them, ye did it to me!"

SOUR EXPERIENCES

John, 19: 30: "When Jesus, therefore, had received the vinegar."

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The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered from day to day — crying, begging, cursing; but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowless, poorly fed, flogged — as bent over and tied to a low post, his bare back was inflamed with the scourges intersticed with pieces of lead and bone — and now for whole hours the weight of his body hung on delicate tendons, and, according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, nauseated, feverish — a world of agony is compressed in the two words: "I thirst!" O skies of Judea, let a drop of rain strike on his burning tongue! O world, with rolling rivers, and sparkling lakes, and spraying fountains, give Jesus something to drink! If there be any pity in earth or heaven or hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of this royal sufferer. The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion — a powerful opiate to deaden the pain; but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so he refused the wine. But afterward they go to a cup of vinegar and soak a sponge in it, and put it on a stick of hyssop, and then press it against the hot lips of Christ. You say the wine was an anæsthetic, and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult. I am disposed to

adopt the theory of the old English commentators, who believed that instead of its being an opiate to soothe, it was vinegar to insult. Malaga and Burgundy for grand dukes and duchesses, and costly wines from royal vats for bloated imperials; but sharp acids for a divine Christ. He took the vinegar.

In some lives the saccharine seems to predominate. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health rubicund. Skies flamboyant. Days resilient. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances and the vexations, and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is gravel in almost every shoe. An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff, gnawing its strength away; and there is a weak spot in every earthly support that man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeurs of his throne because, one day, in an interview, Beau Brummel called him by his first name, and addressed him as a servant, crying: "George, ring the bell!" Miss Langdon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried over the evil reports set afloat regarding her, that she is found dead, with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was to him a wretchedness, and that all that want and contempt could bring to it had been brought, and cries out: "What, then, is there formidable in a jail?" Correggio's fine painting is hung up on a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best paintings except through a raffle. Andrew Delsart makes the great fresco in the Church of the Annunciata, at Florence, and gets for pay a sack of corn; and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives

are the sours greater than the sweets. "When Jesus, therefore, had received the vinegar."

It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick, or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrow of those who are despised, or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ himself took the vinegar, makes him able to sympathize to-day and forever with all those whose cup is filled with sharp acids of this life. He took the vinegar!

In the first place, there was the sourness of betrayal. The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the friendship of his disciples did him good. You have had many friends; but there was one friend upon whom you put especial stress. You feasted him. You loaned him money. You befriended him in the dark passes of life, when he especially needed a friend. Afterward, he turned upon you, and he took advantage of your former intimacies. He wrote against you. He talked against you. He microscopized your faults. He flung contempt at you when you ought to have received nothing but gratitude. At first you could not sleep nights. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That difficulty will never be healed, for though mutual friends may arbitrate in the matter until you shake hands, the old cordiality will never come back. Now I commend to all such the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why, they sold him for less than our twenty dollars! They all forsook him and fled. They cut him to the quick. He drank that cup of betrayal to the dregs. He took the vinegar.

There is also the sourness of pain. There are some of you who have not seen a well day for many years.

By keeping out of draughts, and by carefully studying dietetics, you continue to this time; but oh, the headaches, and the sideaches, and the backaches, and the heartaches which have been your accompaniment all the way through! You have struggled under a heavy mortgage of physical disabilities; and instead of the placidity that once characterized you, it is now only with great effort that you keep away from irritability and sharp retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion, make up the great obstacle in your life, and you tug and sweat along the pathway, and wonder when the exhaustion will end. My friends, the brightest crowns in heaven will not be given to those who, in stirrups, dashed to the cavalry charge, while the general applauded, and the sound of clashing sabres rang through the land; but the brightest crowns in heaven, I believe, will be given to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which unnerved their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God. It is comparatively easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, charging up the parapets to the sound of martial music; but it is not so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and the doctor are the witnesses of the Christian fortitude. Besides that, you never had any pains worse than Christ's. The sharpnesses that stung through his brain, through his hands, through his feet, through his heart, were as great as yours certainly. He was as sick and as weary. Not a nerve or muscle or ligament escaped. All the pangs of all the nations, of all the ages, compressed into one sour cup. He took the vinegar.

There is also the sourness of poverty. Your income does not meet your outgoings and that always gives an honest man anxiety. There is no sign of destitution about you — pleasant appearance and a cheerful home for you; but God only knows what a time you

have had to manage your private finances. Just as the bills run up, the wages or the salary seems to run down. But you are not the only one who has not been paid for hard work. The great Wilkie sold his celebrated piece, "The Blind Fiddler," for fifty guineas, although afterwards it brought its thousands. The world hangs in admiration over the sketch of Gainsborough, yet that very sketch hung for years in the shop window, because there was not any purchaser. Oliver Goldsmith sold his "Vicar of Wakefield" for a few pounds, in order to keep the bailiff out of the house; and the vast majority of men in all occupations and professions are not fully paid for their work.

You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push; and when you sit down with your wife and talk over the expenses, you both rise up discouraged. You abridge here and you abridge there, and you get things snug for smooth sailing, and, lo! suddenly there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some debtor has failed, and you are thrown abeam-end. Well, you are in glorious company. Christ owned not the house in which he stopped, or the colt on which he rode, or the boat in which he sailed. He lived in a borrowed house; he was buried in a borrowed grave. Exposed to all kinds of weather, yet he had only one suit of clothes. He breakfasted in the morning, and no one could possibly tell where he could get anything to eat before night. He would have been pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax-bill. Not a dollar did he own. Privation of domesticity; privation of nutritious food; privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep; privation of all worldly resources! The kings of the earth had chased chalices out of which to drink; but

Christ had nothing but a plain cup set before him, and it was very sharp, and it was very sour. He took the vinegar.

There is also the sourness of bereavement. There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death, but the moment the charmed circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the crape hung on the door-bell. The one upon whom you most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart to-day. Once, as the children romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching head, and said, "Oh, if I could only have it still!" Alas! it is too still now. You lost your patience when the tops, and the strings, and the shells were left amid the floor; but oh, you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again, if they were scattered by the same hands. With what a ruthless ploughshare bereavement rips up the heart. But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell him anything new in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when he lost one it brought tears to his eyes. Lazarus had often entertained him at his house. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion, the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar inmate. Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. Were there not four of them — Mary and Martha, and Christ and Lazarus? Four of them. But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ, his great loving eyes filled with tears, which drop from eye to

cheek, and from cheek to beard, and from beard to robe, and from robe to floor. Oh, yes, yes. He knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

Then there is the sourness of the death-hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid-sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die; whether I will be calm or excited; whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation. I cannot say. But come to the point I must and you must. In the six thousand years that have passed, only two persons have got into the eternal world without death, and I do not suppose that God is going to send a carriage for us, with horses of flame, to draw us up the steeps of heaven; but I suppose we will have to go like the preceding generations. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our hearts, and serve on us the writ of ejectment, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after these autumnal and wintry and vernal and summery glories have vanished from our vision; we will wake up into a realm which has only one season, and that the season of everlasting love.

But you say, "I don't want to break up from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes." If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between the worlds without tearing this body all to shreds! I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all the time be kept together? Is there no escape from this separation? None; absolutely none. So I look around among you — the vast majority of you seeming in good health and spirits — and yet I realize that

in a short time all of us will be gone — gone from earth, and gone forever. A great many men tumble through the gates of the future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone, and they only add gloom and mystery to the passage; but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the gates of the future world that they have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which he was more appreciative than we ever could be. He knows the exquisiteness of the phosphorescence of the sea; he trod it. He knows the glories of the midnight heavens, for they were the spangled canopy of his wilderness pillow. He knows about the lilies; he twisted them into his sermon. He knows about the fowls of the air; they whirred their way through his discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world. Not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physicianless. He died in cold sweat, and dizziness, and hemorrhage, and agony, that have put him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom and he gathers up the stings of all the death pillows, and he puts them under his own neck and head. He gathers on his own tongue the burning thirsts of many generations. The sponge is soaked in the sorrows of all those who have died in their beds, as well as soaked in the sorrows of all those who perished in an icy or fiery martyrdom. While heaven was pitying and earth was mocking, and hell was deriding, he took the vinegar.

To those in this audience to whom life has been an acerbity — a dose they could not swallow, a draught that set their teeth on edge and a-rasping — I preach the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herschel, the astronomer, used to help him in his work. He got all the credit; she got none. She used to spend much of her time polishing the telescopes

through which he brought the distant worlds nigh; and it is my ambition now, this hour, to clear the lens of your spiritual vision, so that, looking through the dark night of your earthly troubles, you may behold the glorious constellation of a Saviour's mercy and a Saviour's love. Do not try to carry all your ills alone. Do not put your poor shoulder under the Apennines when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up all your burdens. When you have a trouble of any kind, you rush this way, and that way; and you wonder what this man will say about it; and what that man will say about it; and you try this prescription, and that prescription, and the other prescription. Oh, why do you not go straight to the heart of Christ, knowing that for our own sinning and suffering race he took the vinegar?

There was a vessel that had been tossed on the seas for a great many weeks and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were dying of thirst. After many days they saw a sail against the sky. They signaled it. When the vessel came nearer, the suffering people on the ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water. We are dying for lack of water." And the captain on the vessel that was hailed responded: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around about you, and hundreds of feet deep." And they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel, and brought up the clear, bright, fresh water, and put out the fire of their thirst. So I hail you to-day, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon, and thirsting for comfort, and thirsting for eternal life; and I ask you what is the use of your going in that death-struck state, while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympa-

thetic mercy. Oh, dip your buckets and drink, and live forever. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Yet my utterance is almost choked at the thought that there are people here who will refuse this divine sympathy; and they will try to fight their own battles and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens; and their life, instead of being a triumphal march from victory to victory, will be a hobbling on from defeat to defeat, until they make final surrender to retributive disaster. I wish I could gather up in my arms all the woes of men and women — all their heartaches — all their disappointments — all their chagrins — and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus. He took the vinegar.

Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle in India, fell back into the jungles of Iheri — jungles so full of malaria that no mortal can live there. He carried with him also a ruby of great lustre and of great value. He died in those jungles; his body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been recovered. And I fear of us there are some who will fall back from this subject into the sickening, killing jungles of their sin, carrying a gem of infinite value — a priceless soul — to be lost forever. O, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation! But no. There are some who turn away from this offered mercy, and comfort, and Divine sympathy; notwithstanding that Christ, for all who would accept his grace, trudged the long way, and suffered the lacerating thongs, and received in his face the expectorations of the filthy mob, and for the guilty, and the discouraged, and the discomfited of the race took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation, and lead you out into the strong hope, and the good cheer, and the glorious sunshine of this triumphant Gospel.

ONE TAKING OFF

Mark, 10: 21: "One thing thou lackest."

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The young man of the text had a splendid nature. We fall in love with him at the first glance. He was amiable, and frank, and earnest, and educated, and refined, and respectable, and moral, and yet he was not a Christian. And so Christ addresses him in the words that I have read to you: "One thing thou lackest." I suppose that that text was no more appropriate to the young man of whom I have spoken than it is appropriate to a great multitude of people in our day. There are many things in which you are not lacking. For instance, you are not lacking in a good home. It is, perhaps, no more than an hour ago that you closed the door, returning to see whether it was well fastened, of one of the best homes in this city. The younger children of the house already asleep, the older ones hearing your returning footsteps, will rush to the door to meet you. And in these long winter evenings the children at the table with their lessons or games, the wife plying the needle, and you reading the book or the paper, you feel that you have a good home. Neither are you lacking in the refinements and courtesies of life. You understand the polite phraseology of invitation, regard, and apology. You have on appropriate apparel. We will wear no better dress attending a wedding than when in the house of God we attend the marriage of the king's son. However reckless I may be about my personal appearance at other times, when I come into a consecrated assemblage I shall

have on the best dress I have. We all understand the proprieties of every-day life and the proprieties of Sabbath life.

Neither are you lacking in worldly success. You have not made as much money as you would like to make, but you have an income. While others are false when they say they have no income or are making no money, you have never told that falsehood. You have had a livelihood or you have fallen upon old resources, which is just the same thing, for God is just as good to us when he takes care of us by a surplus of the past as by present success. While there are thousands of men with hunger tearing at the throat with the strength of a lion's paw, not one of you is hungry. Neither are you lacking in pleasant friendship. You have real good friends. If the scarlet fever should come to-night to your house, you know very well who would come in and sit up with the sick one; or if death should come, you know who would come in and take your hand tight in theirs with that peculiar grip which means, "I'll stand by you," and after the life has fled from the loved one, take you by the arm and lead you into the next room; and while you are gone to Greenwood they would stay in the house and put aside the garments and the playthings that might bring to your mind too severely your great loss. Friends? You all have friends.

Neither are you lacking in your admiration of the Christian religion. There is nothing that makes you so angry as to hear a man malign Christ. You get red in the face, and you say: "Sir, I want you to understand that though I am not myself a Christian, I don't like such things as that said in my store," and the man goes off, giving you a parting salutation, but you hardly answer him. You are provoked beyond all bounds. Many of you have been supporters of re-

ligion and have given more to the cause of Christ than some who profess his faith. There is nothing that would please you more than to see your son or daughter standing at the altar of Christ, taking the vows of the Christian. It might be a little hard on you, and might make you nervous and agitated for a little while; but you would be man enough to say: "My child, that is right. Go on. I am glad you have not been kept back by my example. I hope some day to join you." You believe all the doctrines of religion. A man out yonder says: "I am a sinner." You respond: "So am I." Some one says: "I believe that Christ came to save the world." You say: "So do I." Looking at your character, at your surroundings, I find a thousand things about which to congratulate you; and yet I must tell you in the love and fear of God, and with reference to my last account: "One thing thou lackest."

You need, my friends, in the first place, the element of happiness. Some day you feel wretched. You do not know what is the matter with you. You say: "I did not sleep last night. I think that must be the reason of my restlessness;" or, "I have eaten something that did not agree with me, and I think that must be the reason." And you are unhappy. O my friends, happiness does not depend upon physical condition. Some of the happiest people I have ever known have been those who have been wrapped in consumption, or stung with neuralgia, or burning with the slow fire of some fever. I never shall forget one man in my first parish, who, in excruciation of body, cried out: "Mr. Talmage, I forget all my pain in the love and joy of Jesus Christ. I cannot think of my sufferings when I think of Christ." Why, the man's face was illumined. There are young men in this house who would give testimony to show that there is no happiness outside of

Christ, while there is great joy in his service. There are young men who have not been Christians more than six months, who would stand up, if I should ask them, and say in those six months they have had more joy and satisfaction than in all the years of their frivolity and dissipation. Go to the door of that gin-shop on your way home, and when the gang of young men come out, ask them whether they are happy. They laugh along the street, and they jeer and they shout; but nobody has any idea that they are happy.

I could call upon the aged men in this house to give testimony. There are aged men here who tried the world, and they tried religion, and they are willing to testify on our side. It was not long ago that an aged man arose in a praying circle, and said: "Brethren, I lost my son just as he graduated from college, and it broke my heart; but I am glad now he is gone. He is at rest, escaped from all sorrow and from all trouble. And then, in 1857, I lost all my property, and you see I am getting old, and it is rather hard upon me; but I am sure God will not let me suffer. He has not taken care of me for seventy-five years now to let me drop out of his hands." I went into the room of an aged man—his eyesight nearly gone, his hearing nearly gone—and what do you suppose he was talking about? The goodness of God and the joys of religion. He said: "I would like to go over and join my wife on the other side of the flood, and I am waiting until the Lord calls me. I am happy now. I shall be happy there." What is it that gave that aged man so much satisfaction and peace? Physical exuberance? No; it was all gone. Sunshine? He could not see it. The voices of friends? He could not hear them. It is the grace of God that is brighter than sunshine and that is sweeter than music. If a harpist takes a harp and finds that all the strings are broken but one string, he does

not try to play upon it. Yet here I will show you an aged man, the strings of whose joy are all broken save one, and yet he thrums it with such satisfaction, such melody, that the angels of God stop the swift stroke of their wings, and hover about the place until the music ceases. Everywhere religion's "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." And if you have not the satisfaction that is to be found in Jesus Christ, I must tell you, with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul: "One thing thou lackest."

I remark again, that you lack the element of usefulness. Where is your business? You say it is No. 45 such a street, or No. 260 such a street, or No. 300 such a street. My friend immortal, your business is wherever there is a tear to be wiped away or a soul to be saved. You may, before coming to Christ, do a great many noble things. You take a loaf of bread to that starving man in the alley; but he wants immortal bread. You take a pound of candles to that dark shanty; but they want the light that springs from the throne of God, and you cannot take it because you have it not in your own heart. You know that the flight of an arrow depends very much upon the strength of the bow, and I have to tell you that the best bow that was ever made was made out of the cross of Christ; and when religion takes a soul and puts it on that, and pulls it back and lets it fly, every time it brings down a Saul or a Goliath. There are people here of high social position and large means and cultured minds, who, if they would come into the kingdom of God, would set the city on fire with religious awakening. Hear you not the voices of the unconverted, of those dying in sin? They want light; they want bread; they want Christ; they want heaven. Oh that the Lord would make you a flaming evangel! As for myself, I have sworn before high

heaven that I will preach this Gospel as well as I can, in all its fulness, until every fibre of my body, and every faculty of my mind, and every passion of my soul, is exhausted. But we all have a work to do. I cannot do your work, nor can you do my work. God points us out the place where we are to serve, and yet are there not many people, thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty years of age, who have not begun the great work for which they were created? With every worldly equipment: "One thing thou lackest."

Again, you lack the element of personal safety. Where are those people who associated with you twenty years ago? Where are those people that, fifteen years ago, used to cross South Ferry or Fulton Ferry with you to Brooklyn? Walk down the street where you were in business fifteen years ago, and see how all the signs have changed. Where are the people gone? How many of them are landed in eternity I cannot say, but many, many. I went to the village of my boyhood. The houses were all changed. I passed one house in which once resided a man who had lived an earnest, useful life; and he is in glory now. In the next house a miser lived. He devoured widows' houses, and spent his whole life in trying to make the world worse and worse. And he is gone—the good man and the miser both gone to the same place. Ah, did they go to the same place? It is an infinite absurdity to suppose them both in the same place. If the miser had a harp, what tune did he play on it? My hearers, I commend to you this religion as the only personal safety. When you die, where are you going to? When we leave all these scenes, upon what scenes will we enter? When we were on shipboard, and we all felt that we must go to the bottom, was I right in saying to one next me: "I wonder if we will reach heaven if we do go down to-night." Was I wise or

unwise in asking that question? I tell you that man is a fool who never thinks of the great future.

But I apply this subject to the aged—not many here—not many in any assemblage. People do not live to get old. That is the general rule. Here and there an aged man in the house. You have lived long enough in this world to know that it cannot satisfy an immortal nature. I must talk to you more reverentially than I do to these other people, while at the same time I speak with great plainness. O father of the weary step, O mother, bent down under the ailments of life, has thy God ever forsaken thee? Through all these years, who has been your best friend? Seventy years of mercies! Seventy years of food and clothing! How many bright mornings! How many glorious evening hours you have seen! Father, mother, God has been very good to you. Do you feel it? Some of you have children and grandchildren; the former cheered your young life, the latter twine your gray locks in their tiny fingers. Has all the goodness that God has been making pass before you produced no change in your feelings, and must it be said of you, notwithstanding all this: "One thing thou lackest"?

I wish you could feel the hand of Christ smoothing the cares out of wrinkled faces. I wish you could feel the warm arm of Christ steadying your tottering steps. I lift my voice loud enough to break through the deafness of the ear while I cry out: "One thing thou lackest." It was an importunate appeal a young man made in a prayer-meeting when he rose up and said: "Do pray for my old father. He is seventy years of age and he does not love Christ." That father passed a few more steps on in life and then he went down. He never gave any intimation that he had chosen Jesus. It is a very hard thing for an old man to become a Christian. I know it is. It is so hard

a thing that it cannot be done by any human work; but God Almighty can do it by his omnipotent grace; he can bring you at the eleventh hour—at half-past eleven—at one minute of twelve he can bring you to the joys of the glorious Gospel.

I must make application of this subject, also, to those who are prospered. Have you, my friends, found that dollars and cents are no permanent consolation to the soul? You have large worldly resources, but have you no treasures in heaven? Is an embroidered pillow all that you want to put your dying head on? You have heard people all last week talk about earthly values. Hear a plain man talk about the heavenly. Do you not know it will be worse for you, O prospered man, if you reject Christ, and reject him finally; that it will be worse for you than those who had it hard in this world, because the contrast will make the discomfiture so much more appalling? As the hart bounds for the water-brooks, as the roe speeds down the hillside, speed thou to Christ. "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed!"

I must make my application to another class of persons—the poor. When you cannot pay your rent when it is due, have you nobody but the landlord to talk to? When the flour has gone out of the barrel, and you have not ten cents with which to go to the bakery, and your children are tugging at your dress for something to eat, have you nothing but the world's charities to appeal to? When winter comes, and there are no coals, and the ash-barrels have no more cinders, who takes care of you? Have you nobody but the overseer of the poor? But I preach to you a poor man's Christ. If you do not have in the winter blankets enough to cover you in the night, I want to tell you of him who had not where to lay his head. If you lie

on the bare floor, I want to tell you of him who had for a pillow a hard cross, and whose foot-bath was the streaming blood of his own heart. O you poor man! O you poor woman! Jesus understands your case altogether. Talk it right out to him to-night. Get down on your floor and say: "Lord Jesus Christ, thou wast poor and I am poor; help me. Thou art rich now, and bring me up to thy riches!" Do you think God would cast you off? Will he? You might as well think that a mother would take the child that feeds on her breast and dash its life out, as to think that God would put aside roughly those who have fled to him for pity and compassion. Yea, the prophet says: "A woman may forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb, but I will not forget thee."

If you have ever been on the sea, you have been surprised in the first voyage to find there are so few sails in sight. Sometimes you go along two, three, four, five, six, and seven days, and do not see a single sail; but when a vessel does come in sight, the sea glasses are lifted to the eye, the vessel is watched; and if it come very near, then the captain, through the trumpet, cries loudly across the water: "Whither bound?" So you and I meet on this sea of life. We come and we go. Some of us have never met before. Some of us will never meet again. But I hail you across the sea, and with reference to the last great day, and with reference to the two great worlds, I cry across the water: "Whither bound? Whither bound?" I know what service that craft was made for, but hast thou thrown overboard the compass? Is there no helm to guide it? Is the ship at the mercy of the tempest? Is there no gun of distress booming through the storm? With priceless treasures—with treasures aboard worth more than all the Indies—wilt thou never

come up out of the trough of that sea? O Lord God, lay hold of that man! Son of God, if thou wert ever needed anywhere, thou art needed here. There are so many sins to be pardoned. There are so many wounds to be healed. There are so many souls to be saved. Help, Jesus! Help, Holy Ghost! Help, ministering angels from the throne! Help, all sweet memories of the past! Help, all prayers for our future deliverance! Oh, that now, in this the accepted time and the day of salvation, you would hear the voice of mercy and live. Taste and see that the Lord is gracious. In this closing moment of the service, when everything in the house is so favorable, when everything is so still, when God is so loving and heaven is so near, drop your sins and take Jesus. Do not cheat yourself out of heaven. Do not do that. God forbid that at the last, when it is too late to correct the mistake, a voice should rise from the pillow or drop from the throne uttering just four words—four sad, annihilating words: "One thing thou lackest." If you pay money, you take a receipt. If you buy land, you record the deed. Why? Because everything is so uncertain, you want it down in black-and-white, you say. For a house and lot twenty-five feet front by one hundred feet deep, all security; but for a soul, vast as eternity, nothing, nothing! If some man or woman, standing in some of these aisles, should drop down, where would you go to? Which is your destiny? Suppose a man is prepared for the future world, what difference does it make to him whether he goes to his home to-day or goes into glory? Only this difference: if he dies he is better off. Where he had one joy on earth, he will have a million in heaven. Where he has a small sphere here, he will have a grand sphere there. Perhaps it would cost you sixty or one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars to have your physical life insured and

yet, free of charge, I offer you insurance on your immortal life, payable, not at your decease, but now and to-morrow and every day and always.

My hope in Christ is not so bright as many Christians', I know; but I would not give it up for the whole universe, in one cash payment, if it were offered me. It has been so much comfort to me in time of trouble; it has been so much comfort to me when I have been assailed; it has been so much rest to me when I have been perplexed, and it is around my heart such an encasement of satisfaction and blessedness that I can stand here before God, and say: take away my health, take away my life, take everything rather than rob me of this hope—this plain, simple hope which I have in Jesus Christ my Lord. I must have this robe when the last chill strikes through me. I must have this light when all other lights go out in the blast that comes up from the cold Jordan. I must have this sword with which to fight my way through all those foes on my way heavenward. When I was in London I saw there the wonderful armor of Henry VIII and Edward III. And yet I have to tell you that there is nothing in chain-mail or brass plate or gauntlet or halberd that makes a man so safe as the armor in which the Lord God clothes his dear children. Oh, there is a safety in religion! You will ride down all your foes. Look out for that man who has the strength of the Lord God with him.

In olden times the horsemen used to ride into battle with lifted lances, and the enemy fled the field. The Lord on the white horse of victory and with lifted lances of divine strength rides into the battle, and down goes the spiritual foe, while the victor shouts the triumph through the Lord Jesus Christ. As a matter of personal safety, my dear friends, you must have this religion.

I apply my subject to several classes of people, chiefly to that great multitude of young people who are growing up. Some of these young men are in boarding-houses. They have but few social advantages. They think that no one cares for their souls. Many of them are on small salaries, and they are cramped and bothered perpetually, and sometimes their heart fails them. Young man, to-night, at your bedroom door on the third floor, you will hear a knocking. It will be the hand of Jesus Christ, the young man's friend, saying: "O young man, let me come in; I will help thee; I will comfort thee; I will deliver thee." Take the Bible out of your trunk, if it has been hidden away. If you have not the courage to lay it on the shelf or the table, take that Bible that was given to you long ago by some loved one, and lay it down on the bottom of the chair, then kneel down beside it, and read and pray, and pray and read, until all your disturbance is gone, and you feel that peace which neither earth nor hell can rob you of. Thy father's God, thy mother's God, waits for thee, O young man! Escape for thy life! Escape now! "One thing thou lackest."

THE SHUT-IN

Gen., 7: 16: "The Lord shut him in."

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Cosmogony has no more interesting chapter than that which speaks of that catastrophe of the ages, the submersion of our world in the time of Noah, the first ship carpenter. Many of the nations who never saw a Bible have a flood story — Egyptian flood story; Grecian flood story, of which Deucalion was the Noah; Hawaiian flood story; New Zealand flood story; Chinese flood story; American Indian flood story — all of which accounts agree in the immersion of the continents under universal rains, and that there was a ship floating with a select few of the human family and with specimens of zoological and ornithological and reptilian worlds, although I could have wished that these last had been shut out of the ark and drowned.

All of these flood stories represent the ship thus afloat as finally stranded on a mountain top. Hugh Miller in his "Testimony of the Rocks," thinks that all these flood stories were infirm traditions of the Biblical account, and I believe him. The worst thing about the great freshet was that it struck Noah's *Campania* from above and beneath. The seas broke the chain of shells and crystal and rolled over the land, and the heavens opened their clouds for falling columns of water which roared and thundered on the roof of the great ship for a month and ten days. There was one door to the ship, but there were three parts to that door, one part for each of the three stories. The Bible account says nothing about parts of the door belonging to two of the stories, and I do not know

on which floor Noah and his family voyaged, but my text tells us that the part of the door of that particular floor on which Noah stayed was closed after he had entered. "The Lord shut him in." So there are many people now in the world as thoroughly shut in — some by sickness, some by old age, some by special duties that will not allow them to go forth, some surrounded by deluges of misfortune and trouble, and for them my sympathies are aroused, and from them I often receive messages, and this sermon, which I hope may do good to others, is more especially intended for them. To-day I address the shut-in. "The Lord shut him in."

Notice, first of all, who closed the door so that they could not get out. Noah did not do it, nor his son Shem, nor did Ham, nor did Japheth, nor did either of the four married women who were on shipboard; nor did desperadoes who had scoffed at the idea of peril, which Noah had been preaching, close the door: they had turned their backs on the ark and had gone in disgust away. I will tell you how it was done. A hand was stretched down from heaven to close that door. It was a divine hand as well as a kind hand. "The Lord shut him in." And the same kind and sympathetic Being has shut you in, you invalid. You thought it was an accident, ascribable to the carelessness or misdoings of others, or a mere "happen-so." No! no! God had gracious designs for your betterment, for the cultivation of your patience, for the strengthening of your faith, for the advantage you might gain by seclusion, for your eternal salvation. He put you in a school-room where you could learn in six months or a year more than you could have learned anywhere else in a lifetime. He turned the lattice or pulled down the blinds of the sick-room, or put your swollen foot on an ottoman, or held you amid

the pillows of a couch which you could not leave, for some reason that you may not now understand, but which He has promised He will explain to you satisfactorily. If not in this world, then in the world to come, for He has said, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

The world has no statistics as to the number of invalids. The physicians know something about it, and the apothecaries and the pastors, but who can tell us the number of blind eyes, and deaf ears, and diseased lungs, and congested livers, and how many jangled nerves, and neuralgic temples, and rheumatic feet, or how many took no food this morning because they had no appetite to eat, or digestive organs to assimilate, or have lungs so delicate they cannot go forth when the wind is in the east, or there is a fog rising from the river, or there is a dampness on the ground or pavement because of the frost coming out? It would be easy to count the people who every day go through a street, or the number of passengers carried by a railroad company in a year, or the number of those who cross the ocean in ships; but who can give us the statistics of the great multitudes who are shut in? I call the attention of all such to their superior opportunities of doing good.

Those of us who are well can see clearly, and hear distinctly, and partake of food of all sorts, and questions of digestion never occur to us, and we can wade the snowbanks, and take an equinox in our faces, and endure the thermometer at zero, and every breath of air is a tonic and a stimulus, and sound sleep meets us within five minutes after our head touches the pillow. So we do not make so much of an impression when we talk about the consolations of religion. The world says right away, "I guess that man mistakes buoyancy of natural spirits for religion. What does he

know about it? He has never been tried." But when one goes out and reports to the world that that morning on his way to business he called to see you and found you cheerful and hopeful after being kept in your room for two months, and that you had not one word of complaint, and asked all about everybody, and rejoiced in the success of your business friends, although your own business had almost come to a standstill through your absence from store or office or shop, and that you sent your love to all your friends, and told them that if you did not meet them again in this world, you hoped to meet them in dominions seraphic, with a quiet word of advice to the man who carried the message about the importance of his not neglecting his own soul, but through Christ seeking something better than this world can give him — why, all the business men in the counting-room say, "Good! Now, that is religion!" And the clerks get hold of the story and talk it over, so that the weigher and cooper and hackman, standing on the doorstep, say, "That is splendid! Now, that is what I call religion!"

It is a good thing to preach on a Sunday morning, the people assembled in most respectable attire and seated on soft cushions, the preacher standing in neatly upholstered pulpit, surrounded by personal friends, and after an inspiring hymn has been sung, and that sermon, if preached in faith, will do good; but the most effective sermon is preached by one seated in dressing gown, in an arm-chair into which the invalid has, with much difficulty, been lifted, the surrounding shelves filled with medicine bottles, some to produce sleep, some for the relief of sudden paroxysm, some for stimulant, some for tonic, some for anodyne, and some for febrifuge, the pale preacher quoting promises of the Gospel, telling of the glories of a sympathetic Christ, assuring the one or two or three persons who hear it

of the mighty reinforcements of religion. You say that to such a sermon there are only two or three hearers. Aye! But the visitor calling at that room, then closing the door softly and going away, tells the story, and the whole neighborhood hears it, and it will take all eternity to realize the grand and uplifting influence of that sermon about God and the soul, though preached to an audience of only one man or one woman. The Lord has ordained all such invalids for a style of usefulness which athletics and men of two hundred pounds healthy avoirdupois cannot affect. It was not an enemy that fastened you in that one room, or sent you on crutches, the longest journey you made for many weeks being from bed to sofa, and from sofa to looking-glass, where you are shocked at the pallor of your own cheek and the pinchedness of your features; then back again from mirror to sofa, and from sofa to bed, with a long sigh, saying, "How good it feels to get back again to my old place on the pillow!" Remember who it is that appointed the day when, for the first time in many years you could not go to business, and who has kept a record of all the weary days and all the sleepless nights of your exile from the world. Oh, weary man! Oh, feeble woman! It was the Lord who shut you in. Do you remember that some of the noblest and best of men have been prisoners? Ezekiel was a prisoner, Jeremiah a prisoner, Paul a prisoner, St. John a prisoner, John Bunyan a prisoner. Though human hate seemed to have all to do with them, really the Lord shut them in.

No doubt, while on that voyage, Noah and his three sons and all the four ladies of the antedulivian world often thought of the bright hillsides and the green fields where they had walked, and of the homes where they had lived. They had many years of experiences. Noah was six hundred years old at the time of

this convulsion of nature. He had seen six hundred springtimes, six hundred summers, six hundred autumns, six hundred winters. We are not told how old his wife was at this wreck of earth and sky. The Bible tells the age of a great many men, but only once gives a woman's age. At one time it gives Adam's age as one hundred and thirty years, and Jared's age as one hundred and sixty-two years, and Enoch's age as three hundred and sixty-five years, and all up and down the Bible it gives the age of men, but does not give the age of women. Why? Because, I suppose, a woman's age is none of our business. But all the men and women who tossed in that oriental craft had lived long enough to remember a good many of the mercies and kindnesses of God, and they could not blot out, and I think they had no disposition to blot out the memory of those brightnesses, though now they were shut in.

Neither should the shut-in of our time forget the blessings of the past. Have you been blind for ten years? Thank God for the time when you saw as clearly as any of us can see, and let the pageant of all the radiant landscapes and illumined skies which you ever looked upon kindle your rapturous gratitude. I do not now see Raphael's "Madona di San Sisto" in the picture gallery of Dresden, nor Rubens' "Descent from the Cross" at Antwerp, nor Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" on the ceiling of the Vatican, nor "Saint Sophia" at Constantinople, nor the Parthenon on the Acropolis, nor the Taj Mahal of India; but shall I not thank God that I have seen them? Is it possible that such midnight darkness shall ever blast my vision that I cannot call them up again? Perhaps you are so deaf that you cannot hear the chirp of a bird or solo of cantatrice, or even organ in full diapason, though you feel the foundations tremble under its majestic roll, or even the thunder-storm that makes

Mount Washington echo. But are you not grateful that once you could hear trill and chant and carol and doxology? I cannot this hour hear Jenny Lind sing "Comin' Through the Rye" or Ole Bull's enchanted viol, or Parepa Rosa's triumphant voice over many thousands of voices and many thousands of instruments in the National Peace Jubilee of many years ago, all these sounds accompanied by the ringing of bells and the guns on Boston Common; but can I ever have my ears so silenced that I will not remember that I did hear them? Are you chained to your room now, your powers of locomotion all gone, or if coming to the house of God every step is a torture? Do you forget when, in childhood, you danced and skipped because you were so full of life you had not patience to walk, and in after years you climbed the mountains of Switzerland, putting your alpen stock high up on the glaciers which few others ever dared, and jumped long reaches in competition, and after a walk of ten miles you came in jocund as the morning? Oh, you shut-ins! Thank God for a vivid memory of the times when you were as free as the chamois on the rocks, as the eagle going straight for the sun. When the rain pounded the roof of the ark the eight voyagers on that craft did not forget the time when it gaily pattered in a summer shower, and when the door of the ark shut to keep out the tempest they did not forget the time when the door of their home in Armenia was closed to keep out the spring rains which came to fill the cups of lily and honeysuckle and make all the trees of the wood clap their hands.

Again, notice that during those forty days of storm which rocked that ship on that universal ocean of Noah's time, the door which shut the captain of the ship inside the craft kept him from many outside perils. How those wrathful seas would like to have got

their wet hands on Noah, and pulled him out and sunk him? And do all of you of the great army of the shut-in realize that though you have special temptations where you are now, how much of the outside style of temptations you escape? Do you, the merchant incarcerated in the sick-room, realize that every hour of the day you spend looking out of the window, or gazing at the particular figure on the wall-paper, or listening to the clock's ticks, men are being wrecked by the allurements and uncertainties of business life? How many forgeries are committed, how many trust funds are swamped, how many public moneys are being misappropriated, how many bankruptcies suffered? It may be, it is very uncomfortable for Noah inside the ark, for the apartment is crowded and the air is vitiated from the breathing of so much human and animal life; but it is not half as bad for him as though he were outside the ark. There is not an ox, or a camel, or an antelope, or a sheep inside the ark as badly off as the proudest king outside. While you are on the pillow or lounge you will make no bad bargains, you will rush into no rash investments, you will avoid the mistakes which thousands of as good men as you are every day making.

Notice, also, that there was a limit to the shut-in experience of those ancient mariners. I suppose the forty days of the descending and uprising floods, and the one hundred and fifty days before the passengers could go ashore, must have seemed to those eight people in the big boat like a small eternity. "Rain, rain, rain!" said the wife of Noah. "Will it never stop?" For forty mornings they looked out and saw not one patch of blue sky. Floating around amid the peaks of mountains Shem, and Ham, and Japheth had to hush the fears of their wives lest they should dash against the projecting rocks. But after a while it cleared off.

Sunshine, glorious sunshine! The ascending mists were folded up into clouds, which, instead of darkening the sky, only ornamented it. As they looked out of the windows these worn passengers clapped their hands and rejoiced that the storm was over, and I think if God could stop such a storm as that, He could stop any storm in your lifetime experience. If He can control a vulture in the mid-sky, He can stop a summer bat that flies in at your window. At the right time He will put the rainbow on the cloud and the deluge of your misfortunes will dry up. I preach the doctrine of limitation, relief, and disenthrallment. At just the right time the pain will cease, the bondage will drop, the imprisoned will be liberated, the fires will go out, the body and mind and soul will be free. Patience! An English proverb referring to long-continued invalidism, says, "A creaking gate hangs long on its hinges," and this may be a protracted case of valetudinarianism; but you will have taken the last bitter drop, you will have suffered the last misinterpretation, you will feel the gnawing of the last hunger, you will have fainted the last time from exhaustion, you will have felt the last cut of the lancet, you will have wept under the last loneliness. The last week of the Noachian deluge came, the last day, the last hour, the last moment. The beating of the rain on the roof ceased, and the dashing of the billows on the side of the ship quieted, and peacefully as a yacht moves out over quiet Lake Cayuga, Como, or Luzerne, the ark, with its illustrious passengers and important freight, glided to its mountain wharfage.

Notice, also, that on the cessation of the deluge, the shut-ins came out, and they built their houses and cultivated their gardens and started a new world on the ruins of the old world that had been drowned out. Though Noah lived three hundred and fifty years

after this world-wide catastrophe, and no doubt his fellow-passengers survived centuries, I warrant they never got over talking about that voyage. Now, I have seen Doré's pictures, and many other pictures, of the entrance into the ark, two and two of the human family and the animal creation into that ship which sailed between two worlds, antediluvian world and the postdiluvian world, but I never saw a picture of their coming out; yet, their embarkation was not more important than their disembarkation. Many a crew has entered a ship that never landed. Witness the line of sunken ships, like a submarine cable of anguish, across the ocean depths, from America to Europe. If any ship might expect complete wreckage, the one Noah commanded might have expected it. But no! Those who embarked, disembarked. Over the plank reaching down the side of the ark to the Armenian cliffs on which they had been stranded, the procession descended. No other wharf felt so solid or afforded such attractiveness as that height of Ararat when the eight passengers put their feet on it. And no sooner had the last one been helped down the plank upon the rock, than the other apartments of the ship were opened, and such a dash of bird music never filled the air, as when the entire orchestra of robin-redbreast, and morning lark, and chaffinch, and mocking-bird, and house swallow took wing into the bright sky, while the cattle began to low and the sheep to bleat and the horses to neigh for the pasture, which from the awful submergence had now begun to grow green and aromatic. I tell you plainly, nothing interests me more in that tragedy, from the first to the last act, than the "Exit" and the "Exeunt;" than the fact that the "shut-ins" became the "got-outs." And I now cheer with this story all the inmates of sick rooms and hospitals, and those prisons where men and women are

unjustly endungeoned, and all the thousands who are bounded on the north, and south, and east, and west by floods, by deluges of misfortune and disaster. The ark of your trouble, if it does not land on some earthly height of vindication and rescue, will land on the heights celestial. If you have put your trust in God you will come out in the garden of the King, among orchards bending with twelve manner of fruits, and harvests that wave in the light of a sun that never sets.

As the eight passengers of that craft of Captain Noah never got over talking about their seafaring experiences, so you who have been the shut-ins of the earth will add unbounded interest to the conversation of heaven by recalling and reciting your earthly experiences, and the rougher those experiences, the more thrilling will they be to yourself and to others who listen. As when we sit amid a group of soldiers and hear their story of battle, or a group of sailors and hear their story of cyclones, we feel stupid because we have nothing in our life worth telling how uninteresting will be those souls in heaven who had smooth sailing all their lives and no accidents, while Noah tells his story of the deluge, and Lot tells his story of escape from destroyed cities, and Paul his story of the Alexandrian corn-ship, and you tell your story of the days and nights and years of the time when you were shut in. You will be interesting and sought after in heaven in proportion as you are martyrized of persecution and pain on earth. And surely you do not want to get the advantage of heavenly association and consideration without yourself adding some interest to the interview.

I hail all the shut-ins because they will be the come-outs. Heaven will be all the brighter for your earthly privations and environments. For a man who has always lived in a mansion, and walked in fine gar-

dens, and regaled his appetite on best fruits, and had warmest furs for winter attire, and coolest linens for August heat, and brilliant earthly surroundings, heaven will not be so much of a change of scene. He will be disposed to say, "Why, I am used to this. Don't show me the gardens. Why, I was brought up at Chatsworth. Don't invite me into the chariot; I always had a splendid turn-out. Don't invite me to the feast; I have been accustomed to Belshazzarian banquets. It would be a relief to me if I could leave heaven a little while and rough it in some other world." But what a heaven it will be for those whose limbs were so rheumatic they could not take a step when they find locomotion a delight. What a heaven it will be for those who were always sick when they are always well; and after twenty years of pain to have millions of years of health! What a light will be the light of heaven for those who on earth could not see their hand before their faces! And what will the music of heaven be to those the tympanum of whose ears for many years has ceased to vibrate! Denied on earth the pleasure of listening to Handel, and Haydn, and Mendelssohn's symphonies, at last reaching a world where there has never been a discord and hearing singing where all are perfect songsters, and oratorios in which all the nations of heaven chant! Great heaven it will be for all who get there, but a hundred times more of a heaven for those who were shut in.

Meanwhile you have all divine and angelic sympathy in your infirmities. That Satan thoroughly understood poor human nature was evidenced when, in plotting to make Job do wrong, the great master of evil, after having failed in every other way to overthrow the good man proposed physical distress, and then the boils came which made his wife advise him

to swear right out. The mightiest test of character is physical suffering. Critics are impatient at the way Thomas Carlyle scolded at everything. His seventy years of dyspepsia were enough to make any man scold. When you see people out of patience and irascible and lachrymose, inquire into the case, and before you get through with your exploration your hypercriticism will turn to pity, and to the divine and angelic sympathy will be added your own. The clouds of your indignation, which were full of thunderbolts, will begin to rain tears of pity.

By a strange Providence, for which I shall be forever grateful, I have admission through the newspaper press, week by week, to tens of thousands of God's dear children who cannot enter church on the Sabbath, and hear their excellent pastors, because of the age of the sufferers, or their illness, or the lameness of foot, or their incapacity to stay in one position an hour and a half, or their poverties, or their troubles of some sort will not let them go out of doors, and to them as much as to those who hear me I preach this sermon, as I preach many of my sermons, the invisible audience always vaster than the visible, some of them tossed on wilder seas than those which tossed the eight members of Noah's family, and instead of forty days of storm, and five months of being shut in, as they were, it has been for these invalids five years of "shut-in," or ten years of "shut-in," or twenty years of "shut-in." Oh, comforting God! Help me to comfort them! Give me two hands full of salve for their wounds.

When we were three hundred miles out at sea, a hurricane struck us, and the lifeboats were dashed from the davits, and all the lights in the cabin were put out by the rolling of the ship and the water which through the broken skylights had poured in. Captain

Andrews entered and said to the men on duty, "Why don't you light up and make things brighter, for we are going to outride this storm? Passengers, cheer up! Cheer up!" And he struck a match and began to light the burners. He could not silence either the wind or the waves, but by the striking of that match, accompanied by encouraging words, we were all helped. And as I now find many in hurricanes of trouble, though I cannot quiet the storm, I can strike a match to light up the darkness, and I strike a match: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." I strike another match: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I strike another match: "We have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities, but one who was in all points tempted like as we are." Are you old? One breath from heaven will make you everlastingly young again. Have you aches and pains? They insure Christ's presence and sympathy through the darkest December nights, which are the longest nights of the year. Are you bereft? Here is a resurrected Christ, whose voice is full of resurrectionary power. Are you lonely? All the angels of heaven are ready to swoop into your companionship. Here is the Christ of Mary and Martha when they had lost Lazarus, and of David when he had lost his son, and of Abraham when he had lost Sarah, and of your father and mother when in time of old age they parted at the gates of the tomb.

When last I was in Savannah, Georgia, at the close of the Sabbath morning service, I was asked to go and see a Christian woman for many years an invalid. I went. I had not, in all that beautiful city of splendid men and gracious women, seen a face brighter than hers. Reaching her bedside, I put out my hand, but

she could not shake hands, for her hand was palsied. I said to her, "How long have you been down on this bed?" She smiled and made no answer, for her tongue had been palsied; but those standing around her said, "Fifteen years." I said to her, "Have you been able to keep your courage up all that time?" She gave a very little motion of her head in affirmation, for her whole body was paralytic. The sermon I had preached that morning had no power on others compared with the power that silent sermon had on me. What was the secret of her conquest over pain and privation and incapacity to move? Shall I tell you the secret? I will tell you: The Lord shut her in.

There is a good deal of fanaticism abroad about the recovery of the sick, but if we had as much faith as Martin Luther we would have Luther's success. His friend, Myconius, was very ill, and Luther fell upon his knees and said, "O Lord, no! Thou must not yet take our brother Myconius to thyself. Thy cause will not prosper without him. Amen." Then he wrote, "My dear Myconius: There is no cause for fear. The Lord will not let me hear that you are dead. You shall not and must not die. Amen." Luther's letter so excited Myconius that an ulcer on his lungs broke, and he got well. Would to God that like that we might be able to pray, that we might have similar results! Oh, men and women, visible and invisible! The probability is you will never write your autobiography. It is the most difficult book to write, because you are tempted to omit passages in your life that were not complimentary to yourself, and to quote from a diary, which is always incomplete, because there are some things which you do not think best to write down. As you will not undertake an autobiography, the story of yourself, I will take the responsibil-

ity of presenting your biography, which is the story of one's life by some one else. If you will give your love and trust to Him of Bethlehem and Calvary, this will be your biography: "Born at the right time, but the most important event in his life was when he was born again. Died at the right time, but long before that he had died unto sin. He had many crises, but in all of them he was divinely directed; weaknesses, but they were divinely sympathized with. In his life there were many sorrows, wave after wave, storm after storm, but he outrode everything and landed in eternal safety. Why? Why? Because the Lord shut him in."

But do not think that heaven is made up of an indiscriminate population. Some of my friends are so generous in their theology that they would let everybody in without reference to condition or character. Do not think that libertines and blasphemers and rejecters of God and His Gospel have "letters of credit" that will draw anything from the Bank of Heaven. Pirate crafts will not be permitted to go up that harbor. If there are those who as to heaven are to be "shut-ins," there are those who will belong to the "shut-outs." Heaven has twelve gates, and while those twelve gates imply wide-open entrance for those who are properly prepared to enter them, they imply that there are at least twelve possibilities that many will be shut out, because a gate is of no use unless it can sometimes be closed. Heaven is not an unwashed mob. Show your ticket or you will not get in — tickets that you may get without money and without price, tickets with a cross and a crown upon them. Let the unrepentant and the vile and the offscourings of earth enter heaven as they now are, and they would depreciate and demoralize it so that no one of us would want to enter, and those who are there would want to move

out. The Bible speaks of the "withouts" as well as the "withins." Revelation 22:15: "Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." Through the converting, pardoning, sanctifying grace of God, may we at last be found among the shut-ins and not among the shut-outs!

SUFFERING FOR OTHERS

Heb., 9: 22: "Without shedding of blood is no remission."

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John G. Whittier, the last of the great school of American poets who made the end of the century brilliant, asked me in the White Mountains, one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about "The Fountain Filled with Blood," "Do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians, and all physiologists, and all scientists, in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they do not want what they call a "slaughter-house religion," only shows their incapacity, or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signified. The blood that, on the darkest Friday the world ever saw, oozed, or trickled, or poured from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the illustrious sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up, and forever disappeared; and if man had depended on the application of the literal blood of Christ, there would not have been a soul saved for the last eighteen centuries.

In order to understand this red word of my text, we only have to exercise as much common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pang for pang,

hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solitary episode in the world's history; whereas, I could take you out in a great city, and before sundown point you to five hundred cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

At two o'clock to-morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who, by their looks, show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system, and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath, and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No; it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is, the man is enduring all that fatigue, and exasperation, and wear and tear, to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread, and wardrobe, education and prosperity, and in such battle ten thousand men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork for others. Some

sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

At one o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling-houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning; but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on the window casement a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child, the food set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over, the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing, and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for Life. Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy, and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption; some call it nervous prostration; some call it intermittent or malarial indisposition; but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Or perhaps the mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought home worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts him again, and hopes, and expects, and prays, and counsels, and suffers, until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going, and attendants, bending over her pillow, ask her if she has any message to leave. She makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words: "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

You remember that sad period years ago, when there went forth from our homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee-deep in mud. They slept in snow-banks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations, and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaw fractured and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle, and got it not. They were homesick, and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infinite God, who knows everything, knows the ten thousandth part of the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of anguish of Northern and Southern battle-fields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did

these young men, postponing the marriage-day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For their country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the Southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these Northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some vials of medicine, and leaving his patients here in the hands of other physicians, takes the rail-train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail-trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling the pulse and studying symptoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow-physician says: "Doctor, you had better go home and rest; you look miserable." But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on, until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down, but he fights his attendants until he falls back, weaker and weaker, and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, far away from his family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice, his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of Him who said: "I was sick and ye visited Me!" Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846, William Freeman, a pauper-

ized and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept off only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent save one, a young lawyer with feeble voice, that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward, who saw that the prisoner was idiotic and irresponsible and ought to be put in an asylum rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering these beautiful words:

I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudiced the prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense, or emotion. My child with an affectionate smile disarms my care-worn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give because he says, "God bless you!" as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the assemblage around you. Listen to their ill-suppressed censures and their excited fears, and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellow-men, where even in his heart, I can expect to find a sentiment, a thought, not to say of reward or of acknowledgment, or even of recognition? * * * Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I asseverate before heaven and you, that to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner at the bar does not at this moment know why it is that my shadow falls on you instead of his own.

He was sentenced to die — the gallows got its victim, but the post-mortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons and to all the world, that the public were wrong, and William H.

Seward was right, and that hard, stony step of obloquy in the Auburn court-room was the first step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top, or to within one step of the top — that last denied him through the treachery of American politics. Nothing sublimer was ever seen in an American court-room than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the fury of the populace and the loathsome imbecile. Substitution!

In the realm of the fine arts there was as remarkable an instance. A brilliant but hypercriticised painter, Joseph William Turner, was met by a volley of abuse from all the art galleries of Europe. His paintings, which have since won the applause of all civilized nations, "The Fifth Plague of Egypt," "Fishermen on a Lee Shore in Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "The Sun Rising Through Mist," and "Dido Building Carthage," were then targets for critics to shoot at. In defense of this outrageously abused man a young author of twenty-four years, just one year out of college, came forth with his pen, and wrote the ablest and most famous essays on art that the world ever saw, or ever will see — John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For seventeen years this author fought the battles of the maltreated artist, and after, in poverty and broken-heartedness, the painter had died, and the public tried to undo their cruelties toward him by giving him a big funeral and burial in St. Paul's Cathedral, his old-time friend took out of a tin box nineteen thousand pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter, and through many weary and uncompensated months assorted and arranged them for public observation. People say John Ruskin in his old days is cross, misanthropic, and morbid. Whatever he may do that he ought not to do, and whatever he may say that he ought not to say between

now and his death, he will leave this world insolvent as far as it has any capacity to pay this author's pen for its chivalric and Christian defense of a poor painter's pencil. John Ruskin for William Turner. Blood for blood. Substitution!

What an exalting principle this which leads one to suffer for another! Nothing so kindles enthusiasm or awakens eloquence, or chimes poetic canto, or moves nations. That principle is the dominant one in our religion — Christ the Martyr, Christ the celestial Hero, Christ the Defender, Christ the Substitute. No new principle, for it was as old as human nature; but now on a grander, wider, higher, deeper, and more world-resounding scale. The shepherd boy as champion for Israel with a sling toppled the giant of Philistine braggadocio in the dust; but here is another David who, for all the armies of churches militant and triumphant, hurls the Goliath of perdition into defeat, the crash of his brazen armor like an explosion at Hell Gate. Abraham had at God's command agreed to sacrifice his son Isaac, and the same God, just in time had provided a ram in the thicket as a substitute; but here is another Isaac bound to the altar, and no hand arrests the sharp edges of laceration and death, and the universe shivers and quakes and recoils and groans at the horror.

All good men have for centuries been trying to tell whom this Substitute was like, but every comparison, inspired and uninspired, evangelistic, prophetic, apostolic, and human falls short, for Christ was the Great Unlike. Adam a type of Christ, because he came directly from God; Noah a type of Christ, because he delivered his own family from the deluge; Melchisedec a type of Christ, because he had no predecessor or successor; Joseph a type of Christ, because he was

cast out by his brethren; Moses a type of Christ, because he was a deliverer from bondage; Joshua a type of Christ, because he was a conqueror; Samson a type of Christ, because of his strength to slay the lions and carry off the iron gates of impossibility; Solomon a type of Christ, in the affluence of his dominion; Jonah a type of Christ, because of the stormy sea in which he threw himself for the rescue of others; but put together Adam and Noah and Melchisedec and Joseph and Moses and Joshua and Samson and Solomon and Jonah, and they would not make a fragment of a Christ, a quarter of a Christ, the half of a Christ, or the millionth part of a Christ.

He forsook a throne and sat down on His own footstool. He came from the top of glory to the bottom of humiliation, and exchanged a circumference seraphic, for a circumference diabolic. Once waited on by angels, now hissed at by brigands. From afar and high up He came down; a-past meteors, swifter than they; by starry thrones, Himself more lustrous; past larger worlds to smaller worlds; downstairs of firmaments, and from cloud to cloud, and through the tree-tops and into the camel's stall, to thrust His shoulder under our burdens and take the lances of pain through His vitals, and to wrap Himself in all the agonies which we deserve for our misdoings, and stood on the splitting decks of a foundering vessel, amid the drenching surf of the sea, and passed midnights on the mountains amid wild beasts of prey, and stood at the point where all earthly and infernal hostilities charged on Him at once with their keen sabres — our Substitute!

When did attorney ever endure so much for a pauper client, or physician for the patient in the lazaretto, or mother for the child in membranous croup, as Christ for us, and Christ for you, and Christ for me?

Shall any man or woman or child who has ever suffered for another find it hard to understand this Christly suffering for us? Shall those whose sympathies have been wrung in behalf of the unfortunate have no appreciation of that one moment which was lifted out of all the ages of eternity as most conspicuous, when Christ gathered up all the sins of those to be redeemed under his one arm, and all their sorrows under his other arm, and said: "I will atone for these under my right arm, and will heal all those under my left arm? Strike me with all thy glittering shafts, O Eternal Justice! Roll over me with all thy surges, ye oceans of sorrow!" And the thunderbolts struck him from above, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and then and there, in presence of heaven and earth and hell, yea, all worlds witnessing, the price, the bitter price, the transcendent price, the awful price, the glorious price, the infinite price, the eternal price, was paid that sets us free.

That is what Paul means, that is what I mean, that is what all those who have ever had their heart changed, mean by "blood." I glory in this religion of blood! I am thrilled as I see the suggestive color in sacramental cup, whether it be of burnished silver set on cloth immaculately white, or rough-hewn from wood set on table in log-hut meeting-house of the wilderness. Now I am thrilled as I see the altars of ancient sacrifice crimson with the blood of the slain lamb, and Leviticus is to me not so much the Old Testament as the New. Now I see why the destroying angel, passing over Egypt in the night, spared all those houses that had blood sprinkled on their doorposts. Now I know what Isaiah means when he speaks of "one in red apparel coming with dyed garments from Bozrah;" and whom the Apocalypse

means when it describes a heavenly chieftain whose "vesture was dipped in blood;" and what Peter, the apostle, means when he speaks of the "precious blood;" and what John means when he refers to the blood that cleanseth from all sin; and what the old, worn-out, decrepit missionary Paul means when, in my text, he cries, "Without shedding of blood is no remission." By that blood you and I will be saved — or never saved at all. In all the ages of the world God has not once pardoned a single sin except through the Saviour's expiation, and he never will. Glory be to God that the hill back of Jerusalem was the battle-field on which Christ achieved our liberty.

One of the most exciting and overpowering days to me was the one I spent on the battlefield of Waterloo. Starting out with the morning train from Brussels, Belgium, we arrived in about an hour on that famous spot. A son of one who was in the battle, and who had heard from his father a hundred times the whole scene recited, accompanied us over the field. There stood the old Hougomont Château, the walls dented and scratched and broken and shattered by grape-shot and cannon-ball. There is the well into which three hundred dying and dead were pitched. There is the chapel with the head of the infant Christ shot off. There are gates at which, for many hours, English and French armies wrestled. Yonder were the one hundred and sixty guns of the English and the two hundred and fifty guns of the French. Yonder the Hanoverian Hussars fled for the woods. Yonder was the ravine of Ohain, where the French cavalry, not knowing there was a hollow in the ground, rolled over and down, troop after troop, three thousand five hundred of the cavalry, on three thousand five hundred horses, tumbling into one awful mass of suffering, hoof of kicking horses against brow and breast

of captains and colonels and private soldiers, the human and the animal groan kept up until, the day after, all were shoveled under, because of the malodor arising in that hot month of June.

"There," said our guide, "the Highland regiments lay down on their faces waiting for the moment to spring upon the foe. In that orchard twenty-five hundred men were cut to pieces. Here stood Wellington with white lips, and up that knoll rode Marshal Ney on his sixth horse, five having been shot under him. Here the ranks of the French broke, and Marshal Ney, with his boot slashed of a sword, and his hat off, his face covered with powder and blood, tried to rally his troops as he cried: "Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battle-field." From yonder direction Grouchy was expected for the French re-enforcement, but he came not. Around those woods Blucher was looked for to re-enforce the English, and just in time he came up. Yonder is the field where Napoleon stood, his arm through the reins of the horse's bridle, dazed and insane, trying to go back. Scene of a battle that went on from twenty-five minutes to twelve o'clock on the 18th of June, until four o'clock, when the English seemed defeated and their commander cried out: "Boys, can you think of giving way? Remember old England!" and the tides turned, and at eight o'clock in the evening the man of destiny, who was called by his troops Old Two Hundred Thousand, turned away with broken heart, and the fate of centuries was decided. No wonder a great mound has been reared there, hundreds of feet high, a mound at the expense of millions of dollars and many years in rising, and on the top is the great Belgian lion of bronze, and a grand old lion it is. But our great Waterloo was in Palestine. There came a day when all hell rode up, led by Apollyon, and the Captain of

our salvation confronted them alone. The Rider on the white horse of the Apocalypse going out against the black horse cavalry of death, and the battalions of the demoniac, and the myrmidons of darkness. From nine o'clock in the morning to three o'clock in the afternoon the greatest battle of the universe went on. Eternal destinies were being decided. All the arrows of hell pierced our Chieftain, and the battle-axes struck him, until brow and cheek and shoulder and hand and foot were incarnadined with oozing life; but he fought on, until he gave a final stroke with sword from Jehovah's buckler, and the commander-in-chief of hell and all his forces fell back in everlasting ruin, and the victory is ours. And on the mound that celebrates the triumph we plant this day two figures, not in bronze or iron or sculptured marble, but two figures of living light, the Lion of Judah's tribe and the Lamb that was slain.

EASTERTIDE

1 Cor., 15: 20: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

EASTERTIDE

I Cor., 15: 20: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

On this glorious Easter morning, amid the music and the flowers, I give you Christian salutation.* This morning, Russian meeting Russian on the streets of St. Petersburg hails him with the salutation, "Christ is risen!" and is answered by his friend in salutation, "He is risen indeed!" In some parts of England and Ireland, to this very day, there is the superstition that on Easter morning the sun dances in the heavens; and well may we forgive such a superstition which illustrates the fact that the natural world seems to sympathize with the spiritual.

Hail! Easter morning. Flowers! Flowers! All of them a-voice, all of them a-tongue, all of them full of speech to-day. I bend over one of the lilies and I hear it say: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I bend over a rose, and it seems to whisper: "I am the Rose of Sharon." And then I stand and listen. From all sides there comes the chorus of flowers, saying: "If God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Flowers! Flowers! Braid them into the bride's hair. Flowers! Flowers! Strew them over the graves of the dead, sweet prophecy of the resurrection. Flowers! Flowers! Twist them into a gar-

* The church was appropriately decorated.

land for my Lord Jesus on Easter morning, and "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."

Why, if a rainbow this morning had fallen and struck the galleries and struck the platform, the scene could not have been more radiant. Oh, how bright and how beautiful the flowers, and how much they make me think of Christ and His religion, that brightens everything it touches, brightens our life, brightens our character, brightens society, brightens the Church, brightens everything! The women came to the Saviour's tomb and they dropped spices all around the tomb, and those spices were the seed that began to grow, and from them came all the flowers of this Easter morn. The two angels robed in white took hold of the stone at the Saviour's tomb and they hurled it with such force down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulchre, and the stark and the dead must come forth.

I care not how labyrinthine the mausoleum or how costly the sarcophagus or however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. They must come out. Father and mother — they must come out. Husband and wife — they must come out. Brother and sister — they must come out. Our darling children — they must come out. The eyes that we close with such trembling fingers must open again in the radiance of that morn. The arms we folded in dust must join ours in an embrace of reunion. The voice that was hushed in our dwelling must be retuned. Oh, how long some of you seem to be waiting for the resurrection. And for these broken hearts to-day I make a soft, cool bandage out of Easter flowers.

Eastertide

Six years ago the night before Easter I received an Easter card on which there was a representation of that exquisite flower, the trumpet creeper, and under it the words: "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise." There was especial reason why at that time I should have that card sent me, and I present the same consolation to-day to all in this house; and who has escaped?

This morning I find in the risen Christ a prophecy of our own resurrection, my text setting forth the idea that as Christ has risen so his people will rise. He, the first sheaf of the resurrection harvest. He, "the first-fruits of them that slept." Before I get through this morning I will walk through all the cemeteries of the dead, through all the country graveyards, where your loved ones are buried, and I will pluck off these flowers, and I will drop a sweet promise of the Gospel — a rose of hope, a lily of joy on every tomb — the child's tomb, the husband's tomb, the wife's tomb, the father's grave, the mother's grave; and, while we celebrate the resurrection of Christ, we will at the same time celebrate the resurrection of all the good. "Christ, the first-fruits of them that slept."

If I should come to you and ask you for the names of the great conquerors of the world, you would say Alexander, Cæsar, Philip, Napoleon I. Ah! you have forgotten to mention the name of a greater conqueror than all these — a cruel, a ghastly conqueror. He rode on a black horse across Waterloo and Atlanta and Chalons, the bloody hoofs crushing the hearts of nations. It is the conqueror Death. He carries a black flag, and he takes no prisoners. He digs a trench across the hemispheres and fills it with the carcasses of nations. Fifty times would the world have been depopulated had not God kept mak-

ing new generations. Fifty times the world would have swung lifeless through the air — no man on the mountain, no man on the sea, an abandoned ship ploughing through immensity. Again and again has he done this work with all generations. He is a monarch as well as a conqueror; his palace a sepulchre; his fountains the falling tears of a world: Blessed be God, in the light of this Easter morning, I see the prophecy that his sceptre shall be broken, and his palace shall be demolished. The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth. Christ risen, we shall rise. Jesus, "the first-fruits of them that slept."

Now, around this doctrine of the resurrection there are a great many mysteries. You come to me and say, If the bodies of the dead are to be raised, how is this, and how is that? and you ask me a thousand questions I am incompetent to answer; but there are a great many things you believe that you are not able to explain. You would be a very foolish man to say: "I won't believe anything I can't understand." Why, putting down one kind of flower-seed, comes there up this flower of this color? Why, putting down another flower-seed, comes there up a flower of this color? One flower white, another flower yellow, another flower crimson. Why the difference when the seeds look to be very much alike — are very much alike? Explain these things. Explain that wart on the finger. Explain the difference — why the oak leaf is different from the leaf of the hickory. Tell me how the Lord Almighty can turn the chariot of his omnipotence on a rose-leaf. You ask me questions about the resurrection I cannot answer. I will ask you a thousand questions about every-day life you cannot answer.

I find my strength in this passage: "All who are

in their graves shall come forth." I do not pretend to make the explanation. You go on and say: "Suppose a returned missionary dies in Brooklyn; when he was in China his foot was amputated; he lived years after in England, and there he had an arm amputated; he is buried to-day in Greenwood; in the resurrection will the foot come from China, will the arm come from England, and will the different parts of the body be reconstructed in the resurrection? How is that possible?"

You say that "the human body changes every seven years, and by seventy years of age a man has had ten bodies; in the resurrection which will come up?" You say, "A man will die and his body crumble into the dust, and that dust be taken up into the life of the vegetable; an animal may eat the vegetable; men eat the animal; in the resurrection, that body, distributed in so many directions, how shall it be gathered up?" Have you any more questions of this style to ask? Come on, and ask them. I do not pretend to answer them. I fall back upon the announcement of God's Word: "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

You have noticed, I suppose, in reading the story of the resurrection that almost every account of the Bible gives the idea that the characteristic of that day will be a great sound. I do not know that it will be very loud, but I know it will be very penetrating. In the mausoleum where silence has reigned a thousand years that voice must penetrate. In the coral cave of the deep that voice must penetrate. Millions of spirits will come through the gates of eternity, and they will come to the tombs of the earth, and they will cry: "Give us back our bodies; we gave them to you in corruption; surrender them now in incorruption." Hundreds of spirits hovering

about the crags of Gettysburg, for there the bodies are buried. A hundred thousand spirits coming to Greenwood, for there the bodies are buried, waiting for the reunion of body and soul.

All along the sea route from New York to Liverpool, at every few miles where a steamer went down, departed spirits coming back, hovering over the wave. There is where the *City of Boston* perished. Found at last. There is where the *President* perished. Steamer found at last. There is where the *Central America* went down. Spirits hovering — hundreds of spirits hovering, waiting for the reunion of body and soul. Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveler died in the snow. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, and the poets and the orators come forth; wonderful mingling of good and bad. Crash! go the pyramids of Egypt, and the monarchs come forth.

Who can sketch the scene? I suppose that one moment before that general rising there will be an entire silence, save as you hear the grinding of a wheel, or the clatter of the hoofs of a procession passing into the cemetery. Silence in all the caves of the earth. Silence on the side of the mountain. Silence down in the valleys and far out into the sea. Silence. But in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rolling, crashing across the mountain and sea, the earth will give one terrific shudder and the graves of the dead will heave like the waves of the sea, and Ostend and Sebastopol and Chalons will stalk forth in the lurid air, and the drowned will come up and wring out their wet locks above the billow, and all the land and all the sea become one moving mass of life — all faces, all ages, all conditions gazing in one direc-

tion and upon one throne, the throne of resurrection. "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

"But," you say, "if this doctrine of the resurrection is true, as prefigured by this Easter morning, can you tell us something about the resurrected body?" I can. There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you three or four things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond mistake.

In the first place, I remark in regard to your resurrected body: it will be a glorious body. The body we have now is a mere skeleton of what it would have been if sin had not marred and defaced it. Take the most exquisite statue that was ever made by an artist and chip it here and chip it there with a chisel, and batter and bruise it here and there, and then stand it out in the storms of a hundred years, and the beauty would be gone. Well, the human body has been chipped and battered and bruised and damaged with the storms of thousands of years — the physical defects of other generations coming down from generation to generation, we inheriting the infelicities of past generations; but in the morning of the resurrection the body will be adorned and beautified according to the original model. And there is no such difference between a gymnast and an emaciated wretch in a lazaretto, as there will be a difference between our bodies as they are now and our resurrected forms. There you will see the perfect eye, after the waters of death have washed out the stains of tears and study. There you will see the perfect hand, after the knots of toil have been united from the knuckles. There you will see the form erect and elastic, after the burdens have gone off the shoulder — the very life of God in the

body. In this world, the most impressive thing, the most expressive thing, is the human face; but that face is veiled with the griefs of a thousand years; but in the resurrection morn that veil will be taken away from the face, and the noonday sun is dull and dim and stupid compared with the outflaming glories of the countenances of the saved. When those faces of the righteous, those resurrected faces, turn toward the gate, or look up toward the throne, it will be like the dawning of a new morning on the bosom of everlasting day! O glorious, resurrected body!

But I remark also in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be an immortal body. These bodies are wasting away. Somebody has said that as soon as we begin to live we begin to die. Unless we keep putting the fuel into the furnace the furnace dies out. The blood-vessels are canals taking the breadstuffs to all parts of the system. We must be reconstructed hour by hour, day by day. Sickness and death are all the time trying to get their pry under the tenement, or to push us off the embankment of the grave; but, blessed be God, in the resurrection we will get a body immortal. No malaria in the air, no cough, no neuralgic twinge, no rheumatic pang, no fluttering of the heart, no shortness of breath, no ambulance, no dispensary, no hospital, no invalid's chair, no spectacles to improve the dim vision; but health, immortal health! O ye who have aches and pains indescribable this morning — ye who are never well — ye who are lacerated with physical distresses, let me tell you of the resurrected body, free from all disease. Immortal! Immortal!

I go further, and say in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be a vigorous body. We walk now eight or ten miles,

and we are fatigued; we lift a few hundred pounds, and we are exhausted; unarmed, we meet a wild beast, and we must run, or fly, or climb, or dodge, because we are incompetent to meet it; we toil eight or ten hours energetically, and then we are weary; but in the resurrection we are to have a body that never gets tired. Is it not a glorious thought?

Plenty of occupation in heaven. I suppose Broadway, New York, in the busiest season of the year, at noonday, is not so busy as heaven is all the time. Grand projects of mercy for other worlds. Victories to be celebrated. The downfall of despotisms on earth to be announced. Great songs to be learned and sung. Great expeditions on which God shall send forth his children. Plenty to do, but no fatigue. If you are seated under the trees of life, it will not be to rest, but to talk over with some old comrade old times — the battles where you fought shoulder to shoulder.

Sometimes in this world we feel we would like to have such a body as that. There is so much work to be done for Christ, there are so many tears to be wiped away, there are so many burdens to lift, there is so much to be achieved for Christ, we sometimes wish that from the first of January to the last of December we could toil on without stopping to sleep, or take any recreation, or to rest, or even to take food — that we could toil right on without stopping a moment in our work of commending Christ and heaven to all the people. But we all get tired. It is a characteristic of the human body in this condition; we must get tired. Is it not a glorious thought that we are going to have a body that will never grow weary? O glorious resurrection day! Gladly will I fling aside this poor body of sin and fling it into the tomb, if at thy bidding I shall have

a body that never wearies. That was a splendid resurrection hymn that was sung at my father's burial:

> So Jesus slept, God's dying Son
> Passed through the grave and blessed the bed.
> Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
> The morning breaks to pierce the shade.

O blessed resurrection! Speak out, sweet flowers, beautiful flowers. While you tell of a risen Christ, tell of the righteous who shall rise. May God fill you this morning with anticipation!

I heard of a father and son who, among others, were shipwrecked at sea. The father and the son climbed into the rigging. The father held on, but the son after a while lost his hold in the rigging and was dashed down. The father supposed he had gone hopelessly under the wave. The next day the father was brought ashore from the rigging in an exhausted state, and laid on a bed in a fisherman's hut, and after many hours had passed he came to consciousness, and saw lying beside him on the same bed his boy. Oh my friends! what a glorious thing it will be if we wake up at last to find our loved ones beside us, coming up from the same plot in the graveyard, coming up in the same morning light — the father and son alive forever, all the loved ones alive forever, nevermore to weep, nevermore to part, nevermore to die.

May the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good work, to do his will; and let the brilliant scene of this morning transport our thoughts to the grander assemblage before the throne. This august assemblage is nothing compared with it. The one hundred and forty

and four thousand, and the "great multitude that no man can number," some of our best friends among them, we, after a while, to join the multitude. Glorious anticipation.

Blest are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood,
Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their wonders splendid and sublime,

My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

THE DEER HUNT

Ps., 42: 1: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks."

THE DEER HUNT

Ps., 42: 1: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks."

David, who must some time have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag on the way to the water. The fascinating animal, called in my text the hart, is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In central Syria in Bible times there were whole pasture fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says: "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying, "Then shall the lame man leap as a hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who, having shot a deer, is too lazy to cook it, saying: "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged, and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after!" Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud

breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize, plunges into a pond or lake or river to cool its thirst and at the same time by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming, to get away from the foaming harriers. David says to himself: "Aha, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me; I am chased; their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David, "that reindeer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes the lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

I have just come from the Adirondacks, and the breath of the balsam and spruce and pine is still on me. The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Talking a few days ago with a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off, and supposed they were on the track of a deer, I said to the hunter in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always start for the water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, mister; you see they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance, they lift their antlers and snuff the breeze and start for Racquet or Loon or Saranac; and we get into our cedar shell

boat or stand by the runway with rifle loaded ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much — its allusions are so true to nature. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches, and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle, and his cheek glow, and his respiration quicken. To say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow-strings, its antlers putting handles on cutlery, and the shavings of its horns, used as a restorative, its name taken from the hart and called hartshorn. But putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems done, ascending into other projections of exquisiteness, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride, or swung down for awful combat. It is velocity embodied. Timidity impersonated. The enchantment of the woods. Eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle and bone and color and attitude and locomotion whether crouched in the grass among the shadows, or a living bolt shot through the forest, or turning at bay to attack the hounds, or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot of the trapper.

It is a splendid appearance, that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge, to drink among

the lily-pods, and with its sharp-edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling tongue and eyes swimming in death, the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have coming after them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of vicissitudes, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in anywise pursued, run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. Most of the men and women whom I happen to have known at different times, if not now, have had troubles, after them, sharp-muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all-devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them; they depreciated you, and you depreciated them; or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them; or you have had a bereavement, and instead of being submissive, you are fighting that bereavement; you charge on the doctors who have failed to effect a cure; or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred; or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret and worry and scold, and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily charge on the neuralgia or the laryngitis or the ague or the sick headache. The fact is, you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation, and slaking your thirst, and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the Gos-

pel, and swimming way into the mighty deeps of God's love, you are fighting a whole kennel of harriers.

A few days ago I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters: "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered: "A deer hurt him." And I saw that he had a great swollen paw and a battered head, showing the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers; you might damage their business, you might worry them into ill-health, you might hurt them as much as they have hurt you; but, after all, it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound. Better be off for the Upper Saranac, into which the mountains of God's eternal strength look down and moor their shadows. As for your physical disorders, the worst strychnine you can take is fretfulness, and the best medicine is religion. I know people who were only a little disordered, yet have fretted themselves into complete valetudinarianism, while others put their trust in God, and came up from the very shadow of death, and have lived comfortably twenty-five years with only one lung. A man with one lung, but God with him, is better off than a Godless man with two lungs. Some of you have been for a long time sailing around Cape Fear, when you ought to have been sailing around Cape Good Hope. Do not turn back, but go ahead. The deer will accomplish more with its swift feet than with its horns. I saw whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty lakes; and there are said to be over eight hundred in the great wilderness. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's world is one long chain of

bright, refreshing lakes; each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full, up to the top of the green banks; and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying: "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;" "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world; and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn round and lower your head, and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably, under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March — it sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, he has hung it on the stag's horns; and a proverb in the far East tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer sheds his horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers, be as wise as, next spring, will be the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns!

But very many of you who are wronged of the world — and if in any assembly between Sandy Hook, New York, and Golden Gate, San Francisco, it were asked that all those that had been sometimes badly

treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present — I say many of you would declare: "We have always done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignment, or invalidism, or mishap, is inscrutable." Why, do you not know that the finer a deer, and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur, and broken hoofs, and an obliterated eye, and a limping gait, the hunters would have said, "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with antlers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides enclose the richest pasture that could be nibbled from the bank of rills, so clear they seem to have dropped out of heaven, and the stamp of its foot defies the jack-shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the hound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their neck in the rapids. So if there were no noble stuff in your make-up, if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed; but the fact that the whole pack is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are splendid game and worth capturing. Therefore sarcasm draws on you its "finest bead." Therefore the world goes gunning for you with its best Maynard breech-loader. Highest compliment is it to your talent, or your virtue, or your usefulness. You will be assailed in proportion to your great achievements. The best and the mightiest being the world ever saw had set after him

all the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped his blood after the Calvarean massacre. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a bramble, four spikes, and a cross. Many who have done their best to make the world better have had such a rough time of it that all their pleasure is in anticipation of the next world, and they would, if they could, express their own feelings in the words of the Baroness of Nairn, at the close of her long life, when asked if she would like to live her life over again:

Would you be young again?
So would not I;
One tear of memory given,
Onward I'll hie;
Life's dark wave forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smile around us shed,
Heavenward, away!

Yes; for some people in this world there seems no let up. They are pursued from youth to manhood, and from manhood into old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stafford's hounds, and the Earl of Yarborough's hounds, and the Duke of Rutland's hounds; and Queen Victoria pays seven thousand two hundred and ninety dollars per year to her master of buck-hounds. But all of them put together do not equal in number or speed, or power to hunt down the great

kennel of hounds of which Sin and Trouble are owner and master.

But what is a relief for all those pursued of trouble and annoyance and pain and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you would triumph, or a throne if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst — yea, a chain of three lakes, G-O-D, the One for whom David longed and the One whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile of running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge, and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Schroon Lake, and try to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of grass, as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin with anything less deep and high and broad and immense and infinite and eternal than God. His comfort, why, it embosoms all distress. His arm, it wrenches off all bondage; his hand, it wipes away all tears. His Christly atonement, it makes us all right with the past, and all right with the future, and all right with God, all right with man, and all right forever.

Lamartine tells us that King Nimrod said to his three sons: "Here are three vases, and one is of clay, another of amber, and another of gold. Choose now which you will have." The eldest son, having the first choice, chose the vase of gold, on which was written the word "Empire," and when opened, it was found to contain human blood. The second son, making the next choice, chose the vase of amber, inscribed with the word "Glory," and when opened, it contained the ashes of those who were once called great. The third son took the vase of clay, and opening it, found it empty, but on the bottom of it was inscribed the

name of God. King Nimrod asked his courtiers which vase they thought weighed the most. The avaricious men of his court said the vase of gold. The poets said the one of amber. But the wisest men said the empty vase, because one letter of the name of God outweighed a universe.

For him I thirst; for his grace I beg; on his promise I build my all. Without him I cannot be happy. I have tried the world, and it does well enough as far as it goes, but it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate, or, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men, blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of my nativity, blessed in my health, blessed in my field of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in a comfortable livelihood, blessed in the hope that my soul will go to heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and my body, unless it be lost at sea or cremated in some conflagration, will lie down in the gardens of Greenwood among my kindred and friends, some already gone, and others to come after me. Life to many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and yet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my friend and ever present help, I should be wretched and terror-struck. But I want more of him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind, and soul, I can cry out: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Through Jesus Christ make this God your God, and you can withstand anything, and everything, and that which affrights others will inspire you. As in

time of earthquake, when an old Christian woman was asked whether she was scared, answered: "No; I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world," or as in a financial panic, when a Christian merchant was asked if he did not fear he would break, answered: "Yes; I shall break when the fiftieth psalm breaks in the fifteenth verse: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.'" O Christian men and women, pursued of annoyances and exasperations, remember that this hunt, whether a still hunt or a hunt in full cry, will soon be over. If ever a whelp looks ashamed and ready to slink out of sight it is when in the Adirondacks a deer by one long tremendous plunge into Big Tupper Lake gets away from him. The disappointed canine swims in a little way but, defeated, swims out again, and cringes with humiliated yawn at the feet of his master. And how abashed and ashamed will all your earthly troubles be when you have dashed into the river from under the throne of God, and the heights and depths of heaven are between you and your pursuers.

We are told in Revelation twenty-second and fifteenth: "Without are dogs," by which I conclude there is a whole kennel of hounds outside the gate of heaven, or, as when a master goes in a door, his dog lies on the steps waiting for him to come out, so the troubles of this life may follow us to the shining door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs!" I have seen dogs, and owned dogs, that I would not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old watch-dogs who are the constabulary of the homes in solitary places, and for years have been the only protection of wife and child; some of the shepherd dogs that drive back the wolves and bark away the flocks from going too near the precipice; and some of the dogs whose neck and paw Landseer, the

painter, has made immortal, would not find me shutting them out from the gate of shining pearl. Some of those old St. Bernard dogs that have lifted perishing travelers out of the Alpine snow; the dog that John Brown, the Scotch essayist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon lest, in removing the cancer, he too much hurt the poor woman whom the dog felt bound to protect; and dogs that we caressed in our childhood days, or that in later time laid down on the rug in seeming sympathy when our homes were desolated. I say, if some soul entering heaven should happen to leave the gate ajar and these faithful creatures should quietly walk in, it would not at all disturb my heaven. But all those human or brutal hounds that have chased and torn and lacerated the world; yea, all that now bite or worry or tear to pieces, shall be prohibited. "Without are dogs!" No place there for harsh critics or backbiters, or despoilers of the reputation of others! Down with you to the kennels of darkness and despair! The hart has reached the eternal water brooks, and the panting of the long chase is quieted in still pastures, and "there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount." And now do you not think the prayer in Solomon's Song, where he compared Christ to a reindeer coming down in the night, would make an exquisitely appropriate peroration to my sermon: "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether?"

DARK SAYINGS ON A HARP

Psalm, 49: 4: "I will open my dark saying upon the harp."

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The world is full of the inexplicable, the impassable, the unfathomable, the insurmountable. We cannot go three steps in any direction without coming up against a hard wall of mystery, riddles, paradoxes, profundities, labyrinths, problems that we cannot solve, hieroglyphics that we cannot decipher, anagrams we cannot spell out, sphinxes that will not speak. For that reason, David in my text proposed to take up some of these sombre and dark things, and try to set them to sweet music. "I will open my dark sayings on a harp." So I look off upon society and find people in unhappy conjunction of circumstances, and they do not know what it means, and they have a right to ask, Why is this? Why is that? and I think I will be doing a good work by trying to explain some of these strange things and make you more content with your lot, and I shall only be answering questions that have often been asked me, or that we have all asked ourselves, while I try to set these mysteries to music, and open dark sayings on a harp.

Interrogation the first: Why does God take out of this world those who are useful and whom we cannot spare, and leave alive and in good health so many who are only a nuisance or positive injury to the world? I thought I would begin with the very toughest of all the seeming inscrutables. Many of the most useful men and women die at thirty or forty years of age, while you often find useless people

alive at sixty and seventy and eighty. John Careless wrote to Bradford, who was soon to be put to death, saying: "Why doth God suffer me, and such other caterpillars to live, that can do nothing but consume the alms of the Church, and take away so many worthy workmen in the Lord's vineyard?" Similar questions are often asked. Here are two men. The one is a noble character and a Christian man; he chooses for a lifetime companion one who has been tenderly reared, and she is worthy of him and he is worthy of her; as merchant, or farmer, or professional man, or mechanic, or artist, he toils to educate and rear his children; he is succeeding, but he has not yet established for his family a full competency; he seems absolutely indispensable to that household; but one day, before he has paid off the mortgage on his house, he is coming home through a strong northeast wind, and a chill strikes through him, and four days of pneumonia end his earthly career, and the wife and children go into a struggle for shelter and food. His next-door neighbor is a man who, though strong and well, lets his wife support him; he is round at the grocery store, or some general loafing-place in the evenings, while his wife sews; his boys are imitating his example, and lounge and swagger and swear; all the use that man is in that house is to rave because the coffee is cold when he comes to a late breakfast, or to say cutting things about his wife's looks, when he furnishes nothing for her wardrobe. The best thing that could happen to that family would be that man's funeral; but he declines to die; he lives on and on and on. So we have all noticed that many of the useful are early cut off, while the parasites have great vital tenacity.

I take up this dark saying on my harp, and give three or four thrums on the string in the way of

surmising and hopeful guess. Perhaps the useful man was taken out of the world because he and his family were so constructed that they could not have endured some great prosperity that might have been just ahead, and they all together have gone down in the vortex of worldliness which every year swallows up ten thousand households. And so he went while he was humble and consecrated, and they were by the severities of life kept close to Christ, and fitted for usefulness here and high seats in heaven, and when they meet at last before the throne, they will acknowledge that, though the furnace was hot, it purified them, and prepared them for an eternal career of glory and reward for which no other kind of life could have fitted them. On the other hand, the useless man lived on to fifty, or sixty, or seventy years, because all the ease he ever can have he must have in this world, and you ought not, therefore, begrudge him his earthly longevity. In all the ages there has not a single loafer ever entered heaven. There is no place for him there to hang around. Not even in the temples, for they are full of vigorous, alert, and rapturous worship. Not on the river bank, for that is the place where the conquerors recline. Not in the gates, because there are multitudes entering, and we are told that at each of the twelve gates there is an angel, and that celestial guard would not allow the place to be blocked up with idlers. If the good and useful go early, rejoice for them that they have so soon got through with human life, which at best is a struggle. And if the useless and the bad stay, rejoice that they may be out in the world's fresh air a good many years before their final incarceration.

Interrogation the second: Why do so many people have so much trouble; sickness, bankruptcy, persecution, the three black vultures sometimes putting

their fierce beaks into one set of jangled nerves? I think now of a good friend I once had. He was a consecrated Christian man, an elder in the church, and as polished a Christian gentleman as ever walked Broadway. First, his general health gave out and he hobbled around on a cane, an old man at forty. After a while paralysis struck him. Having by poor health been compelled suddenly to quit business, he lost what property he had. Then his beautiful daughter died; then a son became hopelessly demented. Another son, splendid of mind and commanding of presence, resolved that he would take care of his father's household; but, under the swoop of yellow fever at Fernandina, Florida, he suddenly expired. So you know good men and women who have had enough troubles, you think, to crush fifty people. No worldly philosophy could take such a trouble and set it to music, or play it on violin or flute. So I open that dark saying on a Gospel harp.

You wonder that very consecrated people have trouble? Did you ever know any very consecrated man or woman who had not had great trouble? Never! It was through their troubles sanctified that they were made very good. If you find anywhere in this city a man who has now, and always has had, perfect health, and never lost a child, and has always been popular, and never had business struggle or misfortune, who is distinguished for goodness, pull your wire for a telegraph messenger boy, and send me word, and I will drop everything and go right away to look at him. There never has been a man like that, and never will be. Who are those arrogant, self-conceited creatures who move about without sympathy for others, and who think more of a St. Bernard dog, or an Alderney cow, or a South-

down sheep, or a Berkshire pig, than a man? They never had any trouble, or the trouble was never sanctified. Who are those men who listen with moist eye as you tell them of suffering, and who have a pathos in their voice, and a kindness in their manner, and an excuse or an alleviation for those gone astray? They are the men who have graduated at the Royal Academy of Trouble, and they have the diploma written in wrinkles on their own countenances. My! my! What heartaches they had! What tears they have wept! What injustice they have suffered! The mightiest influence for purification and salvation is trouble. No diamond fit for a crown until it is cut. No wheat fit for bread till it is ground. There are only three things that can break off a chain — a hammer, a file, or a fire; and trouble is all three of them. The greatest writers, orators, and reformers get much of their force from trouble. What gave to Washington Irving that exquisite tenderness and pathos which will make his books favorites while the English language continues to be written and spoken? An early heartbreak, that he never once mentioned; and when, thirty years after the death of Matilda Hoffman, who was to have been his bride, her father picked up a piece of embroidery and said, "That is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship," Washington Irving sank from hilarity into silence and walked away. Out of that lifetime grief the great author dipped his pen's mightiest reinforcement. "Calvin's Institutes of Religion," than which a more powerful book was never written by human hand, was begun by the author at twenty-five years of age, because of the persecution by Francis, King of France. Faraday toiled for all time on a salary of eighty pounds a year and candles. As every brick of the wall of Babylon was stamped

with the letter N, standing for Nebuchadnezzar, so every part of the temple of Christian achievement is stamped with the letter T, standing for trouble.

When in England a man is honored with knighthood, he is struck with the flat of the sword. But those who have come to knighthood in the Kingdom of God were first struck, not with the flat of the sword, but with the keen edge of the scimeter. To build his greatness of character, Paul could not have spared one lash, one prison, one stoning, one anathema, one poisonous viper from the hand, one shipwreck.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. The horrors of the American Revolution gave this country this side of the Mississippi River to independence, and the conflict between England and France gave the most of this country west of the Mississippi to the United States. France owned it, but Napoleon, fearing that England would take it, practically made a present of it to the United States —for he received only fifteen million dollars for Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and the Indian Territory. Out of the fire of the American Revolution came this country east of the Mississippi, out of the European war came that west of the Mississippi river. The British Empire rose to its present overtowering grandeur through gunpowder plot, and Guy Fawkes' conspiracy, and Northampton insurrection, and Walter Raleigh's beheading, and Bacon's bribery, and Cromwell's dissolution of parliament, and the battles of Edge Hill, and Grantham, and Newberry, and Marston Moor, and Naseby, and Dunbar, and Sedgemoor, and execution of Charles the First, and London plague, and London fire, and Ryehouse plot, and the vicissitudes of centuries.

So the earth itself, before it could become an appropriate and beautiful residence for the human family, had, according to geology, to be washed by universal deluge, and scorched and made incandescent by universal fires, and pounded by sledge-hammer of icebergs, and wrenched by earthquakes that split continents, and shaken by volcanoes that tossed mountains, and passed through the catastrophes of thousands of years before Paradise became possible, and the groves could shake out their green banners, and the first garden pour its carnage of color between the Gihon and the Hiddekel. Trouble is a good thing for the rocks, a good thing for nations, as well as a good thing for individuals. So when you push against me with a sharp interrogation point, Why do the good suffer? I open the dark saying on a harp, and, though I can neither play an organ, nor cornet, nor hautboy, nor bugle, nor clarionet, I have taken some lessons on the Gospel harp, and if you would like to hear me I will play you these: "All things work together for good to those who love God." "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

What a sweet thing is a harp, and I wonder not that in Wales, the country of my ancestors, the harp has become the national instrument, and that they have festivals where great prizes are offered in the competition between harp and harp; or that weird Sebastian Erard was much of his time bent over this chorded and vibrating triangle, and was not satisfied until he had given it a compass of six octaves, from E to E with all the semi-tones; or that when King Saul was demented, the son of Jesse came before him,

and putting his fingers among the charmed strings of the harp, played the devil out of the crazed monarch; or that in heaven there shall be harpers harping with their harps. So you will not blame me for opening the dark saying on the Gospel harp:

> Your harps, ye trembling saints,
> Down from the willows take;
> Loud to the praise of love divine
> Bid every string awake!

Interrogation third: Why did the good God let sin or trouble come into the world when he might have kept them out? My reply is, he had a good reason. He had reasons that he has never given us. He had reasons which he could no more make us understand in our finite state than the father, starting out on some great and elaborate enterprise could make the two-year-old child in its armed chair comprehend it. One reason for the admission of sin and trouble was to demonstrate what grandeur of character may be achieved on earth by conquering evil. Had there been no evil to conquer and no trouble to console, then this universe would never have known an Abraham or a Moses or a Joshua or an Ezekiel or a Paul or a Christ or a Washington or a John Howard, and a million victories which have been gained by the consecrated spirits of all ages would never have been gained. Had there been no battle, there would have been no victory. Nine-tenths of the anthems of heaven would never have been sung. Heaven could never have been a thousandth part of the heaven that it is. I will not say that I am glad that sin and sorrow did enter, but I do say that I am glad that after God has given all his reasons to an assembled universe, he will be more honored than if sin and sorrow had never en-

tered, and that the unfallen celestials will be outdone, and will put down their trumpets to listen, and it will be in heaven when those who have conquered sin and sorrow shall enter, as it would be in a small singing school on earth, if Thalberg and Gottschalk and Wagner and Beethoven and Rheinberger and Schumann should all at once enter. The immortals that have been chanting ten thousand years before the throne will say, as they close their librettos: "Oh, if we could only sing like that!" But God will say to those who have never fallen, and consequently have not been redeemed, "You must be silent now; you have not the qualification for this anthem," so they sit with closed lips and folded hands, and sinners saved by grace take up the harmony, for the Bible says "no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth."

A great prima donna, who can now do anything with her voice, told me that when she first started in music her teacher in Berlin told her she could be a good singer, but a certain note she could never reach. "And then," she said, "I went to work and studied and practiced for years until I did reach it." But the song of the sinner redeemed, the Bible says, the exalted harmonists who have never sinned, could not reach and never will reach. Would you like to hear me in a very poor way play a snatch of that tune? I can give you only one bar of the music on this Gospel harp: "Unto him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Lamb, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever, Amen." But before leaving this interrogatory, Why God let sin come into the world? let me say that great battles seem to be nothing but suffering and outrage at the

time of their occurrence, yet after they have been a long while past we can see that it was better for them to have been fought, namely, Salamis, Inkermann, Toulouse, Arbela, Agincourt, Trafalgar, Blenheim, Lexington, Sedan. So now that the great battles against sin and suffering are going on we can see mostly that which is deplorable. But twenty thousand years from now, standing in glory, we shall appreciate that heaven is better off than if the battle of this world's sin and suffering had never been projected.

But now I come nearer home and put a dark saying on the Gospel harp, a style of question that is asked a million times every year. Interrogation the fourth: Why do I have it so hard, while others have it so easy? or, Why do I have so much difficulty in getting a livelihood while others go around with a full portemonnaie? or, Why must I wear these plain clothes, while others have to push hard to get their wardrobes closed, so crowded are they with brilliant attire? or, Why should I have to work so hard while others have three hundred and sixty-five holidays every year? They are all practically one question. I answer them by saying, it is because the Lord has his favorites, and he puts extra discipline upon you, and extra trial, because he has for you extra glory, extra enthronement, and extra felicities. That is no guess of mine, but a divine say-so: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "Well," says some one, "I would rather have a little less in heaven and a little more here. Discount my heavenly robe ten per cent. and let me now put it on a fur-lined overcoat; put me in a less gorgeous room of the house of many mansions and let me have a house here in a better neighborhood." No, no; God is not going to rob heaven, which is to be your residence for nine hun-

dred quadrillion of years, to fix up your earthly abode, which you will occupy at most for less than a century, and where you may perhaps stay only ten years longer, or only one year, or perhaps a month more. Now you had better cheerfully let God have his way, for, you see, he has been taking care of folks for nearly six thousand years, and knows how to do it, and can see what is best for you, better than you can yourself. Do not think you are too insignificant to be divinely cared for. It was said that Diana, the goddess, could not be present to keep her temple at Ephesus from burning because she was attending upon the birth of him who was to be Alexander the Great. But I tell you that your God and my God is so great in small things as well as large things, that he could attend the cradle of a babe, and at the same time the burning of a world.

And God will make it all right with you, and there is one song that you will sing every hour your first ten years in heaven, and the refrain of that song will be: "I am so glad God did not let me have it my own way!" Your case will be all fixed up in heaven, and there will be such a reversal of conditions that we can hardly find each other for some time. Some of us who have lived in first-rate houses here, and in first-rate neighborhoods, will be found, because of our lukewarmness of earthly service, living on one of the back streets of the celestial city, and clear down at the end of it at No. 808, or 909, or 1505, while some who had unattractive earthly abodes, and a cramped one at that, will, in the heavenly city, be in a house fronting the Royal plaza, right by the imperial fountain, or on the heights overlooking the River of Life, the chariots of salvation halting at your door, while those visit you who are more than conquerors, and those who are kings and queens unto

God forever. You, my brother, and you, my sister, who have it so hard here, will have it so fine and grand there that you will hardly know yourself, and will feel disposed to dispute your own identity, and the first time I see you there I will cry out: "Did not I tell you so when you sat down there in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and looked incredulous because you thought it too good to be true?" And you will answer: "You were right, the half was not told me!" So I open your dark saying of despondency and complaint on my Gospel harp, and give you just one bar of music, for I do not pretend to be much of a player: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." But, I must confess, I am a little perplexed how some of you good Christians are going to get through the gate, because there will be so many there to greet you, and they will all want to shake hands at once, and will all want the first kiss. They will have heard that you are coming, and they will all press around to welcome you, and will want you to say whether you know them after being so long parted.

Amid the tussle and romp of reunion I tell you whose hand of welcome you had better first clasp, and whose cheek is entitled to the first kiss. It is the hand and the cheek of him without whom you would never have got there at all, the Lord Jesus, the darling of the skies, as he cries out, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and the fires could not burn it, and the floods could not drown it." Then you, my dear people, having no more use for my poor harp, on which I used to open your dark sayings, and whose chords sometimes snapped, despoiling the symphony, you will take down your own harps from the willows that grow by the eternal water courses, and play to-

gether those celestial airs, some of the names of which are entitled, "The King in His Beauty," "The Land that was Far Off," "Jerusalem the Golden," "Home Again," "The Grand March of God," "The Life Everlasting." And as the last dark curtain of mystery is forever lifted, it will be as though all the oratorios that were ever heard had been rolled into one, and "Israel in Egypt," and "Jephthah's Daughter," and Beethoven's "Overture in C," and Ritter's first "Sonata in D minor," and the "Creation," and the "Messiah" had been blown from the lips of one trumpet, or been invoked by the sweep of one bow, or had dropped from the vibrating chords of one harp.

But here I must slow up lest, in trying to solve mysteries, I add to the mystery that we have often wondered at; namely, Why preachers should keep on after all the hearers are tired. So I gather up into one great armful all the whys and hows and wherefores of your life and mine, which we have not had time or the ability to answer, and write on them the words, "Adjourned to eternity." I rejoice that we do not understand all things now, for if we did, what would we learn in heaven? If we knew it all down here in the freshman and sophomore class, what would be the use of our going up to stand amid the juniors and the seniors? If we could put down one leg of the compass, and with the other sweep a circle clear around all the inscrutables, if we could lift our little steelyards, and weigh the throne of the Omnipotent, if we could with our seven-day clock measure eternity, what would be left for heavenly revelation? So I move that we cheerfully adjourn what is now beyond our comprehension; and as, according to Rollin, the historian, Alexander the Great, having obtained the gold casket in which Darius had kept

his rare perfume, used that aromatic casket thereafter to keep his favorite copy of Homer in, and called the book, therefore, the "Edition of the Casket," and at night put the casket and his sword under his pillow; so I put, this day, into the perfumed casket of your richest affections and hopes this promise, worth more than anything Homer ever wrote, or sword ever conquered: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," and that I call the "Edition Celestial."

THE CLOUDLESS MORNING

II Sam., 23: 4: "A morning without clouds."

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Pulpit and printing press for the most part in our day are busy in discussing the condition of the cities at this time; but would it not be healthfully encouraging to all Christian workers and to all who are toiling to make the world better, if we should this morning, for a little while, look forward to the time when our cities shall be revolutionized by the Gospel of the Son of God, and all the darkness of sin and trouble and crime and suffering shall be gone from the sky, and it shall be "a morning without clouds?"

Every man has pride in the city of his nativity or residence, if it be a city distinguished for any dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantua, Lycurgus of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus. I should have suspicion of base-heartedness in a man who had no especial interest in the city of his birth or residence—no exhilaration at the evidence of its prosperity, or its artistic embellishments, or its scientific advancement. I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well! He has enacted for himself discomfort whatever the surroundings. Swartout did not like New York, nor did Parkman like Boston, and people who have a free ride in the prison-van never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Argos and Rhodes and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I conclude right away that Homer behaved well. He liked them and they liked him. We must not war on

laudable city pride, or with the idea of building ourselves up at any time try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil Hall and to its superior educational advantages. Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence Hall and its Mint and its Girard College. If I should find a man coming from any city, having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity, or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking him right away: "What mean thing have you been doing there? what outrageous thing have you been guilty of that you do not like the place?" New York is a goodly city. It is on both sides the river, the East River only the main artery of its great throbbing life. We or our children will live to see three or four bridges spanning that river, and more and more as the years go by will we be one; so when I say in my sermon New York, I mean well on to two million of population, and everything from Spuyten Duyvil Creek to Gowanus. That which helps one city will help the other; that which blasts one city will blast the other. Sin is a giant and when it comes to the Hudson or the East River it steps across it as easily as you step across a figure in a carpet. God's angel of blessing has two wings and one wing hovers over that city and the other wing hovers over this city.

In infancy our metropolis was put down by the banks of the Hudson. It was as feeble as Moses in the ark of bulrushes by the Nile, and like Miriam, there our fathers stood and watched it. The royal spirit of American commerce came down to bathe. She took it up in her arms and it waxed strong, and foreign ships brought silver and gold to its feet, and it has stretched itself up into a great metropolis, looking up to the mountains and off upon the sea, the mightiest energy in American civilization.

Every city is influenced by the character of the men who founded it. Romulus impressed his life upon Rome. The Pilgrim Fathers will never relax their grasp from New England. William Penn left a legacy of fair dealing and integrity to Philadelphia, and you can now, any day, on the streets of that city, see his customs, his manners, his morals, his hat, his wife's bonnet, and his meeting house. So the Hollanders, founding New York, left their impression on all the following generations.

What southern thoroughfare was ever smitten with pestilence and our physicians did not throw themselves on the sacrifice? What foreign nation was ever struck with famine and our ships did not put out laden with breadstuffs? What national struggle and our citizens did not pour their blood into the trenches? What street of Damascus or Beyrout or Madras has not resounded with the step of our missionaries? What gallery of art and our painters have not hung in it their pictures? What department of science or literature and our scholars have not made to it contributions?

I need not talk to you of our public schools, where the children of the cordwainer and the mechanic and the glassblower sit side by side with the favored sons of millionaires and merchant princes. Nor need I tell you of the asylums for the insane on these islands, where those who cut themselves among the tombs, come forth clothed and in their right mind. Nor need I tell you of the asylums for the blind and the deaf and the dumb and the orphans, the widows, the outcast, or of a thousand-armed machinery, streaming down from our great reservoirs the pure, bright, sparkling water rushing through the aqueducts and dashing out of the hydrants and hissing in the steam engines and tossing in the fountains and showering out the conflagrations and dripping from the baptismal fonts in our churches,

and, with silvery tone and golden sparkle and crystalline shine, saying to the hundreds of thousands of our population in the words of him who made it: "I will, be thou clean!"

I thank God for the place of our residence, and while there are a thousand things that ought to be corrected, and many wrongs that ought to be remedied, while I thank God for the past, I look forward this morning to a glorious future. I think we ought—and I take it for granted you are all interested in this great work of evangelizing the cities and saving the world—we ought to toil with the sunlight in our faces. We are not fighting in a miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on the way to final victory. We are not following the rider on the black horse, leading us down to death and darkness and doom, but the rider on the white horse with the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara. Hail, conqueror, hail!

I know there are sorrows and there are sins and there are sufferings all around about us; but as in some bitter, cold winter day when we are threshing our arms around us to keep our thumbs from freezing, we think of the warm spring day that will after a while come, or in the dark winter night we look up and we see the northern lights, the windows of heaven illumined by some great victory—just so we look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning—more than that, on the way to "a morning without clouds." I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that not a man on earth or an angel in heaven or a devil in

hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know just as certainly as God lives and that this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. If the nation is to be saved, of course, all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you and with me whether we are toiling on toward a defeat or toiling on toward a victory.

Now, in this municipal elevation of which I speak I have to remark there will be greater financial prosperity than our cities have ever seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millennium, and they think when the better time comes to our cities and the world, people will give their time up to psalm singing and the relating of their religious experience, and as all social life will be purified there will be no hilarity, and as all business will be purified there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak where now one fortune is made there will be a hundred fortunes made. We all know business prosperity depends upon confidence between man and man. Now, when that time comes of which I speak, and all double dealing, all dishonesty, and all fraud are gone out of commercial circles, thorough confidence will be established and there will be better business done and larger fortunes gathered and mightier successes achieved.

The great business disasters of this country have come from the work of godless speculators and infamous stock gamblers. The great foe to business in New York and Brooklyn is crime. When the right has hurled back the wrong and shall have purified the commercial code and shall have beaten down fraudulent establishments and shall have put into the hands of honest men the keys of business, blessed time for the bargain makers. I am not talking an abstrac-

tion; I am not making a guess. I am telling you God's eternal truth.

In that day of which I speak taxes will be a mere nothing. Now, our business men are taxed for everything. City taxes, county taxes, State taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons; we have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into their graves through beastly indulgence; we have to support the municipal governments, which are vast and expensive just in proportion as the criminal proclivities are vast and tremendous. Who supports the almshouses, and police stations, and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

After every election in which there is an overturning of political parties, the politicians try to cipher out what was the cause of the revolution in American politics. Well, in some cities it meant one thing, perhaps, and in some States another thing; but I will tell you what it meant all over. It meant that the people of the United States are infuriate at the fact that the officers of government and those who have the arrangement of these things, keep taxes up when they might go down. A hundred million dollars more than necessary taxed out of the hard-working population of this country, and stored up as a temptation to public officials. The only way to keep the Congress of the United States from misappropriating fifty million dollars out of the national treasury is have no surplus in the treasury to steal.

In this coming Congress the dominant party will

have another opportunity of putting down taxes, and if they do not put down taxes, the revolution made in certain States this autumn will be only as a snowflake compared with the avalanche of popular indignation that shall come down. And I tell you Republicans, and you Democrats, that if you do not let down the taxes and let the people up, we will form a new party, anti-excessive taxation, anti-rum, anti-monopoly, anti-abomination, and you who have been fattening on the public spoils and reckless of the public virtue will not have so much as the wages of a street sweeper.

But in the glorious time of which I speak, grievous taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals; there will be no criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children; there will be no voting of large sums of moneys for some municipal improvement, which moneys, before they get to the improvement, drop into the pockets of those who voted them; no Oyer and Terminer kept up at vast expense to the people; no empaneling of juries to try theft and arson and murder and slander and blackmail; better factories; grander architecture; finer equipage; larger fortunes; richer opulence. "A morning without clouds."

In that better time, also, coming to these cities, the churches of Christ will be more numerous, and they will be larger, and they will be more devoted to the service of Jesus Christ, and they will exert greater influences for good. Now, it is often the case that churches are envious of each other, and denominations collide with each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood. But in the time of which I speak, while there will be

just as many differences of opinion as there are now, there will be no acerbity, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness.

In our great cities the churches are not to-day large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built, comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States to-day is not four hundred. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak, there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshipers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! What earnest sermons they will preach! What fervent prayers they will offer! Now, in our time, what is called a fashionable church is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down; they do not want to be crowded; they like a whole seat to themselves; and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examing the style of the hat in front of them, they sit and listen to a sermon warranted to hit no man's sins, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing tunes that nobody knows! And then, after an hour and a half of indolent yawning, they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he has had a sleep!

In many of the churches of Christ in our day, the music is simply a mockery. I have not a cultivated ear nor a cultivated voice, yet no man can do my singing for me. I have nothing to say against artistic music. The two or five dollars I pay to hear Miss Thursby or Miss Abbott or any of the other great queens of song is a good investment. But when the people assemble in religious convocation, and the hymn is read, and the angels of God step from their throne to catch the music on their wings, do not let

us drive them away by our indifference. I have preached in churches where vast sums of money were employed to keep up the music, and it was as exquisite as any heard on earth, but I thought at the same time, for all matters practical, I would prefer the hearty, outbreaking song of a backwoods Methodist camp-meeting. Let one of these starveling fancy songs sung in church get up before the throne of God, how would it look standing amid the great doxologies of the redeemed? Let the finest operatic air that ever went up from the church of Christ get many hours the start, it will be caught and passed by the hosanna of the Sabbath-school children. I know a church where the choir did all the singing, save one Christian man who, through perseverance of the saints, went right on, and afterward a committee was appointed to wait on him and ask him if he would not please to stop singing, as he bothered the choir.

Let those refuse to sing
  Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
  Should speak their joys abroad.

"Praise ye the Lord; let everything with breath praise the Lord." In the glorious time coming in our cities and in the world, hosanna will meet hosanna; and hallelujah, hallelujah.

In that time, also, of which I speak, all the haunts of iniquity and crime and squalor will be cleansed and will be illumined. How is it to be done? You say perhaps by one influence; perhaps I say by another. I will tell you what is my idea, and I know I am right in it. The Gospel of the Son of Man is the only agency that will ever accomplish this. Mr. Ecsler, of England, had a theory that if the natural forces of wind and tide and sunshine and wave were rightly applied

and rightly developed, it would make this whole earth a paradise. In a book of great genius, and which rushed from edition to edition, he said: "Fellowmen, I promise to show the means of creating a paradise within ten years, where everything desirable for human life may be had by every man, in superabundance, without labor and without pay; where the whole face of nature shall be changed into the most beautiful farms, and man may live in the most magnificent palaces, in all imaginable refinements of luxury, and in the most delightful gardens; where he may accomplish without labor in one year more than hitherto could be done in thousands of years, and may level a continent, sink valleys, create lakes, drain lakes and swamps, and intersect the land everywhere with beautiful canals and roads for transporting heavy loads of many thousand tons and for traveling a thousand miles in twenty-four hours. From the houses to be built will be afforded the most cultured views to be fancied. From the galleries, from the roof and from the turrets may be seen gardens as far as the eye can see, full of fruits and flowers, arranged in the most beautiful order, with walks, colonnades, aqueducts, canals, ponds, plains, amphitheatres, terraces, fountains, sculptured works, pavilions, gondolas, places of popular amusement to tire the eye and fancy. All this to be done by urging the water, the wind and the sunshine to their full development."

He goes on and gives plates of the machinery by which this work is to be done, and he says he only needs at the start a company in which the shares shall be twenty dollars each, and a hundred or two hundred thousand shall be raised just to make a specimen community, and then this being done, the world will see its practicability and very soon two or three million dollars can be obtained, and in ten years the whole

posterous as some I have heard of! But I will take no stock in that company. I do not believe it will ever be done in that way, by any mechanical force, or by any machinery that the human mind can put into play. It is to be done by the Gospel of the Son of God—the omnipotent machinery of love and grace and pardon and salvation. That is to emparadise the nations. Archimedes destroyed a fleet of ships coming up the harbor. You know how he did it? He lifted a great sun-glass, history tells us, and when the fleet of ships came up the harbor of Syracuse he brought to bear this sun-glass and he converged the sun's rays upon those ships. Now, the sails are wings of fire, the masts fall, the vessels sink. Oh! my friends, by the sun-glass of the Gospel converging the rays of the Sun of Righteousness upon the sins, the wickedness of the world, we will make them blaze and expire.

In that day of which I speak, do you believe there will be any midnight carousal? Will there be any kicking off from marble steps, of shivering mendicants? Will there be any unwashed, unfed, uncombed children? Will there be any blasphemies in the street? Will there be any inebriates staggering past? No. No wine stores; no lager beer saloons; no distilleries, where they make the three Xs; no bloodshot eye; no bloated cheek; no instruments of ruin and destruction; no fist-pounded forehead. The grandchildren of that woman who goes down the street with a curse, stoned by the boys that follow her, will be the reformers and the philanthropists and the Christian men and the honest merchants of New York and Brooklyn.

Then, what municipal governments, too, we will have in all the cities. Some cities are worse than others, but in many of our cities you need only walk by the city halls and look in at some of the rooms

occupied by politicians, to see to what a sensual, loathsome, ignorant, besotted crew city politics is often abandoned. Or they stand around the City Hall picking their teeth, waiting for some emoluments of crumbs to fall to their feet, waiting all day long, and waiting all night long.

Who are those wretched women taken up for drunkenness and carried up to the courts, and put in prison of course? What will you do with the grog-shops that made them drink? Nothing. Who are those prisoners in jail? One of them stole a pair of shoes. That boy stole a dollar. This girl snatched a purse. All of them crimes damaging society less than twenty or thirty dollars. But what will you do with the gambler who last night robbed the young man of a thousand dollars? Nothing. What shall be done with that one who breaks through and destroys the purity of a Christian home, and with an adroitness and perfidy that beats the strategy of hell, flings a shrinking, shrieking soul into a bottomless perdition? Nothing. What will you do with those who fleece that young man, getting him to purloin large sums of money from his employer—the young man who came to an officer of my church and told the story and frantically asked what he might do? Nothing. Ah! we do well to punish small crimes, but I have sometimes thought it would be better in some of our cities if the officials would only turn out from the jails the petty criminals, the little offenders, the ten-dollar desperadoes, and put in their places some of the monsters of iniquity who drive their roan span through the streets so swiftly, that honest men have to leap to get out of the way of being run over. Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christian men will sometimes engage in until God puts the finger of his retribution earth will be emparadised. The plan is not so pre-

into the collar of their robe of hypocrisy and rips it clear to the bottom.

But all these wrongs are going to be righted. I expect to live to see the day. I think I hear in the distance the rumbling of the King's chariot. Not always in the minority is the church of God going to be, or are good men going to be. The streets are going to be filled with regenerated populations. Three hundred and sixty bells rang in Moscow when one prince was married; but when Righteousness and Peace kiss each other in all the earth, ten thousand times ten thousand bells shall strike the jubilee. Poverty enriched; hunger fed; crime purified; ignorance enlightened; all the cities saved. Is not this a cause worth working in? Perhaps you think sometimes it does not amount to much. You toil on in your different spheres, sometimes with great discouragement. People have no faith and say: "It does not amount to anything; you might as well quit that." Why, when Moses stretched his hand over the Red Sea, it did not seem to mean anything especial. People came out, I suppose, and said: "Aha!" Some of them found out what he wanted to do. He wanted the sea parted. It did not amount to anything, this stretching out of his hand over the sea! But after a while the wind blew all night from the east, and the waters were gathered into a glittering palisade on each side, and the billows reared as God pulled back on their crystal bits. Wheel into line, O Israel! march, march! Pearls crashed under feet. Flying spray gathers into rainbow arch of victory for the conquerors to march under. Shout of hosts on the beach answering the shout of hosts amid sea. And when the last line of the Israelites reach the beach, the cymbals clap and the shields

clang, and the waters rush over the pursuers, and the swift-fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow. So you and I go forth, and all the people of God go forth, and they stretch their hand over the sea—the boiling sea of crime and sin and wretchedness. "It does not amount to anything," people say. Does it not? God's winds of help will after a while begin to blow. A path will be cleared for the army of Christian philanthropists. The path will be lined with the treasures of Christian beneficence, and we will be greeted to the other beach by the clapping of all heaven's cymbals, while those who pursued us and derided us and tried to destroy us will go down under the sea, and all that will be left of them will be cast high and dry upon the beach, the splintered wheel of a chariot; or thrust out from the foam, the breathless nostrils of a riderless charger.

THE SUN-STRUCK CHILD

II Kings, 4: 18, 19, 20: "And when the child was grown, it fell on a day, that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head! And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died."

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There is at least one happy home in Shunem. To the luxuriance and splendor of a great house had been given the advent of a child. Even when the Angel of Life brings a new soul to the poor man's hut, a star of joy shines over the manger. Infancy, with its helplessness and innocence, had passed away. Days of boyhood had come — days of laughter and frolic, days of sunshine and promise, days of strange questions and curiosity and quick development. I suppose among all the treasures of that house, the brightest was the boy.

One day there is the shout of reapers heard afield. A boy's heart always bounds at the sound of sickle or scythe. No sooner have the harvesters cut a swath across the field than the lad joins them, and the swarthy reapers feel young again, as they look down at that lad, as bright and beautiful as was Ruth in the harvest fields of Bethlehem, gleaning after the reapers. But the sun was too hot for him. Congestion of the brain seized on him. I see the swarthy laborers drop their sickles; and they rush out to see what is the matter, and they fan him and they try to cool his brow; but all is of no avail. In the instant of consciousness, he puts his hands against his temples and cries out: "My head! my head!" And the father said: "Carry

him to his mother," just as any father would have said; for our hand is too rough, and our voice is too harsh, and our foot is too loud to doctor a sick child, if there be in our home a gentler voice, and a gentler hand, and a stiller footstep. But all of no avail. While the reapers of Shunem were busy in the field, there came a stronger reaper that way, with keener scythe and for a richer harvest. He reaped only one sheaf, but oh, what a golden sheaf was that! I do not want to know any more about that heart-breaking scene than what I see in just this one pathetic sentence: "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died." Though hundreds of years have passed away since that boy skipped to the harvest-field and then was brought home and died on his mother's lap, the story still thrills us. Indeed, childhood has a charm always and everywhere I shall now speak to you of childhood; its beauty, its susceptibility to impression, its power over the parental heart, and its blissful transition from earth to heaven.

The child's beauty does not depend upon form or feature or complexion or apparel. That destitute one that you saw on the street, bruised with unkindness and in rags, has a charm about her, even under her destitution. You have forgotten a great many persons whom you met, of finely cut features and with erect posture and with faultless complexion, while you will always remember the poor girl who, on a cold, moonlight night, as you were passing late home, in her thin shawl and barefoot on the pavement, put out her hand and said: "Please to give me a penny." Ah! how often we have walked on and said: "Oh, that is nothing but street vagabondism;" but after we got a block or two on, we stopped and said: "Ah, that is not right;" and we returned up that same way and dropped a mite into that suffering hand, as though it

were not a matter of second thought, so ashamed were we of our hard-heartedness.

With what admiration we all look upon a group of children on the playground or in the school, and we clap our hands almost involuntarily, and say: "How beautiful!" All stiffness and dignity are gone, and your shout is heard with theirs and you trundle their hoop, and fly their kite, and strike their ball, and all your weariness and anxiety are gone as when a child you bounded over the playground yourself. That father who stands rigid and unsympathetic amid the sportfulness of children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. The waters leap down the rocks, but they have not the graceful step of childhood. The morning comes out of the gates of the east, throwing its silver on the lake and its gold on the towers and its fire on the cloud; but it is not so bright and beautiful as the morning of life! There is no light like that which is kindled in a child's eye, no color like that which blooms on a child's cheek, no music like the sound of a child's voice. Its face in the poorest picture redeems any imperfection in art. When we are weary with toil, their little hands pull the burdens off our back. Oh, what a dull, stale, mean world this would be without the sportfulness of children. When I find people that do not like children, I immediately doubt their moral and Christian character.

When the grace of God comes upon a child, how unspeakably attractive. When Samuel begins to pray and Timothy begins to read the Scriptures, and Joseph shows himself invulnerable to temptation — how beautiful the scene! I know that parents sometimes get nervous when their children become pious, because they have the idea that good children always die. The strange questions about God and eternity

and the dead, excite apprehension in the parental mind rather than congratulation. Indeed, there are some children who seem marked for heaven. This poor world is too poor a garden for them to bloom in. The hues of heaven are in the petals. There is something about their forehead that makes you think that the hand of Christ has been on it, saying: "Let this one come to me, and let it come to me soon." While that one tarried in the house, you felt there was an angel in the room, and you thought that every sickness would be the last; and when, finally, the winds of death did scatter the leaves you were no more surprised than to see a star come out above the cloud on a dark night; for you had often said to your companion: "My dear, we shall never raise that child."

But I scout the idea that good children always die. Samuel, the pious boy, became Samuel the great prophet. Christian Timothy became a minister at Ephesus. Young Daniel, consecrated to God, became prime minister of all the realm, and there are in hundreds of the schools and families of this country today, children who love God and keep his commandments, and who are to be foremost among the Christians and the philanthropists and the reformers of the next century. The grace of God never kills any one. A child will be more apt to grow up with religion than it will be apt to grow up without it. Length of days is promised to the righteous. The religion of Christ does not cramp the chest or curve the spine or weaken the nerves. There are no malarias floating up from the river of life. The religion of Christ throws over the heart and life of a child a supernal beauty. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

I pass on to consider the susceptibility of child-

hood. Men pride themselves on their unchangeability. They will make an elaborate argument to prove that they think now just as they did twenty years ago. It is charged to frailty or fraud when a man changes his sentiments in politics or in religion, and it is this determinaton of soul that so often drives back the Gospel from a man's heart. It is so hard to make avarice charitable, and fraud honest, and pride humble, and scepticism Christian. The sword of God's truth seems to glance off from those mailed warriors, and the helmet seems battle-proof against God's battle-axe. But childhood; how susceptible to example and to instruction! You are not surprised at the record: "Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob;" for when religion starts in a family, it is apt to go all through. Jezebel a murderess, you are not surprised to find her son Jehoram attempting assassination. Oh, what a responsibility upon the parent and the teacher! The musician touches the keys, and the response of those keys is away off amid the pipes and the cords, and you wonder at the distance between the key and the chord. And so it is in life; if you touch a child, the results will come back from manhood or old age, telling just the tune played, whether the dirge of a great sorrow or the anthem of a great joy. The word that the Sabbath-school teacher will this afternoon whisper in the ear of the class, will be echoed back from everlasting ages of light or darkness. The home and the school decide the republic or the despotism; the barbarism or the civilization; the upbuilding of an empire, or the overthrowing of it. Higher than Parliament or Congress are the school and the family, and the sound of a child's foot may mean more than the tramp of a host. What, then, are you doing for the purpose of bringing your children into the kingdom

of God? If they are so susceptible, and if this is the very best time to act upon their eternal interests, what are you doing by way of right impulsion?

I pass on to consider the power which a child wields over the parental heart. We often talk about the influence of parents upon children. I never hear anything said about the influence of children upon their parents. You go to school to them. You no more educate them than they educate you. With their little hands they have caught hold of your entire nature and you cannot wrench yourself away from their grasp. You are different men and women from what you were before they gave you the first lesson. They have revolutionized your soul. There are fountains of joy in your heart which never would have been discovered had they not discovered them. Life is to you a more stupendous thing than it was before those little feet started on the pathway to eternity. Oh, how many hopes, how many joys, how many solicitudes that little one has created in your soul. You go to school every day — a school of self-denial, a school of patience, in which you are getting wiser day by day; and that influence of the child over you will increase and increase; and though your children may die, from the very throne of God they will reach down an influence to your soul, leading you on and leading you up until you mingle with their voices and sit beside their thrones.

The grasp which the child has over the parent's heart is seen in what the parent will do for the child. Storm and darkness and heat and cold are nothing to you if they stand between you and your child's welfare. A great lawyer, when yet unknown, one day stood in the court-room and made an eloquent plea before some men of great legal attainments; and a gentleman said to him afterward: "How could you be so calm stand-

ing in that august presence?" "Oh," said Erskine, "I felt my children pulling at my skirts crying for bread." What stream will you not swim, what cavern will you not enter, what battle will you not fight, what hunger will you not endure for your children? Your children must have bread though you starve. Your children must be well clothed though you go in rags. You say: "My children shall be educated though I never had any chance." What to you are weary limbs, and aching head, and hands hardened and callous, if only the welfare of your children can be wrought out by it? Their sorrow is your sorrow, their joy your joy, their advancement your victory. And, oh, when the last sickness comes, how you fight back the march of disease, and it is only after a tremendous struggle that you surrender. And then when the spirit has fled, the great deep is broken up, and Rachel will not be comforted because her children are not, and David goes up the palace stairs, crying: "O Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

There is not a large family, or hardly a large family that has not bent over such a treasure and lost it. In the family fold is there no dead lamb? But there is nothing said about a child's death save the grief in the parent's heart. You see the little ones go right out from a world of sin and suffering to a world of joy. How many sorrows they escape, how many temptations, how many troubles! Children dead are safe. Those that live are in peril. We know not what dark path they may take. The day may come in which they will break your heart; but children dead are safe — safe forever. Weeping parents, do not mourn too bitterly over your child that has gone. There are two kinds of prayers made at a child's sick-bed. One

prayer the Lord likes; the other prayer he does not like. When a soul kneels down at a child's sick-bed and says: "O Lord, spare this little one; he is very near to my heart; I do not want to part with him, but thy will be done," — that is the kind of prayer the Lord loves. There is another kind of prayer which I have heard men make in substance when they say, "O Lord, this is not right; it is hard to take this child; you have no right to take this child; spare this child; I cannot give him up, and I will not give him up." The Lord answers that kind of a prayer sometimes. The child lives on and lives on, and travels off in paths of wickedness to perish. At the end of every prayer for a child's life, say: "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

The brightest lights that can be kindled, Christ has kindled. Let us, old and young, rejoice that heaven is gathering up so much that is attractive. In that far land we are not strangers. There are those there who speak our name day by day, and they wonder why so long we tarry. If I could count up the names of all those who have gone out from these families into the kingdom of heaven, it would take me all day to mention their names. A great multitude before the throne. You loved them once; you love them now; and ever and anon you think you hear their voices calling you upward. You want no book to tell you of the dying experience of Christian children. You have heard it; it has been whispered in your ear, O father, O mother, O brother, O sister. Toward that good land all Christians are journeying. This snapping of heart-strings this flight of years, this tread of the heart reminds us that we are passing. Before we mount our throne before we drink of the fountain, before we strike the harp of our eternal celebration,

we will cry out: "Where are our loved and lost?" And then, how we shall gather them up! O, how we shall gather them up!

In this dark world of sin and pain
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore
We there shall meet to part no more.

The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away;
When these short years of pain are past
We'll meet before the throne at last.

WHY ARE SATAN AND SIN PERMITTED?

Job, 21: 7: "Wherefore do the wicked live?"

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Poor Job! With tusks and horns and hoofs and stings, all the misfortunes of life seemed to come upon him at once. Bankruptcy, bereavement, scandalization, and eruptive disease so irritating that he had to re-enforce his ten fingernails with pieces of earthenware to scratch himself withal. His wife took the diagnosis of his complaints and prescribed profanity. She thought he would feel better if between the paroxysms of grief and pain he would swear a little. For each boil a plaster of objurgation. Probably no man was ever more tempted to take the bad advice than when, at last, Job's four exasperating friends came in, Eliphaz, Zophar, Bildad and Elihu, practically saying to him, "You old sinner, serves you right; you are a hypocrite; what a sight you are! God has sent these chastisements for your wickedness." The disfigured invalid, putting down the pieces of broken saucer with which he had been scraping his arms, and with swollen eyelids looks up and says to his garrulous friends, in substance, "The most wicked people sometimes have the best health and are the most prospered," and then in that connection hurls the question which every man and woman has asked in some juncture of affairs, "Wherefore do the wicked live?"

They build up fortunes that overshadow the earth. They confound all the life-insurance tables on the subject of longevity, dying octogenarians, perhaps nonogenarians, possibly centenarians. Ahab in the palace, Naboth in the cabin. Unclean Herod on the

throne, consecrated Paul twisting ropes for tent-making. Manasseh, the worst of all the kings of Judah, living longer than any of them. While the general rule is the wicked do not live out half their days, there are exceptions where they live on to great age and in paradises of beauty and luxuriance, and die with a whole college of physicians expending its skill in trying further prolongation of life, and have a funeral with casket under a mountain of calla lilies, the finest equipages of the city jingling and flashing into line, the poor angle-worm of the dust carried out to its hole in the ground with the pomp that might make a spirit from some other world suppose that the archangel Michael was dead.

Go up among the finest residences of the city, and on some of the door-plates you will find the names of those mightiest for commercial and social iniquity. They are the vampires of society — they are the gorgons of the century. Some of these men have each wheel of their carriage a Juggernaut wet with the blood of those sacrificed to their avarice. Some of them are like Caligula, who wished that all people had only one neck that he might strike it through at one blow. Oh, the slain, the slain! A long procession of usurers and libertines and infamous quacks and legal charlatans and world-grabbing monsters. What apostleship of despoliation! Demons incarnate. Hundreds of men concentring all their energies of body, mind, and soul in one prolonged, ever-intensifying, and unrelenting effort to scald and scarify and blast and consume the world. I do not blame you for asking me the quivering, throbbing, burning, resounding, appalling question of my text, "Wherefore do the wicked live?"

In the first place, they live to demonstrate beyond all controversy the long-suffering patience of God.

You sometimes say, under some great affront, "I will not stand it;" but perhaps you are compelled to stand it. God, with all the batteries of omnipotence loaded with thunderbolts, stands it century after century. I have no doubt sometimes an angel comes to him and suggests, "Now is the time to strike." "No," says God; "wait a year, wait twenty years, wait a century, wait five centuries." What God does is not so wonderful as what he does not do. He has the reserve corps with which he could strike Mormonism and Mohammedanism and Paganism from the earth in a day. He could take all the fraud in New York on the west side of Broadway and hurl it into the Hudson, and all the fraud on the east side of Broadway and hurl it into the East river in an hour. He understands the combination lock of every dishonest money safe, and could blow it up quicker than by any earthly explosive. Written all over the earth, written all over history are the words, "Divine forbearance, divine leniency, divine long-suffering."

I wonder that God did not burn this world up two thousand years ago, scattering its ashes into immensity, its aerolites dropping into other worlds to be kept in their museums as specimens of a defunct planet. People sometimes talk of God as though he were hasty in his judgments and as though he snapped men up quick. Oh, no! He waited one hundred and twenty years for the people to get into the ark, and warned them all the time — one hundred and twenty years, then the flood came. The American Line gives only a month's announcement of the sailing of the *St. Louis*, the White Star Line gives only a month's announcement of the sailing of the *Britannic*, the Cunard Line gives only a month's announcement of the sailing of the *Campania;* but of the sailing of that ship which Noah commanded God gave one hun-

dred and twenty years' announcement and warning. Patience antediluvian, patience postdiluvian, patience in times Adamic, Abrahamic, Mosaic, Davidic, Pauline, Lutheran, Whitefieldian. Patience with men and nations. Patience with barbarisms and civilizations. Six thousand years of patience! Overtopping attribute of God, all of whose attributes are immeasurable.

Why do the wicked live? That their overthrow may be the more impressive and climacteric. They must pile up their mischief until all the community shall see it, until the nation shall see it, until all the world shall see it. The higher it goes up the harder it will come down and the grander will be the divine vindication. God will not allow sin to sneak out of the world. God will not allow it merely to resign and quit. This shall not be a case that goes by default because no one appears against it. God will arraign it, handcuff it, try it, bring against it the verdict of all the good, and then gibbet it so high up that if one-half of the gibbet stood on Mount Washington and the other on the Himalaya it would not be any more conspicuous.

About thirty years ago we had in this country a most illustrious instance of how God lets a man go on in iniquity, so that at the close of the career his overthrow may be the more impressive, full of warning and climacteric. First, an honest chairmaker, then an alderman, then a Member of Congress, then a supervisor of a city, then school commissioner, then State Senator, then commissioner of public works — on and up, stealing thousands of dollars here and thousands of dollars there, until the malfeasance in office overtopped anything the world had ever seen — making the new Court House in New York a monument of municipal crime, and rushing the debt of the city from thirty-six million dollars to ninety-seven millions.

Now he is at the top of millionairedom. Country seat terraced and arbored and parterred clear to the water's brink. Horses enough to stock a king's stables. Grooms and postillions in full rig. Wine cellars enough to make a whole Legislature drunk. New York finances and New York politics in his vest pocket. He winked, and men in high place fell. He lifted his little finger, and ignoramuses took important office. He whispered, and in Albany and Washington they said it thundered. Wilder and mightier and more baleful his influence, until it seemed as if pandemonium was to be adjourned to this world, and in the Satanic realm there was to be a change of administration, and Apollyon, who had held dominion so long, should have a successful competitor.

To bring all to a climax, a wedding came in the house of that man. Diamonds as large as hickory nuts. A pin of sixty diamonds representing sheaves of wheat. Musicians in a semicircle, half hidden by a great harp of flowers. Ships of flowers. Forty silver sets, one of them with two hundred and forty pieces. One wedding dress that cost five thousand dollars. A famous libertine, who owned several Long Island Sound steamboats, and who not long afterward was shot for his crimes, sent as a wedding present to that house a frosted silver iceberg, with representations of Arctic bears walking on icicle-handles and ascending the spoons. Was there ever such a convocation of pictures, of bronzes, of bric-a-brac, of grandeurs, social grandeurs? The highest wave of New York splendor rolled into that house and recoiled perhaps never again to rise so high. But just at that time, when all earthly and infernal observation was concentred on that man, eternal justice, impersonated by that wonder of the American bar, Charles O'Conor,

got on track of the offender. First arraignment, then sentence to twelve years' imprisonment under twelve indictments, then penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, then a lawsuit against him for six million dollars, then incarceration in Ludlow Street jail, then escape to foreign land, to be brought back under the stout grip of the constabulary, then dying of broken heart in a prison cell. God allowed him to go on in iniquity until all the world saw as never before that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and that dishonesty will not declare permanent dividends, and that you had better be an honest chairmaker with a day's wages at a time, than an influential commissioner of public works, all your pockets crammed with plunder.

What a brilliant figure in history is William the Conqueror, the intimidator of France, of Anjou, of Brittany, victor at Hastings, snatching the crown of England and setting it on his own brow, destroying homesteads that he might have a larger game forest, making a Doomsday Book by which he could keep the whole land under despotic espionage, proclaiming war in revenge for a joke uttered in regard to his obesity. Harvest fields and vineyards going down under the cavalry hoof. Nations horror-struck. But one day while at the apex of all observation he is riding out and the horse put his hoof on a hot cinder, throwing the king so violently against the pommel of the saddle that he dies, his son hastening to England to get the crown before the breath has left his father's body. The imperial corpse drawn by a cart, most of the attendants leaving it in the street because of a fire alarm, that they might go and see the conflagration. And just as they are going to put his body down in the church which he had built, a man stepping up and saying, "Bishop, the man you praise is a robber. This church stands on my father's homestead. The prop-

erty on which this church is built is mine. I reclaim my right. In the name of Almighty God I forbid you to bury the king here, or to cover him with my glebe." "Go up," said the ambition of William the Conqueror. "Go up by conquest, go up by throne, go up in the sight of all nations, go up by cruelties." But one day God said, "Come down, come down by the way of a miserable death, come down by the way of an ignominious obsequies, come down in the sight of all nations, come clear down, come down forever." And you and I see the same thing on a smaller scale many and many a time — illustrations of the fact that God lets the wicked live that he may make their overthrow the more climacteric.

What is true in regard to sin, is true in regard to its author, Satan, called Abaddon, the prince of the power of the air, the serpent, the dragon. It seems to me any intelligent man must admit that there is a commander-in-chief of all evil. The Persians called him Ahriman, the Hindus called him Siva. He was represented on canvas as a mythological combination of Thor and Cerberus and Pan and Vulcan and other horrible addenda. I do not care what you call him, that monster of evil is abroad, and his one work is destruction. John Milton almost glorified him by witchery of description, but he is the concentration of all meanness and despicability. My little child, seven years of age, said to her mother one day, "Why doesn't God kill the devil at once, and have done with it?" In less terse phrase we have all asked the same question. The Bible says he is to be imprisoned and he is to be chained down. Why not heave the old miscreant into his dungeon now? Does it not seem as if his volume of infamy were complete? Does it not seem as if the last fifty years would make an appropriate peroration? No; God will let him go on to the top

of all bad endeavor, and then when all the earth and all constellation and galaxies and all the universe are watching, God will hurl him down with a violence and ghastliness enough to persuade five hundred eternities that a rebellion against God must perish. God will not do it by piecemeal; God will not do it by small skirmish. He waits until all the troops are massed, and then some day when in defiant and confident mood, at the head of his army, this Goliath of hell stalks forth, our champion, the son of David, will strike him down, not with smooth stones from the brook, but with fragments from the Rock of Ages. But it will not be done until this giant of evil and his holy antagonist come out within full sight of the two great armies. The tragedy is only postponed to make the overthrow more impressive and climacteric. Do not fret. If God can afford to wait you can afford to wait. God's clock of destiny strikes only once in a thousand years. Do not try to measure events by the second hand on your little timepiece. Sin and Satan go on only that their overthrow may at last be the more terrific, the more impressive, the more resounding, the more climacteric.

Why do the wicked live? In order that they may build up fortresses for righteousness to capture. Have you not noticed that God harnesses men, bad men, and accomplishes good through them? Witness Cyrus, witness Nebuchadnezzar, witness the fact that the Bastile of oppression was pried open by the bayonets of a bad man. Recently there came to me the fact that a college had been built at the far West for infidel purposes. There was to be no nonsense of chapel prayers, no Bible reading there. All the professors there were pronounced infidels. The college was opened, and the work went on, but, of course, failed. Not

long ago, a Presbyterian minister was in a bank in that village on purposes of business, and he overheard in an adjoining room the board of trustees of that college discussing what they had better do with the institution, as it did not get on successfully, and one of the trustees proposed that it be handed over to the Presbyterians, prefacing the word Presbyterians with a very unhappy expletive. The resolutions were passed, and that fortress of infidelity has become a fortress of old-fashioned orthodox religion, the only religion that will be worth a snap of your finger when you come to die or appear in the Day of Judgment. The devil built the college. Righteousness captured it.

In some city there goes up a great club-house — the architecture, the furniture, all the equipment a bedazzlement of wealth. That particular club-house is designed to make gambling and dissipation respectable. Do not fret. That splendid building will after a while be a free library, or it will be a hospital, or it will be a gallery of pure art. Again and again observatories have been built by infidelity, and the first thing you know they go into the hand of devout science. God said in the Bible that he would put a hook in Sennacherib's nose and pull him down by a way he knew not. And God has a hook to-day in the nose of every Sennacherib of infidelity and sin, and will drag him about as he will. Marble halls built for sinful amusements will yet be dedicated for religious assemblage. All these castles of sin are to be captured for God as we go forth with the battle shout that Oliver Cromwell rang out at the head of his troops as he rode in on the field of Naseby: "Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered." After a great fire in London, amid the ruins there was nothing left

but an arch with the name of the architect upon it; and, my friends, whatever else goes down God stays up.

Why do the wicked live? That some of them may be monuments of mercy. So it was with John Newton, so it was with Augustine, perhaps so it was with you, chieftains of sin, to become chieftains of grace; Paul, the apostle, made out of Saul the persecutor; Baxter, the flaming evangel, made out of Baxter the blasphemer. Whole squadrons, with streamers of Emanuel floating from the masthead, though once they were launched from the dry docks of diabolism. God lets these wicked men live that he may make jewels out of them for coronets, that he may make tongues of fire out of them for Pentecosts, that he may make warriors out of them for Armageddons, that he may make conquerors out of them for the day when they shall ride at the head of the white horse host in the grand review of the resurrection.

Why do the wicked live? To make it plain beyond all controversy that there is another place for adjustment. So many of the bad up, so many of the good down. It seems to me that no man can look abroad without saying — no man of common sense, religious or irreligious, can look abroad without saying, "There must be some place where brilliant scoundrelism shall be arrested, where innocence shall get out from under the heel of despotism." Common fairness, as well as eternal justice demands it. We adjourn to the great assizes the stupendous injustices of this life. They are not righted here. There must be some place where they will be righted. God cannot afford to omit the judgment day or the reconstruction of conditions. For you cannot make me believe that that man stuffed with all abomination — having devoured widows' houses and digested them, looking with basilisk or

tigerish eyes upon his fellows, no music so sweet to him as the sound of breaking hearts — is at death to get out of the landau at the front door of the sepulchre and pass right on through to the back door of the sepulchre, and find a celestial turnout waiting for him, so that he can drive tandem right up primrosed hills, one glory riding as postillion ahead and another glory riding as lackey behind, while that poor woman who supported her invalid husband and her helpless children by taking in washing and ironing, often putting her hand to her side where the cancerous trouble had already begun, and dropping dead late on Saturday night while she was preparing the garments for the Sabbath day, coming a-foot to the front door of the sepulchre, shall pass through to the back door of the sepulchre and find nothing waiting, no one to welcome, no one to tell her the way to the King's gate. I will not believe it. Solomon was confounded in his day by what he represents as princes a-foot and beggars a-horseback, but I tell you there must be a place and a time when the right foot will get into the stirrup. To demonstrate beyond all controversy that there is another place for adjustment God lets the wicked live.

Why do the wicked live? For the same reason that he lets us live — to have time for repentance. Where would you and I have been if sin had been followed by immediate catastrophe? While the foot of Christ is fleet as that of a roebuck when he comes to save, it does seem as if he were hoppled with great languors and infinite lethargies when he comes to punish. Oh, I celebrate God's slowness, God's retardation, God's putting off the retribution! Do you not think it would be a great deal better for us to exchange our impatient hypercriticism of Providence because this man, by watering of stock, makes

a million dollars in one day, and another man rides on in one bloated iniquity year after year — would it not be better for us to exchange that impatient hypercriticism for gratitude everlasting that God let us who were wicked live, though we deserved nothing but capsizes and demolition? Oh, I celebrate God's slowness! The slower the rail-train comes the better, if the draw-bridge is off.

How long have you lived unforgiven? Fifteen, twenty, forty, sixty years? Lived through great awakenings, lived through domestic sorrow, lived through commercial calamity, lived through providential crises that startled nations, and you are living yet, strangers to God and with no hope for a great future into which the next moment you may be precipitated. Oh, would it not be better for us to get our nature through the grace of Christ revolutionized and transfigured? For I want you to know that God sometimes changes his gait, and instead of the deliberate tread he is the swift witness, and sometimes the enemies of God are suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy. Make God your ally. What an offer that is! Do not fight against him. Do not contend against your best interest. Yield to the best impulse of your heart, and that is toward Christ and heaven. Do not fight the Lord who made you and offers to redeem you.

Philip of France went out with his army, with bows and arrows, to fight King Edward III, of England; but just as they got into the critical moment of the battle a shower of rain came and relaxed the bowstrings so that they were of no effect, and Philip and his army were worsted. And all your weaponry against God will be as nothing when he rains upon you discomfiture from the heavens. Do not fight the Lord any longer Change allegiance. Take down

the old flag of sin, run up the new flag of grace. It does not take the Lord Jesus Christ the thousandth part of a second to convert you if you will only surrender, and be willing to be saved. The American Congress was in anxiety during the Revolutionary War while waiting to hear news from the conflict between Washington and Cornwallis, and the anxiety became intense and almost unbearable as the days went by. When the news came at last that Cornwallis had surrendered and the war was practically over, so great was the excitement that the doorkeeper of the House of Congress dropped dead from joy. And if this long war between your soul and God should come to an end now by your entire surrender, the war forever over, the news would very soon reach the heavens, and nothing but the supernatural health of your loved ones before the throne would keep them from being prostrated with overjoy at the cessation of all spiritual hostilities.

THE ROYAL EXILE

Isa., 53: 4: "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

THE ROYAL EXILE

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Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that; he was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that; but he was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and the immensities untraveled. No world had ever hailed heaven, and heaven had never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies were thronged, and that the pearline beach was crowded with those who had come to see him sail out the harbor of light into the oceans beyond. Out and out and out, and on and on and on, and down and down and down he sped, until one night with only one to greet him he arrived. His disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation to the Bethlehem rustics that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did he sail? Why was this the place of his destination? I question the shepherds. I question the camel drivers. I question the angels. I have found out.

He was an exile. But the world has had plenty of exiles. Abraham an exile from Ur of Chaldee, John an exile from Ephesus, Kosciusco an exile from Poland, Mazzini an exile from Rome, Emmet an ex-

ile from Ireland, Victor Hugo an exile from France, Kossuth an exile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception, for not even a hostler went out with his lantern to help him in, that he is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated one of earth or heaven.

First, I remark that Christ was an imperial exile. He got down off a throne. He took off a tiara. He closed a palace gate behind him. His family were princes and princesses. Vashti was turned out of the throne room by Ahasuerus. David was dethroned by Absalom's infamy. The five kings were hurled into a cavern by Joshua's courage. Some of the Henrys of England and some of the Louis of France were jostled on their thrones by discontented subjects. But Christ was never more honored or more popular, or more loved than the day he left heaven. Australian exile, once very severe for English criminals; Siberian exile, once very severe for Russian political offenders; but Christ turned himself out from throne-room into sheep-pen, and down from the top to the bottom. He was not pushed off. He was not manacled for foreign transportation. He was not put out because they no more wanted him in celestial domain, but by choice departing and descending into an exile five times as long as that of Napoleon at St. Helena, and a thousand times worse, the one exile suffering for that he had destroyed nations, the other exile suffering, because he came to save a world. An imperial exile. King Eternal! "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne."

But I go further and tell you he was an exile on a barren island. This world is one of the smallest islands of light in the ocean of immensity. Other

stellar kingdoms are many thousand times larger than this. Christ came to this small Patmos of a world. When exiles are sent out they are generally sent to regions that are sandy, or cold, or hot — some Dry Tortugas of disagreeableness. Christ came as an exile to a world scorched with heats, and bitten with cold, to deserts simoon swept, to a howling wilderness. It was seemingly the back dooryard of the universe. Yea, Christ came to the poorest part of this barren island of a world. Asia Minor, with its intense summers unfit for the residence of a foreigner, and in the rainy season unfit for the residence of a foreigner. Christ came not to such a land as America or England, or France, or Germany, but to a land one-third of the year drowned, another third of the year burned up, and only one-third of the year tolerable. Oh, it was the barren island of a world. Barren enough for Christ, for it gave such small worship, and such inadequate affection, and such little gratitude. Imperial exile on the barren island of a world!

I go further and tell you that he was an exile in a hostile country. Turkey not so much against Russia, France not so much against Germany as this earth against Christ. It took him in through the door of a stable. It thrust him out at the point of a spear. The Roman government against him with every bayonet of its army, and every decision of its courts, and every beak of its war eagles. For years after his arrival, the only question was how best to put him out. Herod hated him, the high priest hated him, the Pharisees hated him, Judas Iscariot hated him, Gestas, the dying thief, hated him. The whole earth seemingly turned into a detective to watch his steps. And yet he faced this ferocity. Notice that most of Christ's wounds were in front. Some scourging on the shoulders, but the most of Christ's wounds

in front. He was not on retreat when he expired. Face to face with the world's ferocity. Face to face with the world's sin. Face to face with the world's woe. His eye on the raging countenances of his foaming antagonists when he expired. When the cavalry officer roweled his steed so that he might come nearer up and see the tortured visage of the suffering exile, Christ saw it. When the hammer was lifted for his feet, and when the reed was raised to strike deeper down the spikes of thorn, Christ watched the whole procedure. When his hands were fastened to the cross they were wide open still with benediction. Mind you, his head was not fastened; he could look to the right and he could look to the left, and he could look up and he could look down. He saw when the spikes had been driven home and the hard, round, iron heads of them were in the palms of his hands; he saw them as plainly as you ever saw anything in the palms of your hands. No ether, no chloroform, no merciful anæsthetic to dull or stupefy, but wide awake. He saw the obscuration of the heavens, the unbalancing of the rocks, the countenances quivering with rage and the cachination diabolic. Oh, it was the hostile, as well as the barren island of a world.

I go further and tell you that this exile was far from home. It is ninety-five million miles from here to the sun, and all astronomers agree in saying that our solar system is only one of the small wheels of the great machinery of the universe turning around some one great centre, the centre so far distant it is beyond all imagination and calculation, and, if, as some think, that great centre in the distance is heaven, Christ came far from home when he came here. Have you ever thought of the homesickness of Christ? Some of you know what homesickness is when you have

been only a few weeks absent from the domestic circle. Christ was thirty-three years away from home. Some of you feel homesickness when you are a hundred or a thousand miles away from the domestic circle. Christ was more millions of miles away from home than you could calculate if all your life you did nothing but calculate. You know what it is to be homesick even amid pleasurable surroundings, but Christ slept in huts, and he was athirst, and he was a-hungered, and he was on the way from being born in another man's barn to being buried in another man's grave. I have read how the Swiss when they are far away from their native country, at the sound of their national air, get so homesick that they fall into melancholy and sometimes they die under the homesickness. But oh, the homesickness of Christ. Poverty homesick for celestial riches. Persecution homesick for hosanna. Weariness homesick for rest. Homesick for angelic and archangelic companionship. Homesick to get out of the night and the storm and the world's execration. Homesickness will make a week seem as long as a month, and, it seems to me, that the three decades of Christ's residence on earth must have seemed to him almost interminable. You have often tried to measure the other pangs of Christ, but you have never tried to measure the magnitude and ponderosity of a Saviour's homesickness.

I take a step further and tell you that Christ was in an exile which he knew would end in assassination. Holman Hunt, the master painter, has a picture in which he represents Jesus Christ in the Nazarene carpenter shop. Around him are the saws, the hammers, the axes, the drills of carpentry. The picture represents Christ as rising from the carpenter's working bench and wearily stretching out his arms as one will after being in contracted or uncomfortable

posture, and the light of that picture is so arranged that the arms of Christ wearily stretched forth, together with his body, throw on the wall the shadow of a cross. Oh, that shadow was on everything in Christ's lifetime. Shadow of a cross on the Bethlehem swaddling clothes. Shadow of a cross on the road over which the three fugitives fled into Egypt. Shadow of a cross on Lake Galilee as Christ walked its mosaic floor of opal and emerald and crystal. Shadow of a cross on the road to Emmaus. Shadow of a cross on the brook Kedron, and door of temple, and on the side of Olivet. Shadow of a cross on sunrise and sunset. Constantine marching with his army saw just once a cross in the sky, but Christ saw the cross all the time.

On a rough journey we cheer ourselves with the fact that it will end in warm hospitality; but Christ knew that his rough path would end at a defoliaged tree without one leaf and only two branches, bearing fruit of such bitterness as no human lips had ever tasted. Oh, what an exile, starting in an infancy without any cradle, and ending in assassination. Thirst without water. Day without sunlight. The doom of a desperado, for more than angelic excellence.

Why that expatriation and that exile? Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. The accidental glance of a sharp blade from a razor grinder's wheel put out the eye of Gambetta and excited sympathies which gained him an education and started him on a career that made his name more magnetic among Frenchmen than any other name in the last decade. Hawthorne turned out of the office of collector at Salem, went home in despair. His wife touched him on the shoulder and said, "Now is the time to write your book," and his famous "Scarlet Letter" was the brilliant consequence. Worldly good

sometimes comes from worldly evil. Then be not unbelieving when I tell you that from the greatest crime of all eternity and of the whole universe, the murder of the Son of God, there shall come results which shall eclipse all the grandeurs of eternity past and eternity to come. Christ an exile from heaven, opening the way for the deportation toward heaven, and to heaven, of all those who will accept the proffer. Atonement, a ship large enough to take all the passengers that will come aboard it.

In my boyhood, I often used to hear my father talk with enthusiasm of the Colonization Society which proposed to take all the colored population of America to Africa, and the most eloquent lips in the American Senate and in the American pulpit advocated that project, and there was something inspiriting about it. But how tame all that compared with Christ's work by which he proposed the colonization of the whole human race from earth into the free lands of heaven. Millions have already been shipped and other millions will make the magnificent passage.

For this royal exile I now bespeak the love and service of all the exiles, for, in one sense or the other, that includes all of us. The gates of this continent have been so widely opened that there are among us many voluntary exiles from other lands. Some of you are Scotchmen. I see it in your high cheek bones and in the glory that illumines your face when I mention the land of your nativity. Bonnie Scotland! Dear old kirk! Some of your ancestors sleeping in Greyfriars' churchyard, or by the deep lochs filled out of the pitchers of heaven, or under the heather sometimes so deep of color it makes one think of the blood of the Covenanters who signed their names for Christ, dipping their pens into the veins of their own arms opened for that purpose. How every fibre of your

nature thrills as I mention the names of Robert Bruce, and the Campbells and Grizel Cochrane. I bespeak for this royal exile of my text the love and the service of all Scotch exiles.

Some of you are Englishmen. Your ancestry served the Lord. Have I not read of the sufferings of the Haymarket? and have I not seen in Oxford the very spot where Ridley and Latimer mounted the red chariot? Some of your ancestors heard George Whitefield preach, or heard Charles Wesley sing, or heard John Bunyan tell his dream of the celestial city, and the cathedrals under the shadow of which some of you were born had in their grandest organ roll the name of the Messiah. I bespeak for the royal exile of my sermon the love and the service of all English exiles.

Yes, some of you came from Ireland, the island of distress, over which hunger on a throne of human skeletons sat queen. All efforts at amelioration halted by massacre. Procession of famines, procession of martyrdoms marching from Northern Channel to Cape Clear, and from Irish Sea across to the Atlantic. An island not bounded as geographers tell us, but as every philanthropist knows — bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west by woe which no human politics can alleviate and only Almighty God can assuage. Land of Goldsmith's rhythm, and Sheridan's wit, and O'Connell's eloquence, and Edmund Burke's statesmanship, and O'Brien's sacrifice. Another Patmos with its apocalypse of blood. Yet you cannot think of it to-day without having your eyes blinded with emotion, for there your ancestors sleep in graves, some of which they entered for lack of bread. For this royal exile of my sermon I bespeak the love and the service of all Irish exiles.

Some of you are from Germany, the land of Luther, and some are from Italy, the land of Garibaldi, and some are from France, the land of John Calvin, one of the three mighties of the glorious Reformation. Some are descendants of the Puritans, and they were exiles, and some are descendants of the Huguenots, and they were exiles, and some are descendants of the Holland refugees, and they were exiles. Some of you were born on the banks of the Yazoo, or the Savannah, and you are now living in New York. Some of you on the banks of the Kennebec, or at the foot of the Green Mountains, and you are far from home now. Some of you on the prairies of the West, or the tablelands, and you are here now.

Oh, how many of us far away from home. All of us exiles. This is not our home. Heaven is our home. Oh, I am so glad when the royal exile went back he left the gate ajar, or left it wide open. "Going home!" that is the dying exclamation of the majority of Christians. I have seen many Christians die. I think nine out of ten of them in the last moment say: "Going home." Going home out of this banishment of sin and sorrow and sadness. Going home to join in the hilarities of our parents and our dear children who have already departed. Going home to Christ. Going home to God. Going home to stay. Where are your loved ones who died in Christ? You pity them. Ah, they ought to pity you. You are an exile far away from home. They are home. Oh, what a time it will be for you when the gatekeeper of heaven shall say: "Take off that rough sandal; the journey's ended. Put down that sabre; the battle's won. Put off that iron coat of mail and put on the robe of conqueror." At that gate of triumph I leave you, only reciting three tender cantos

translated from the Italian. If you ever heard anything sweeter, I never did:

'Twas whispered one morning in heaven,
How the little child angel May,
In the shade of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day.
How she said to the stately warden,
He of the key and bar,
"O, angel, sweet angel, I pray you
Set the beautiful gates ajar.
Only a little, I pray you,
Set the beautiful gates ajar.

"I can hear my mother weeping,
She is lonely, she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
When the gates shut after me.
Oh, turn me the key, sweet angel,
The splendor will shine so far."
But the warden answered, "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar;"
Spoke low, and answered the warden, "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary the Blessed,
Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ,
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar,
And lo! in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar;
In the little child's angel fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS

Prov., 25: 15: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

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When Solomon said this he drove a whole volume into one phrase. You, of course, will not be so silly as to take the words of my text in a literal sense. They simply mean to set forth the fact that there is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant, its force is indescribable and illimitable. Pungent and all-conquering utterance: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

If I had time, I would show you kindness as a means of defense; kindness as a means of usefulness; kindness as a means of domestic harmony; kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and curing of criminals; and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quarrels; but I shall call your attention only to two of these thoughts.

And first, I speak to you of kindness as a means of defense. Almost every man, in the course of his life, is set upon and assaulted. Your motives are misinterpreted or your religious or political principles are bombarded. What to do under such circumstances is the question. The first impulse of the natural heart says, "Strike back. Give as much as he sent. Trip him into the ditch which he dug for your feet. Gash him with as severe a wound as that which he inflicted on your soul. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth." But the better spirit in the man's soul says, "You ought to reconsider that matter." You look up into the face of

Christ and say, "My Master, how ought I to act under these difficult circumstances?" And Christ instantly answers, "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you." Then the old nature rises up again and says, "You had better not forgive him until first you have chastised him. You will never get him in so tight a corner again. You will never have such an opportunity of inflicting the right kind of punishment upon him again. First chastise him and then let him go." "No," says the better nature, "hush, thou foul heart. Try the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." Have you ever in all your life known acerbity and acrimonious dispute to settle a quarrel? Did they not always make matters worse and worse and worse?

Many years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in proportion as they had measured lances with other clergymen of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad. As in the autumn, a hunter comes home with a string of game, partridges and wild ducks slung over his shoulder, so there were many ministers who came back from the ecclesiastical courts with long strings of doctors of divinity whom they had shot with their own rifle. The division became wider, the animosity greater, until after a while some good men resolved upon another tack. They began to explain away the difficulties; they began to forgive each other's fault, and, lo! the great Church quarrel was settled, and the new school Presbyterian Church and the old school Presbyterian Church became one. The different parts of the Presbyterian order, welded by a hammer, a little hammer, a Christian hammer that the Scripture calls "a soft tongue."

The Power of Kindness

You have a dispute with your neighbor. You say to him, "I despise you." He replies, "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him, "Never enter my house again." He says, "If you come on my door-sill I'll kick you off." You say to him, "I'll put you down." He says to you, "You are mistaken; I'll put you down." And so the contest rages; and year after year you act the unchristian part, and he acts the unchristian part. After a while the better spirit seizes you, and one day you go over to the neighbor, and say, "Give me your hand. We have fought long enough. Time is so short, and eternity is so near, that we cannot afford any longer to quarrel. I feel you have wronged me very much; but let us settle all now in one great handshaking and be good friends." You have risen to a higher platform than that on which before you stood. You win his admiration, and you get his apology. But if you have not conquered him in that way, at any rate, you have won the applause of your own conscience, the high estimation of good men, and the honor of your Lord, who died for his armed enemies.

"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanders assault us, and there come acrimonious sayings all around about us, and we are abused and spit upon?" My reply is: Do not go and attempt to chase down the slanders. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one, fifty are born. All your demonstrations of indignation only exhaust yourself. You might as well, on some summer nights, when the swarms of insects are coming up from the meadows and disturbing you, and disturbing your family, bring up some great "swamp angel," like that which boomed over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun.

But what, then, are you to do with the abuses that come upon you in life? You are to live them down! I saw a farmer go out to get back a swarm of bees that had wandered off from the hive. As he moved amid them they buzzed around his head, and buzzed around his hands, and buzzed around his feet. If he had killed one of them they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst in perfect placidity until he had captured the swarm of wandering bees. And so I have seen men moving amid the annoyances, and the vexations, and the assaults of life in such a calm, Christian deliberation, that all the buzzing around about their soul amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and above all, they conquered themselves. "O," you say, "that's a very good theory to preach on a hot day, but it won't work." It will work. It has worked. I believe it is the last Christian grace we win. You know there are fruits which we gather in June, and others in July, and others in August, and others in September, and still others in October; and I have to admit that this grace of Christian forgiveness is about the last fruit of the Christian soul. We hear a great deal about the bitter tongue and the sarcastic tongue and the quick tongue and the stinging tongue; but we know very little about "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." We read Hudibras, and Sterne, and Dean Swift, and the other apostles of acrimony, but give little time to studying the example of him who was reviled and yet reviled not again. Oh, that the Lord, by his spirit, would endow us all with "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

I pass now to the other thought that I desire to present, and that is, kindness as a means of usefulness. In all communities you find sceptical men. Through early education, or through the maltreatment of professed Christian people, or through pry-

ing curiosity about the future world, there are a great many people who become sceptical in religious things. How shall you capture them for God? Sharp argument and sarcastic retort never won a single soul from scepticism to the Christian religion. While powerful books on the "Evidences of Christianity" have their mission in confirming Christian people in the faith they have already adopted, I have noticed that when sceptical people are brought into the kingdom of Christ, it is through the charm of some genial soul, and not by argument at all. Men are not saved through the head; they are saved through the heart. A storm comes out of its hiding place. It says, "Now we'll just rouse up all this sea;" and it makes a great bluster; but it does not succeed. Part of the sea is roused up,— perhaps one-half of it, or one-fourth of it. After a while the calm moon, placid and beautiful, looks down, and the ocean begins to rise. It comes up to high-water mark. It embraces the great headlands. It submerges the beaches of all the continents. It is the heart-throb of one world against the heart-throb of another world. And I have to tell you that while all your storms of ridicule and storms of sarcasm may rouse up the passion of an immortal nature, nothing less than the attractive power of Christian kindness can ever raise the deathless spirit to happiness and to God. I have more faith in the prayer of a child five years old, in the way of bringing an infidel back to Christ and to heaven, than I have in all the hissing anathemas of ecclesiastical controversy. You cannot overcome men with religious argument. If you come at a sceptical man with an argument on behalf of the Christian religion, you put the man on his mettle. He says, "I see that man has a carbine. I'll use my carbine. I'll answer his argument with my argument." But if you come to that man persuad-

ing him that you desire his happiness on earth, and his welfare in the world to come, he cannot answer that argument.

What I have said is just as true in the reclamation of the openly vicious. Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, and the thick tongue, and the disgusting hiccough, only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy; if you show him that you appreciate the awful grip of a depraved appetite; if you persuade him of the fact that thousands, who had the grappling hooks of evil inclinations clutched in their souls as firmly as in his, have been delivered, then a ray of light will flash across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand were steadying his staggering gait. A good many years ago there lay in the streets a man dead drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noonday sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him, and said: "Poor fellow." She took her handkerchief and spread it over his face and passed on. The man roused himself up from his debauch, and began to look at the handkerchief, and, lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city. He went to her; he thanked her for her kindness; and that one little deed saved him for this life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward Attorney-General of the United States; but, higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ.

Kind words are so cheap, it is a wonder we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people who are dying for the lack of one kind word. There is a business man who has fought against trouble until he is perfectly exhausted. He has been thinking about forgery, about robbery, about suicide. Go to that business man. Tell him that better times are coming, and tell him that you yourself were in a

tight business pass, and the Lord delivered you. Tell him to put his trust in God. Tell him that Jesus Christ stands beside every business man in his perplexities. Tell him of the sweet promises of God's comforting grace. That man is dying for the lack of just one kind word. Go to-morrow and utter that one saving word. Here is a soul that has been swamped in sin. He wants to find the light of the Gospel. He feels like a shipwrecked mariner looking out over the beach, watching for a sail against the sky. O, bear down on him. Tell him that the Lord wants to be gracious to him, and though he has been a great sinner, there is a great Saviour provided. Tell him that though his sins are as scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool. That man is dying forever for the lack of one kind word.

There used to be sung at a great many of the pianos all through the country a song that has almost died out. I wish somebody would start it again in our social circles. There may not have been very exquisite art in the music, but there was a grand and glorious sentiment:

> Kind words never die, never die;
> Cherished and blessed.

O, that we might in our families and in our churches try the force of kindness. You can never drive men, women or children into the kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honeysuckles than fretfulness and scolding will bring out Christian grace. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that, we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering the law unless you preach to them the Gospel. Do you not

know that this simple story of a Saviour's kindness is to redeem all nations? The hard heart of this world's obduracy is to be broken before that story. There is in Antwerp, Belgium, one of the most remarkable pictures I ever saw. It is "The Descent of Christ from the Cross." It is one of Rubens' pictures. No man can stand and look at that "Descent from the Cross," as Rubens pictured it, without having his eyes flooded with tears, if he have any sensibility at all. It is an overmastering picture — one that staggers you, and haunts your dreams. One afternoon a man stood in that cathedral looking at Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." He was all absorbed in that scene of a Saviour's sufferings when the janitor came in and said: "It is time to close up the cathedral for the night. I wish you would depart." The pilgrim looking at that "Descent from the Cross" turned around to the janitor and said: "No, no; not yet. Wait until they get him down." Oh, it is the story of a Saviour's suffering kindness that is to capture the world. When the bones of that great Behemoth of iniquity which has trampled all nations shall be broken and shattered, it will be found out that the work was not done by the hammer of the iconoclast, or by the sword of the conqueror, or by the torch of persecution, but by the plain, simple, overwhelming force of "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

And now I ask the blessing of God to come down upon you in matters of health, in matters of business; that the Lord will deliver you from all your financial perplexities; that he will give you a good livelihood, large salaries, abundant wages, sufficient income. I pray God that he may give you the opportunity of educating your children for this world, and through the grace of Christ, of seeing them prepared for the world to come. Above all, I look for the mercy of

God upon your immortal souls; and lest I stand before some who have not attended to the things of their eternal interest, in this, the closing part of my discourse, I implore them here and now to seek after God and be at peace with him. Oh, we want to be gathered together at last in the bright and blessed assemblage of the skies, our work all done, our sorrows all ended. God bless you, and your children, and your children's children. And now I commend you to God and to the Word of his grace which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

THE MANGER

Luke, 2: 12, 13: "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host."

THE MANGER

(A Christmas Sermon.)

Luke, 2: 12, 13: "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host."

At midnight from one of the galleries of the sky a chant broke out. To an ordinary observer there was no reason for such a celestial demonstration. A poor man and wife — travelers, Joseph and Mary by name — had lodged in an outhouse of an unimportant village. The supreme hour of solemnity had passed, and upon the pallid forehead and cheek of Mary God had set the dignity, the grandeur, the tenderness, the everlasting and divine significance of motherhood. But such scenes had often occurred in Bethlehem, yet never before had a star been unfixed, or had a baton of light marshaled over the hills winged orchestra. If there had been such brilliant and mighty recognition at an advent in the house of Pharaoh, or at an advent in the house of Cæsar, or the house of Hapsburg, or the house of Stuart, we would not so much have wondered; but a barn seems too poor a centre for such delicate and archangelic circumference. The stage seems too small for so great an act, the music too grand for such unappreciable auditors, the window of the stable too rude to be serenaded by other worlds.

No, sir. No, madame. It is my joy this morning to tell you what was born that night in the village barn; and as I want to make my discourse accumulative and climacteric, I begin, in the first place, by

telling you that that night in the Bethlehem manger was born encouragement for all the poorly started. He had only two friends — they his parents. No satin-lined cradle, no delicate attentions, but straw, and the cattle, and the coarse joke and banter of the camel drivers. No wonder the mediæval painters represent the oxen as kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to worship. From the depths of what poverty he rose until to-day he is honored in all Christendom, and sits on the imperial throne in heaven.

What name is mightiest to-day in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being? Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel in chapel and church and cathedral this hour? Jesus. For whom could one hundred million souls be marshaled, ready to fight or die? Jesus. From what depths of poverty to what height of renown! And so let all those who are poorly started remember that they cannot be more poorly born, or more disadvantageously, than this Christ. Let them look up to his example while they have time and eternity to imitate it.

Do you know that the vast majority of the world's deliverers had barn-like birthplaces? Luther, the emancipator of religion, born among the mines. Shakespeare, the emancipator of literature, born in an humble home at Stratford-on-Avon. Columbus, the discoverer of a world, born in poverty at Genoa. Hogarth, the discoverer of how to make art accumulative and administrative of virtue, born in an humble home in Westmoreland. Kitto and Prideaux, whose keys unlocked new apartments in the Holy Scriptures which had never been entered, born in want. Yea, I have to tell you that nine out of ten of the world's deliverers, nine out of ten of the world's

messiahs — the messiahs of science, the messiahs of law, the messiahs of medicine, the messiahs of poverty, the messiahs of grand benevolence — were born in want. I suppose that when Herschel, the great astronomer, was born in the home of a poor musician, not only one star, but all the stars he afterward discovered, pointed down to his manger. I suppose when Haydn, the German composer, was born in the humble home of a poor wheelwright, that all the angels of music chanted over the manger. Oh, what encouragement for those who are poorly started! Ye who think yourselves far down, aspire to go high up. I stir your holy ambitions to-day, and I want to tell you, although the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and outside of your occupations or professions there may be those who would hinder your ascent, on your side and enlisted in your behalf are the sympathetic heart and the almighty arm of One who one Christmas night about eighteen hundred and eighty years ago was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Oh, what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started!

Again, I have to tell you that in that village barn that night was born good-will to men, whether you call it kindness, or forbearance, or forgiveness, or geniality, or affection, or love. It was no sport of high heaven to send its favorite to that humiliation. It was sacrifice for a rebellious world. After the calamity in Paradise, not only did the ox begin to gore, and the adder to sting, and the elephant to smite with his tusk, and the lion to put to bad use tooth and paw, but under the very tree from which the forbidden fruit was plucked were hatched out war and revenge and malice and envy and jealousy, and the whole brood of cockatrices.

But against that scene I set the Bethlehem manger,

which says: "Bless rather than curse, endure rather than assault," and that Christmas night puts out vindictiveness. It says: "Sheathe your sword, dismount your guns, dismantle your batteries, turn the warship *Constellation*, that carried shot and shell, into a grain-ship to take food to famishing Ireland; hook your cavalry horses to the plow, use your deadly gunpowder in blasting rocks and in patriotic celebration, stop your lawsuits, quit writing anonymous letters, extract the sting from your sarcasm, let your wit coruscate but never burn, drop all the harsh words out of your vocabulary — 'Good-will to men.'"

"Oh!" you say, "I can't exercise it; I won't exercise it until they apologize; I won't forgive them until they ask me to forgive them." You are no Christian then — I say you are no Christian, or you are a very inconsistent Christian. If you forgive not men their trespasses, how can you expect your Heavenly Father to forgive you? Forgive them if they ask your forgiveness, and forgive them anyhow. Shake hands all around. "Good-will to men."

Oh! my Lord Jesus, drop that spirit into all our hearts this Christmas hour. I tell you what the world wants more than anything else — more helping hands, more sympathetic hearts, more kind words that never die, more disposition to give other people a ride, and to carry the heavy end of the load and give other people the light end, and to ascribe good motives instead of bad, and to find our happiness in making others happy. Out of that Bethlehem crib let the bear and lion eat straw like an ox. "Good-will to men." That principle will yet settle all controversies, and under it the world will keep on improving until there will be only two antagonists in all the earth, and they will side by side take the jubilant sleigh-

ride predicted by the prophet when he said: "Holiness shall be on the bells of the horses."

Again, I remark that born that Christmas night in the village barn was sympathetic union with other worlds. The only scepticism I have ever had about Christianity was an astronomical scepticism which said: "Why would God out of the heavens and amid the Jupiters and Saturns of the universe have chosen our little bit of a world for the achievements of his only begotten Son when he might have had a vaster scale and vaster worlds?" But my scepticism is all gone as I come to the manger and watch its surroundings. Now I see all the worlds are sisters, and that when one weeps they all weep, and when one sings they all sing. From that supernatural grouping of the cloud banks over Bethlehem, and from the special trains that ran down to the scene I find that our world is beautifully and gloriously and magnificently surrounded. The meteors are with us, for one of them ran to point down to the birthplace. The heavens are with us, because at the thought of our redemption they roll hosannas out of the midnight sky.

Oh! yes; I do not know but our world may be better surrounded than we have sometimes imagined; and when a child is born angels fetch it, and when it dies angels take it, and when an old man bends under the weight of years angels uphold him, and when a heart breaks angels soothe it. Angels in the hospital to take care of the sick. Angels in the cemetery to watch our dead. Angels in church ready to fly heavenward with the news of repentant souls. Angels above the world. Angels under the world. Angels all around the world. Rub the dust of human imperfection out of your eyes, and look into the heavens and see angels of pity, angels of mercy,

angels of pardon, angels of help, angels crowned, angels charioted. The world defended by angels, girdled by angels, cohorted by angels — clouds of angels. Hear David cry out, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand. Even thousands of angels." But the mightiest angel stood not that night in the clouds over Bethlehem; the mightiest angel that night lay among the cattle — the Angel of the new covenant. As the clean white linen sent in by some motherly villager was being wrapped around the little form of that Child Emperor, not a cherub, not a seraph, not an angel, not a world but wept and thrilled and shouted. Oh! yes, our world has plenty of sympathizers. Our world is only a silver rung of a great ladder at the top of which is our Father's house. No more stellar solitariness for our world, no friendless planet spun out into space to freeze, but a world in the bosom of divine maternity. A star harnessed to a manger.

Again, I remark that that night born in that village barn was the offender's hope. Some sermonizers may say I ought to have projected this thought at the beginning of the sermon. Oh! no. I wanted you to rise toward it. I wanted you to examine the cornelians and the jaspers and the emeralds and the sapphires before I showed you the Kohinoor — the crown jewel of the ages. That jewel had a very poor setting. The cub of bear is born amid the grand old pillars of the forest, the whelp of lion takes its first step in the jungle of luxuriant leaf and wild flower, the kid of goat is born in cavern chandeliered with stalactite and pillared with stalagmite. But Christ was born in a bare barn. Yet that nativity was the offender's hope. Over the door of heaven are written these words: "None but the sinless may enter here." "Oh, horror," you say, "that shuts

us all out." No. Christ came to the world in one door, and he departed through another door. He came through the door of the manger, and he departed through the door of the sepulchre, and his one business was so to wash away our sin that one second after we are dead there will be no more sin about us than about the eternal God. I know that is putting it strongly, but that is what I understand by full remission. All erased, all washed away, all scoured out, all gone. That undergirding and overarching and irradiating and imparadising possibility for you, and for me, and for the whole race was given that Christmas night.

Do you wonder we bring flowers to-day to celebrate such an event? Do you wonder that we take organ and cornet and queenly soloist to celebrate it? Do you wonder that Raphael and Rubens and Titian and Giotto and Ghirlandajo, and all the old Italian and German painters gave the mightiest stroke of the painters to sketch the Madonna, Mary and her boy. Oh! now I see what the manger was. Not so high the gilded and jeweled and embroidered cradle of the Henrys of England, or the Louis of France, or the Fredericks of Prussia. Now I find out of that Bethlehem crib fed not so much the oxen of the stall as the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Now I find the swaddling clothes enlarging and emblazoning into an imperial robe for a conqueror. Now I find that the star of that Christmas night was only the diamonded sandal of him who hath the moon under his feet. Now I come to understand that the music of that night was not a completed song, but only the stringing of the instruments for a great chorus of two worlds, the bass to be carried by earthly nations saved, and the soprano by kingdoms of glory won. What a glorious heaven! I shall

meet you there. After all our imperfections are gone I shall meet you there. I look out to-day, through the mists of years, through the fog that rises from the cold Jordan, through the wide open door of solid pearl to that reunion. I expect to see you there as certainly as I see you here. What a time we shall have in high converse, talking over sins pardoned, and sorrows comforted, and battles triumphant!

I am going in. I am going to take all my family with me. I am going to take all my church with me. I am going to take all my friends and neighbors with me. I have so much faith in manger and cross I feel sure of it. I am going to coax you in. I am going to push you in. By holy stratagem I am going to surprise you in. Yea, with all the concentrated energy of my nature — physical, mental, spiritual and immortal — I am going to compel you to go in. I like your companionship so well I want to spend eternity with you! Some of your children have already gone. Day before yesterday I buried one of them, and though people passing along the street and seeing white crape on the door-bell may have said: "It is only a child," yet when the broken-hearted father came to solicit my service he said: "Come around and comfort us, for though she was only fifteen months old we loved her so much." Ah! it does not take long for a child to get its arms around the parent's whole nature.

What a Christmas morning it will make when those with whom you used to keep the holidays are all around you in heaven! Silver-haired old father young again, and mother who had so many aches and pains and decrepitudes well again, and all your brothers and sisters and the little ones. How glad they will be to see you! They have been waiting. The last time they saw your face it was covered with

tears and distress, and pallid from long watching, and one of them I can imagine to-day, with one hand holding fast the shining gate, and the other hand swung out toward you, saying:

> Steer this way, father, steer straight for me;
> Here safe in heaven I am waiting for thee.

Oh! those Bethlehem angels, when they went back after the concert that night over the hills, forgot to shut the door. All the secret is out. No more use of trying to hide from us the glories to come. It is too late to shut the gate. It is blocked wide open with hosannas marching this way, and hallelujahs marching that way. In the splendor of the anticipation I feel as if I were dying — not physically, for I never was more well — but in the transport of the Christmas transfiguration. Oh! heaven, blissful heaven, heaven where our loved ones are, heaven where Christ is — heaven, heaven! What almost unmans me is the thought that it is provided for such sinners as you and I have been. If it had been provided only for those who had always thought right, and spoken right, and acted right, you and I would have had no interest in it, had no share in it; you and I would have stuck to the raft midocean, and let the ship sail by, carrying perfect passengers from a perfect life on earth to a perfect life in heaven. But I have heard the commander of that ship is the same great and glorious and sympathetic One who hushed the tempest around the boat on Galilee, and I have heard that all the passengers on the ship are sinners saved by grace. And so we hail the ship, and it bears down this way, and we come by the side of it, and ask the captain two questions: "Who art Thou? and whence?" and he says, "I am Captain of Salvation, and I am from the manger." Oh!

bright Christmas morning of my soul's delight. Chime all the bells. Wreathe all the garlands. Rouse all the anthems. Shake hands in all the congratulations. Merry Christmas! Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the raptures to come. Oh! lift that Christ from the manger and lay him down in all our hearts. We may not bring to him as costly a present as the Magi brought, but we bring to his feet and to the manger to-day the frankincense of our joy, the pearls of our tears, the kiss of our love, the prostration of our worship. Down at his feet, all churches, all ages, all earth, all heaven. Down at his feet the four-and-twenty elders on their faces. Down the "great multitude that no man can number." Down Michael, the archangel! Down all worlds at his feet and worship. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men!"

WING AND HAND

Ezek., 10: 21: "The likeness of the hands of a man was under their wings."

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While tossed on the sea between Australia and Ceylon, I first particularly noticed this text, of which then and there I made memorandum. This chapter is all a-flutter with cherubim. Who are the cherubim? An order of angels radiant, mighty, intelligent, adoring, worshipful. When painter or sculptor tried in temple at Jerusalem, or in marble of Egypt to represent the cherubim, he made them part lion, or part ox, or part eagle. But much of that is an unintended burlesque of the cherubim whose majesty, and speed, and splendor we will never know until lifted into their presence we behold them for ourselves, as I pray by the pardoning grace of God we all may. But all the accounts Biblical, and all the suppositions human, represent the cherubim with wings, each wing vaster, more imposing than any plumage that ever floated in earthly atmosphere. Condor in flight above Chimborazo, or Rocky Mountain eagle aiming for the noonday sun, or albatross in play with ocean tempest, presents no such glory. We can get an imperfect idea of the wing of cherubim by the only wing we see — the bird's pinion — which is the arm of the bird, but in some respects more wondrous than the human arm; with power of expansion and contraction; defying all altitudes and all abysms; the bird looking down with pity upon boasting man as he toils up the sides of the Adirondacks, while the wing with a few strokes puts the highest crags far beneath claw and beak. But the bird's wing is only a feeble

suggestion of cherubim's wing. The greatness of that, the rapidity of that, the radiance of that, the Bible again and again sets forth.

My attention is not more attracted by those wings than by what they reveal when lifted. In two places in Ezekiel we are told there were hands under the wings; human hands; hands like ours: "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings." We have all noticed the references to the wing of the cherubim, but no one seems yet to have noticed the human hand under the wing. There are whole sermons, whole anthems, whole doxologies, whole millenniums in that combination of hand and wing. If this world is ever brought to God, it will be by appreciation of the fact that supernatural and human agencies are to go together; that which soars, and that which practically works; that which soars into the heavens, and that which reaches forth to earth; the joining of the terrestrial and the celestial; the hand and the wing. We see this union in the construction of the Bible. The wing of inspiration is in every chapter. What realms of the ransomed earth did Isaiah fly over? Over what battlefields for righteousness; what coronations; what dominions of gladness; what rainbows around the throne did St. John hover? But in every book of the Bible you just as certainly see the human hand that wrote it. Moses, the lawyer, showing his hand in the Ten Commandments, the foundation of all good legislation; Amos, the herdsman, showing his hand in similes drawn from fields and flocks; the fishermen apostles showing their hands when writing about Gospel nets; Luke, the physician, showing his hand by giving especial attention to the record of diseases cured; Paul showing his scholarly hand by quoting from heathen poets, and making arguments about the Resurrection that

stand as firmly as on the day he planted them; and St. John shows his hand by taking his imagery from the appearance of the bright waters spread around the Island of Patmos at hour of sunset, when he speaks of the sea of glass mingled with fire; scores of hands writing the parables, the miracles, the promises, the hosannas, the raptures, the consolations, the woes of ages. Oh, the Bible is so human; so full of heart-beats; so sympathetic; so wet with tears; so triumphant with palm-branches, that it takes hold of the human race as nothing else ever can take hold of it — each writer in his own style; Job, the scientific; Solomon, the king-philosophic; Jeremiah, the despondent; Daniel, the sagacious and heroic — why, we know their style so well that we need not look to the top of the page to see who is the author. No more conspicuous the uplifting wing of inspiration than the hand, the warm hand, the flexible hand, the skillful hand of human instrumentality. "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

Again, behold this combination of my text in all successful Christian work. We stand or kneel in our pulpits, and social meetings, and reformatory associations, offering prayer. Now, if anything has wings, it is prayer. It can fly farther and faster than anything I can now think of. In one second of time from where you sit, it can fly to the throne of God and bring the blessing in England. In one second of time from where you sit, it can fly to the throne of God, and its effect be felt in India. It can girdle the earth in a shorter time than you can seal a letter, or clasp a belt, or hook an eye. Wings, whether that prayer starts from an infant's tongue, or the trembling lip of a centenarian, rising from the heart of a farmer's wife standing at the dashing churn, or before the hot breath of a country oven, they soar away,

and pick out of all the shipping of the earth, on all the seas, the craft on which her sailor boy is voyaging. Yea, prayer can fly clear down into the future. When the father of Queen Victoria was dying, he asked that the infant Victoria might be brought while he sat up in bed; and the babe was brought, and the father prayed, "If this child should live to become Queen of England, may she rule in the fear of God!" Having ended his prayer, he said, "Take the child away." But all who know the history of England for the last fifty years know that the prayer for that infant more than seventy years ago has been answered, and with what emphasis and affection millions of the Queen's subjects have this day in chapels and cathedrals, on land and sea, supplicated, "God save the Queen!" Prayer flies not only across continents, but across centuries. If prayer had only feet, it might run here and there and do wonders. But it has wings, and they are as radiant of plume, and as swift to rise, or swoop, or dart, or circle, as the cherubim's wings which swept through Ezekiel's vision.

But the prayer must have the hand under the wing, or it may amount to nothing. The mother's hand, or the father's hand, must write to the wayward boy as soon as they can hear how to address him. Christian souls must contribute to the evangelism of that far-off land for which they have been praying. Stop singing, "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," unless you are willing to give something of your own means to make it fly. Have you been praying for the salvation of a young man's soul? That is right; but also extend the hand of invitation to him to come to a religious meeting. It always excites our sympathy to see a man with his hand in a sling. We ask him, "What is the matter? Hope it is not a felon;" or,

"Have your fingers been crushed?" But nine out of ten of all Christians are going their life long with their hand in a sling. They have been hurt by indifference, or by wrong ideas of what is best; or it is injured of conventionalities; and they never put forth that hand to lift, or help, or rescue any one. They pray, and their prayer has wings, but there is no hand under the wings.

From the very structure of the hand, we might make up our mind as to some of the things it was made for: to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help, and to rescue. And endowed with two hands, we might take the broad hint that for others as well as for ourselves we were to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help, to rescue. Wondrous hand! Its machinery beginning at the shoulder, and working through shafts of bone, upper arm and forearm, down to the eight bones of the wrist, and the five bones of the palm, and the fourteen bones of the fingers and thumb, and composed of a labyrinth of muscle, and nerve, and artery, and flesh, which no one but Almighty God could have planned or executed. But how suggestive when it reached down to us from under the wings of the cherubim! "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

This idea is combined in Christ. When he rose from Mt. Olivet, he took wing. All up and down his life you see the uplifting divinity. It glowed in his forehead. It flashed in his eyes. Its cadences were heard in his voice. But he was also very human. It was the hand under the wing that touched the woes of the world, and took hold of the sympathies of the centuries. Watch his hand before it was spiked. There was a dead girl in a governor's house, and Christ comes into the room and takes her pale, cold

hand in his warm grasp, and she opens her eyes on the weeping household, and says, "Father, what are you crying about? Mother, what are you crying about?" The Book says, "He took her by the hand, and the maid arose." A follower, angered at an insult offered Christ, drew the sword from sheath and struck at a man with the sharp edge, aiming, I think, at his forehead. But the weapon glanced aside and took off the right ear at its roots. Christ with his hand reconstructed that wonderful organ of sound, that whispering gallery of the soul, that collector of vibrations, that arched way to the auditory nerve, that tunnel without which all the musical instruments of earth would be of no avail. The Book says, "He touched his ear and healed him." Meeting a full-grown man who had never seen a sunrise, or a sunset, or a flower, or the face of his own father or mother, Christ, from his own tongue, moistens the dust and stirs it into an eye-salve, and with his own hands applies the strange medicament, and suddenly all the colors of earth and sky rush in upon the newly-created optic nerve, and the instantaneous noon drives out the long night. When he sees the grief of Mary and Martha, he sits down and cries with them. Some say it is the shortest verse in the Bible; but to me it seems, because of its far-reaching sympathies, about the longest — "Jesus wept!" So very human. He could not stand the sight of dropsy, or epilepsy, or paralysis, or hunger, or dementia; but he stretches out his sympathetic hand toward it. So very, very human. Omnipotent, and majestic, and glorious, this Angel of the New Covenant, with wings capable of encircling a universe, and yet hands of gentleness, hands of helpfulness, "The hands of a man under the wings."

There is a kind of religion in our day that my text rebukes. There are men and women spending their time in delectation over their saved state, going about from prayer-meeting to prayer-meeting, and from church to church, telling how happy they are. But show them a subscription paper, or ask them to go and visit the sick, or tell them to reclaim a wanderer, or speak out for some unpopular Christian enterprise, and they have bronchitis, or stitch in the side, or sudden attack of grippe. Their religion is all wing, and no hand. They can fly heavenward, but they cannot reach out earthward.

While Thomas Chalmers occupied the chair of moral philosophy in St. Andrews University, he had at the same time a Sabbath-school class of poor boys down in the slums of Edinburgh. While Lord Fitzgerald was traveling in Canada, he saw a poor Indian squaw carrying a crushing load, and he took the burden on his own shoulders. That was Christ-like. That was "a hand under the wing." The highest type of religion says little about itself, but is busy for God and in helping to the heavenly shore the crew and passengers of this shipwrecked planet. Such people are busy now up the dark lanes of our cities, and all through the mountain glens, and down in the quarries where the sunlight has never visited, and amid the rigging, helping to take in another reef before the Carribean whirlwind. A friend was telling me of an exquisite thing about Seattle, then of Washington Territory, now of Washington State. The people of Seattle had raised a generous sum of money for the Johnstown sufferers from the flood. A few days after, Seattle was destroyed by fire. I saw the city while the people were living in tents. In a public meeting, some one proposed that the money raised

for Johnstown be used for the relief of their own city, and the cry was "No! No! No! Send the money to Johnstown," and by acclamation the money was so sent. Nothing more beautiful or sublime than that. Under the wing of fire that smote Seattle, the sympathetic hand, the helping hand, the mighty hand of Christian relief for people thousands of miles away. Why, there are a hundred thousand men and women whose one business is to help others. Helping hands, inspiring hands, lifting hands, emancipating hands, saving hands. Sure enough, those people had wings of faith, and wings of prayer, and wings of consolation, but "the likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings." There was much sense in that which the robust boatman said when three were in a boat off the coast in a sudden storm that threatened to sink the boat, and one suggested that they all kneel down in the boat to pray, and the robust man took hold of the oar and began to pull, saying, "Let you, the strong, stout fellow, lay hold the other oar, and let the weak one who cannot pull give himself up to prayer." Pray by all means; but at the same time pull with all your might for the world's rescue. An Arctic traveler hunting beaver while the ice was breaking up, and supposing that there was no human being within a hundred miles, heard the ice crackle, and lo! a lost man, insane with hunger and cold, was wading in the icy water. The explorer took the man into his canoe and made for land, and the people gathered on the shore. All the islanders had been looking for the lost man, and finding him, according to prearrangement all the bells rang, and all the guns fired. Oh, you can make a gladder time among the towers and hilltops of heaven if you can fetch home a wanderer.

In our time, it is the habit to denounce the cities, and to speak of them as the focus of all wickedness. Is it not time for some one to tell the other side of the story and to say that the city is the heaven of practical helpfulness? Look at the embowered and fountained parks, where the invalids may come and be refreshed; the Bowery Mission, through which annually over one hundred thousand come to get bread for this life, and bread for the life to come, all the pillows of that institution under the blessing of him who had not where to lay his head; the free schools, where the most impoverished are educated; the hospitals for broken bones; the homes for the restoration of intellects astray; the Orphan House, father and mother to all who come under its benediction; the Midnight Missions, which pour mid-noon upon the darkened; the Prison Reform Association; the Houses of Mercy; the Infirmaries; the Sheltering Arms; the Bethesda Mission; the Aid Societies; the Industrial Schools; the Sailors' Snug Harbor; the Foundling Asylums; the Free Dispensaries, where greatest scientific skill feels the pulse of wan pauper; the ambulance, the startling stroke of its bell clearing the way to the place of casualty; and good souls like the mother who came to the Howard Mission, with its crowd of friendless boys picked up from the streets, and saying, "If you have a crippled boy, give him to me; my dear boy died with the spinal complaint," and such a one she found and took him home and nursed him till he was well. It would take a sermon three weeks long to do justice to the mighty things which our cities are doing for the unfortunate and the lost. Do not say that Christianity in our cities is all show, and talk, and genuflexion, and sacred noise. You have been so long looking at the

hand of cruelty, and the hand of theft, and the hand of fraud, and the hand of outrage, that you have not sufficiently appreciated the hand of help, stretched forth from the doors and windows of churches, and from merciful institutions, the Christ-like hand, the cherubic hand, "the hands under the wings."

There is also in my subject the suggestion of rewarded work for God and righteousness. When the wing went the hand went. When the wing ascended the hand ascended; and for every useful and Christian hand there will be elevation celestial and eternal. Expect no human gratitude, for it may not come. That was a wise thing Fenelon wrote to his friend: "I am very glad, my dear, good fellow, that you are pleased with one of my letters which has been shown to you. You are right in saying and believing that I ask little of men in general. I try to do much for them and to expect nothing in return. I find a decided advantage in these terms. On these terms I defy them to disappoint me." But, the day cometh when your work, which perhaps no one has noticed, or rewarded, or honored, will rise to heavenly recognition. While I have been telling you that the hand was under the wing of the cherubim, I want you to realize that the wing was over the hand. Perhaps reward may not come to you right away. Washington lost more battles than he won, but he triumphed at the last. Walter Scott, in boyhood, was called "The Blockhead;" but what height of renown did he not afterward tread? And I promise you victory further on and higher up; if not in this world, then in the next. Oh, the heavenly day when your lifted hand shall be gloved with what honors, its fingers enringed with what jewels, its wrist clasped with what splendors! Come up and take it, you Christian

woman, who served at the washtub. Come up and take it, you Christian shoemaker, who pounded the shoe-last. Come up and take it, you professional nurse, whose compensation never fully paid for broken nights and the whims and struggles of delirious sick-rooms. Come up and take it, you firemen, besweated, far down amid the greasy machinery of ocean steamers, and you conductors and engineers on railroads that knew no Sunday, and whose ringing bells and loud whistle never warned off your own anxieties. Come up and take it, you mothers, who rocked and lullabied the family brood until they took wing for other nests, and never appreciated what you had done and suffered for them. Your hand was well favored when you were young, and it was a beautiful hand, so well rounded, so graceful that many admired and eulogized it; but hard work calloused it, and twisted it, and self-sacrificing toil for others paled it, and many household griefs thinned it, and the ring which went on only with a push at the marriage altar, now is too large, and falls off, and again and again you have lost it. Poor hand! Weary hand! Worn-out hand! But God will reconstruct it, reanimate it, readorn it, and all heaven will know the story of that hand. What fallen ones it lifted up! What tears it wiped away! What wounds it bandaged! What lighthouses it kindled! What storm-tossed ships it brought into the Pearl-beached Harbor! Oh, I am so glad that in the vision of my text Ezekiel saw the wing above the hand. Roll on that everlasting rest for all the toiling, and misunderstood, and suffering, and weary children of God, and know right well that to join your hand, at last emancipated from the struggle, will be the soft hand, the gentle hand the triumphant hand of him who wipeth away all

tears from all faces. That will be the Palace of the King of which the poet sang in Scotch dialect:

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo,
An' sunny is the lan' we aften traivel thro';
But in vain we look for something to which oor hearts can cling,
For its beauty is as naething to the Palace o' the King.

We see oor frien's await us ower yonder at his gate:
Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late;
Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin'; let's raise oor voice an' sing:
Soon we'll meet, to part nae mair, i' the Palace o' the King.

ROCKS OF TROUBLE

I Sam., 14: 4: "There was a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

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The cruel army of the Philistines must be taken and scattered. There is just one man accompanied by his body-guard to do that thing. Jonathan is the hero of the scene. I know that David cracked the skull of the giant with a pebble well slung, and that three hundred Gideonites scattered ten thousand Amalekites by the crash of broken crockery; but here is a more wonderful conflict. Yonder are the Philistines on the rocks. Here is Jonathan with his body-guard in the valley. On the one side is a rock called Bozez; on the other side is a rock called Seneh. These two rocks were as famous in olden times as in modern times are Plymouth Rock and Gibraltar. They were precipitous, unscalable and sharp. Between these two rocks Jonathan must make his ascent. The day comes for the scaling of the height. Jonathan on his hands and feet begins the ascent. With strain, and slip, and bruise, I suppose, but still on and up, first goes Jonathan and then goes his body-guard; Bozez on the one side, Seneh on the other side.

After a sharp tug and push and clinging I see the head of Jonathan above the hole in the mountain, and then I see the head of the body-guard above the hole in the mountain and there is a challenge and a fight and a supernatural consternation. These two men, Jonathan and his body-guard, drive back and drive down the Philistines over the rocks and open a campaign which demolishes the enemies of Israel.

I suppose that the overhanging and overshadowing rocks on either side did not balk or dishearten Jonathan or his body-guard, but only roused and filled them with enthusiasm as they went up. "There was a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side."

My friends, you have been, or are now, some of you, in this crisis of the text. If a man meet one trouble he can go through it. He gathers all his energies, concentrates them upon one point, and in the strength of God, or by his own natural determination, goes through it. But the man who has trouble to the right of him and trouble to the left of him is to be pitied. Did either trouble come alone he might endure it, but two troubles, two disasters, two overshadowing misfortunes, are Bozez and Seneh. God pity him. There is a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side.

In this crisis of the text is that man whose fortune and health fail at the same time. Nine-tenths of all our merchants capsize in business before they come to forty-five years of age. There is some collision in commercial circles and they stop payment. It seems as if every man must put his name on the back of a note before he learns what a fool a man is who risks all his own property on the prospect that some man will tell the truth. It seems as if a man must have a large amount of unsalable goods on his own shelf before he learns how much easier it is to buy than to sell. It seems as if every man must be completely burned out before he learns the importance of always keeping fully insured. It seems as if every man must be wrecked in a financial tempest before he learns to keep things snug in case of a sudden euroclydon.

When the calamity does come it is awful. The

man goes home in despair and he tells his family, "We'll have to go to the poorhouse." He takes a dolorous view of everything. It seems as if he never could rise. But a little time passes and he says: "Why, I am not so badly off after all; I have my family left." Before the Lord turned Adam out of Paradise he gave him Eve, so that when he lost Paradise he could stand it.

Permit one who has read but few novels in all his life and who has not a great deal of romance in his composition to say that if when a man's fortunes fail he has a good wife, a good Christian wife, he ought not to be despondent. "Oh," you say, "that only increases the embarrassment, since you have her also to take care of." You are an ingrate, for the woman as often supports the man as the man supports the woman. The man may bring all the dollars, but the woman generally brings the courage and the faith in God.

Well, this man of whom I am speaking looks around and he finds his family is left, and he rallies, and the light comes to his eyes and the smile to his face and the courage to his heart. In two years he is quite over it. He makes his financial calamity the first chapter in a new era of prosperity. He met that one trouble — conquered it. He sat down for a little while under the grim shadow of the rock Bozez, yet he soon rose and began, like Jonathan, to climb.

But how often it is that physical ailment comes with financial embarrassment. When the fortune failed it broke the man's spirit. His nerves were shattered, his brain was stunned. I can show you hundreds of men in New York whose fortune and health failed at the same time. They came prematurely to the walking-staff. Their hand trembled

with incipient paralysis. They never saw a well day since the hour when they called their creditors together for a compromise. If such men are impatient and peculiar and irritable, excuse them. They had two troubles, either one of which they could have met successfully. If, when the health went, the fortune had been retained it would not have been so bad. The man could have secured the very best medical advice and he could have had the very best medical attendance, and a long line of carriages would have stopped at the front door to inquire as to his welfare. But poverty on the one side and sickness on the other are Bozez and Seneh, and they interlock their shadows and drop them on the poor man's way. God help him! "There is a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side."

Now, what is such a man to do? In the name of Almighty God, I will tell him what to do. Do as Jonathan did — climb; climb up into the sunlight of God's favor and consolation. I can go through the churches and show you the men who lost fortune and health at the same time, and yet who sing all day and dream of heaven all night. If you have any idea that sound digestion and steady nerves and clear eyesight and good hearing and plenty of friends are necessary to make a man happy, you have miscalculated. I suppose that these overhanging rocks only made Jonathan scramble the harder and the faster to get up and out into the sunlight, and this combined shadow of invalidism and financial embarrassment has often sent a man up the quicker into the sunlight of God's favor and the noonday of his glorious promises.

It is a difficult thing for a man to feel his dependence upon God with ten thousand dollars in the bank

and fifty thousand dollars in government securities, and a block of stores and three ships. "Well," the man says to himself, "it is silly for me to pray, 'Give me this day my daily bread' when my pantry is full and the canals from the West are crowded with breadstuffs destined for my storehouses." O, my friends, if the combined misfortunes and disasters of life have made you climb up into the arms of a sympathetic and compassionate God, through all eternity you will bless him that in this world there was a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side.

Again, that man is in the crisis of the text who has home troubles and outside persecution at the same time. The world treats a man well just as long as it pays best to treat him well. As long as it can manufacture success out of his bone and brain and muscle it favors him. The world fattens the horse it wants to drive. But let a man see it his duty to cross the track of the world, then every bush is full of horns and tusks thrust at him. They will belittle him. They will caricature him. They will call his generosity self-aggrandizement, and they will call his piety sanctimoniousness. The very worst persecution will sometime come upon him from those who profess to be Christians.

John Milton, great and good John Milton, so forgot himself as to pray in so many words that his enemies might be eternally thrown down into the darkest and deepest gulf of hell, and be the undermost and most dejected and the lowest down vassals of perdition! And Martin Luther so far forgot himself as to say in regard to his theological opponents: "Put them in whatever sauce you please, roasted or fried or baked or stewed or boiled or hashed, they are nothing but asses!" Ah, my friends,

if John Milton and Martin Luther could come down to such scurrility, what may you not expect from less elevated opponents?

Now, the world sometimes takes after them, the newspapers take after them, public opinion takes after them, and the unfortunate man is lied about until all the dictionary of Billingsgate is exhausted on him. You often see a man whom you know to be good and pure and honest set upon by the world and mauled by whole communities, while vicious men take on a supercilious air in condemnation of him; as though Lord Jeffrey should write an essay on gentleness, or Henry VIII talk about purity, or Herod take to blessing little children.

Now a certain amount of persecution rouses a man's defiance, stirs his blood for magnificent battle, and makes him fifty times more a man than he would have been without the persecution. So it was with the great reformer when he said: "I will not be put down; I will be heard." And so it was with Millard, the preacher, in the time of Louis XI. When Louis XI sent word to him that unless he stopped preaching in that style he would throw him into the river, he replied: "Tell the king that I will reach heaven sooner by water than he will reach it by fast horses." A certain amount of persecution is a tonic and an inspiration, but too much of it and too long-continued becomes the rock of Bozez, throwing a dark shadow over a man's life. What is he to do, then? Go home, you say. Good advice that. That is just the place for a man to go when the world abuses him. Go home. Blessed be God for our quiet and sympathetic homes.

But there is many a man who has the reputation of having a home when he has none. Through unthinkingness or precipitation there are many matches

made that ought never to have been made. An officiating priest cannot alone unite a couple. The Lord Almighty must proclaim banns. There is many a home in which there is no sympathy and no happiness and no good cheer. The clamor of the battle may not have been heard outside, but God knows, notwithstanding all the playing of the "Wedding March" and all the odor of the orange blossoms and the benediction of the officiating pastor, there has been no marriage.

Sometimes men have awakened to find on one side of them the rock of persecution and on the other side the rock of domestic infelicity. What shall such a one do? Do as Jonathan did — climb. Get up into the heights of God's consolation, from which he may look down in triumph upon outside persecution and home trouble. While good and great John Wesley was being silenced by the magistrates and having his name written on the board fences of London in doggerel, at that very time his wife was making him as miserable as she could — acting as though she were possessed with the devil, as I suppose she was; never doing him a kindness until the day she ran away, so that he wrote in his diary these words: "I did not forsake her; I have not dismissed her; I will not recall her." Planting one foot upon outside persecution and the other foot upon home trouble, John Wesley climbed up into the heights of Christian joy, and after preaching forty thousand sermons and traveling two hundred and seventy-six thousand miles, reached the heights of heaven, though in this world he had it hard enough — "a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

Again, that woman stands in the crisis of the text who has bereavement and a struggle for livelihood at the same time. Ah, it is a hard thing for a woman

to make an honest living even when her heart is not troubled, and she has a fair cheek and the magnetism of an exquisite presence. But now the husband or the father is dead. The expenses of the obsequies have absorbed all that was left in the savings bank; and wan and wasted with weeping and watching she goes forth — a grave, a hearse, a coffin behind her — to contend for her existence and the existence of her children.

When I see such a battle as that open I shut my eyes at the ghastliness of the spectacle. Men sit with embroidered slippers and write heartless essays about women's wages; but that question is made up of tears and blood and there is more blood than tears. Oh, give women free access to all the realms where she can get a livelihood, from the telegraph office to the pulpit. Let men's wages be cut down before hers are cut down. Men have iron in their souls and can stand it. Make the way free to her of the broken heart. May God put into my hand the cold, bitter cup of privation and give me nothing but a windowless hut for shelter for many years, rather than that after I am dead there should go out from my home into the pitiless world a woman's arm to fight the Gettysburg, the Austerlitz, the Waterloo of life for bread. And yet how many women there are seated between the rock of bereavement on the one side and the rock of destitution on the other, Bozez and Seneh interlocking their shadow and dropping them upon her miserable way. "There is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side." What are such to do? Somehow, let them climb up into the heights of the promise: "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." Or get up into the heights of that other glorious promise: "The

Lord preserveth the stranger and relieveth the widow and the fatherless." O ye sewing women on starving wages! O ye widows turned out from a once beautiful home! O ye female teachers kept on niggardly stipend! O ye despairing women seeking in vain for work, wandering along the docks and thinking to throw yourselves into the river at night! O ye women of aching sides and weak nerves and short breath and broken heart! You need something more than human sympathy. You need the sympathy of God. Climb up into his arms; he knows it all and he loves you more than father or mother or husband ever could or ever did; and instead of sitting down wringing your hands in despair you had better begin to climb. There are heights of consolation for you, though now "there is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

Again, that man is in the crisis of the text who has a wasted life on the one side and an unillumined eternity on the other. Though a man may all his life have cultivated deliberation and self-poise, if he gets into that position all his self-possession is gone. There are all the wrong thoughts of his existence, all the wrong words, all the wrong deeds — strata above strata, gigantic, ponderous, overshadowing. That rock I call Bozez. On the other side are all the retributions of the future, the thrones of judgment, the eternal ages, angry with his long defiance, piled up, concentrated, accumulated wrath. That rock I call Seneh.

Between these two rocks Lord Byron perished, and Alcibiades perished, and Herod perished, and ten thousand times ten thousand have perished. O man immortal, man redeemed, man blood-bought, climb up out of those shadows! Climb up by the way of the cross! Have your wasted life forgiven;

have your eternal life secured. Just take one look to the past and see what it has been and take one look to the future and see what it threatens to be. You can afford to lose your health, you can afford to lose your property, you can afford to lose your reputation, but you cannot afford to lose your soul. That bright, gleaming, glorious, precious, eternal possession you must carry aloft in the day when the earth burns up and the heavens burst. O God, help that man to save his soul.

You see from my subject that when a man goes into the safety and peace of the Gospel he does not demean himself. There is nothing in religion that leads to unmanliness. The Gospel of Jesus Christ only asks you to climb as Jonathan did — climb toward God, climb toward heaven, climb into the sunshine of God's favor. To become a Christian is not to go meanly down; it is to come gloriously up — up into the communion of saints, up into the peace that passeth all understanding, up into the companionship of angels. He lives up; he dies up.

Oh, then, accept the wholesale invitation which I make to all people! Come up from between your invalidism and financial embarrassments. Come up from between your home trouble and your outside persecution. Come up from between your bereavements and your destitution. Come up from between a wasted life and an unillumined eternity. Like Jonathan climb with all your might instead of sitting down to wring your hands in the shadow and in the darkness — "a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

THE LORD'S RAZOR

Isaiah, 7: 20: "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired, namely, by them beyond the river, by the King of Assyria."

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The Bible is the boldest book ever written. There are no similitudes in Ossian or the Iliad or the Odyssey so daring. Its imagery sometimes seems on the verge of the reckless, but only seems so. The fact is that God would startle and arouse and propel men and nations. A tame and limping similitude would fail to accomplish the object. While there are times when he employs in the Bible the gentle dew and the morning cloud and the dove and the daybreak in the presentation of truth, we often find the iron chariot, the lightning, the earthquake, the spray, the sword, and, in my text, the razor. This keen-bladed instrument has advanced in usefulness with the ages. In Bible times and lands the beard remained uncut save in the seasons of mourning and humiliation, but the razor was always a suggestive symbol. David says of Doeg, his antagonist: "Thy tongue is a sharp razor working deceitfully;" that is, it pretends to clear the face, but is really used for deadly incision. In this morning's text this weapon of the toilet appears under the following circumstances: Judea needed to have some of its prosperities cut off, and God sends against it three Assyrian kings — first Sennacherib, then Esarhaddon, and afterward Nebuchadnezzar. These three sharp invasions, that cut down the glory of Judea, are compared to so many sweeps of the razor across the face of the land. And these circumstances were called a hired razor

because God took the kings of Assyria, with whom he had no sympathy, to do the work, and paid them in palaces and spoils and annexations. These kings were hired to execute the divine behests. And now the text, which on its first reading may have seemed trivial or inapt, is charged with momentous import: "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired — namely, by them beyond the river, by the King of Assyria."

Well, if God's judgments are razors, we had better be careful how we use them on other people. In careful sheath these domestic weapons are put away, where no one by accident may touch them, and where the hands of children may not reach them. Such instruments must be carefully handled or not handled at all. But how recklessly some people wield the judgments of God! If a man meet with business misfortune, how many there are ready to cry out: "That is a judgment of God upon him because he was unscrupulous, or arrogant, or overreaching, or miserly. I thought he would get cut down! What a clean sweep of everything! His city house and country house gone. His stables emptied of all the fine bays and sorrels and grays that used to prance by his door. All his resources overthrown, and all that he prided himself on tumbled into demolition. Good for him!" Stop, my brother. Don't sling around too freely the judgments of God, for they are razors.

Some of the most wicked business men succeed, and they live and die in prosperity, and some of the most honest and conscientious are driven into bankruptcy. Perhaps the unsuccessful man's manner was unfortunate, and he was not really as proud as he looked to be. Some of those who carry their head erect and look imperial are humble as a child, while many a man in seedy coat and slouch hat and unblacked shoes

is as proud as Lucifer. You cannot tell by a man's look. Perhaps he was not unscrupulous in business, for there are two sides to every story, and everybody that accomplishes anything for himself or others gets industriously lied about. Perhaps his business misfortune was not a punishment, but the fatherly discipline to prepare him for heaven, and God may love him far more than he loves you, who can pay dollar for dollar, and are put down in the commercial catalogues as A1. Whom the Lord loveth he gives four hundred thousand dollars and lets die on embroidered pillows? No; whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. Better keep your hand off the Lord's razors, lest they cut and wound people that do not deserve it. If you want to shave off some of the bristling pride of your own heart, do so; but be very careful how you put the sharp edge on others. How I do dislike the behavior of those persons who, when people are unfortunate, say: "I told you so — getting punished — served him right." If those I-told-you-so's got their desert they would long ago have been pitched over the battlements. The mote in their neighbor's eyes, so small that it takes a microscope to find it, gives them more trouble than the beam which obscures their own optics. With air sometimes supercilious and sometimes Pharisaical, and always blasphemous, they take the razor of divine judgment and sharpen it on the hone of their own hard hearts, and then go to work on men sprawled out at full length under disaster, cutting mercilessly. They begin by soft expressions of sympathy and pity and half praise, and lather the victim all over before they put on the sharp edge.

Let us be careful how we shoot at others lest we take down the wrong one, remembering the servant of King William Rufus who shot at a deer, but the

arrow glanced against a tree and killed the king. Instead of going out with shafts to pierce, and razors to cut, we had better imitate the friend of Richard Cœur de Lion. Richard, in the war of the Crusades, was captured and imprisoned, but none of his friends knew where, so his loyal friend went around the land from stronghold to stronghold, and sang at each window a snatch of song that Richard Cœur de Lion had taught him in other days. And one day coming before a jail where he suspected his king might be incarcerated, he sang two lines of song, and immediately King Richard responded from his cell with the other two lines, and so his whereabouts were discovered, and a successful movement was at once made for his liberation. So let us go up and down the world with the music of kind words and sympathetic hearts, serenading the unfortunate, and trying to get out of trouble men who had noble natures, but by unforeseen circumstances have been incarcerated, thus liberating kings. More hymn-book and less razor.

Especially ought we to be apologetic and merciful toward those who, while they have great faults, have also great virtues. Some people are barren of virtues. No weeds verily, but no flowers. I must not be too much enraged at a nettle along the fence if it be in a field containing forty acres of ripe Michigan wheat. At the present time naturalists tell us there is on the sun a spot twenty thousand miles long, but from the brightness and warmth I conclude it is a good deal of a sun still. The sun can afford to have a very large spot upon it, though it be twenty thousand miles long; and I am very apologetic for those men who have great faults, while at the same time they have magnificent virtues.

Again, when I read in my text that the Lord

shaves with the hired razor of Assyria the land of Judea, I think myself of the precision of God's providence. A razor swung the tenth part of an inch out of the right line means either failure or laceration, but God's dealings never slip, and they do not miss, by the thousandth part of an inch, the right direction. People talk as though things in this world were at loose ends. Cholera sweeps across Marseilles and Madrid and Palermo, and we watch anxiously. Will the epidemic sweep Europe and America? People say, "That will entirely depend on whether the inoculation is a successful experiment; that will depend entirely on quarantine regulations; that will depend on the early or late appearance of frost; that epidemic is pitched into the world, and it goes blundering across the continents, and it is all guesswork and an appalling perhaps." I think, perhaps, that God had something to do with it, and that his mercy may have in some way protected us; that he may have done as much for us as the quarantine and the health officers. It was right and a necessity that all caution should be used, but there has come enough macaroni from Italy, and enough grapes from the South of France, and enough rags from tatterdemalions, and hidden in these articles of transportation enough choleraic germs to have left by this time all Brooklyn mourning at Greenwood, and all Philadelphia at Laurel Hill, and all Boston at Mount Auburn. I thank all the doctors and quarantines, but more than all, and first of all, and last of all, and all the time, I thank God. In all the six thousand years of the world's existence there has not one thing merely "happened so." God is not an anarchist, but a King, a Father.

When little Tad, the son of President Lincoln, died, all the land sympathized with the sorrow in the

White House. He used to rush into the room where the Cabinet was in session, and while the most eminent men of the land were discussing the questions of national existence. But the child had no care about those questions. Now God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost are in perpetual session in regard to this world and kindred worlds. Shall you, his child, rush in to criticise or arraign or condemn the divine government? No; the Cabinet of the Eternal Three can govern and will govern in the wisest and best way, and there never will be a mistake, and like razor skillfully swung, shall cut that which ought to be cut, and avoid that which ought to be avoided. Precision to the very hairbreadth. Earthly time-pieces may get out of order and strike wrong, saying it is one o'clock when it is two, or two when it is three. God's clock is always right, and when it is one it strikes one, and when it is twelve it strikes twelve, and the second hand is as accurate as the minute hand.

Further, my text tells us that God sometimes shaves nations: "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired." With one sharp sweep he went across Judah and down went its pride and its power. In 1861 God shaved our nation. We had allowed to grow Sabbath desecration, and oppression, and blasphemy, and fraud, and impurity, and all sorts of turpitude. The South had its sins, and the North its sins, and the East its sins, and the West its sins. We had been warned again and again, and we did not heed. At length the sword of war cut from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from Atlantic seaboard to Pacific seaboard. The pride of the land, not the cowards, but the heroes, on both sides went down. And that which we took for the sword of war was the Lord's razor. In 1862, again,

it went across the land. In 1863 again. In 1864 again. Then the sharp instrument was encased and put away. Never in the history of the ages was any land more thoroughly shaved than during those four years of civil combat, and, my brethren, if we do not quit some of our individual and national sins, the Lord will again take us in hand. He has other razors within reach besides war; epidemics, droughts, deluges, plagues — grasshopper and locust — or our overtowering success may so far excite the jealousy of other lands that, under some pretext, the great nations of Europe and Asia may combine to put us down. This nation, so easily approached on North and South and from both oceans, might have on hand at once more hostilities than were ever arrayed against any one power.

I hope no such combination against us will ever be formed, but I want to show that, as Assyria was the hired razor against Judah, and Cyrus the hired razor against Babylon, and the Huns the hired razor against the Goths, there are now many razors that the Lord could hire if, because of our national sins, he should undertake to shave us. In 1870, Germany was the razor with which the Lord shaved France. Japan was the razor with which he shaved China, and America the razor with which he shaved arrogant, oppressive and Bible-hating Spain. But nations are to repent in a day. May a speedy and world-wide coming to God hinder on both sides the sea all national calamity. But do not let us, as a nation, either by unrighteous law at Washington, or bad lives among ourselves, defy the Almighty.

One would think that our national symbol of the eagle might sometimes suggest another eagle, that which ancient Rome carried. In the talons of that eagle were clutched at one time Britain, France,

Spain, Italy, Dalmatia, Rhactia, Noricum, Pannonia, Mœsia, Dacia, Thrace, Macedonia, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Phœnicia, Palestine, Egypt, and all Northern Africa, and all the islands of the Mediterranean, indeed, all the world that was worth having, a hundred and twenty millions of people under the wings of that one eagle. Where is she now? Ask Gibbon, the historian, in his prose poem, the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Ask her gigantic ruins, struggling their sadness through the ages, the screech owl at windows out of which world-wide conquerors looked. Ask the day of judgment, when her crowned debauchees, Commodus and Pertinax, and Caligula and Diocletian, shall answer for their infamy? As men and as nations let us repent, and have our trust in a pardoning God, rather than depend on former successes for immunity! Out of thirteen of the greatest battles of the world, Napoleon had lost but one before Waterloo. Pride and destruction often ride in the same saddle.

But notice once more, and more than all, in my text, that God is so kind and loving, and that when it is necessary for him to cut, he has to go to others for the sharp-edged weapon. "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired." God is love. God is pity. God is help. God is shelter. God is rescue. There are no sharp edges about him, no thrusting points, no instruments of laceration. If you want balm for wounds, he has that. If you want salve for divine eyesight, he has that. But if there is sharp and cutting work to do, which requires a razor, that he hires. God has nothing about him that hurts, save when dire necessity demands, and then he has to go clear off to some one else to get the instrument. This divine clemency will be no novelty to those who have pondered the Calvarean massacre,

where God submerged himself in human tears, and crimsoned himself from punctured arteries, and let the terrestrial and infernal words maul him until the chandeliers of the sky had to be turned out, because the universe could not endure the outrage. Illustrious for love he must have been to take all that as our substitute, paying out of his own heart the price of our admission at the gates of heaven.

King Henry II of England crowned his son as king, and on the day of coronation put on a servant's garb and waited, he, the king, at the son's table, to the astonishment of all the princes. But we know of a more wondrous scene, the King of heaven and earth offering to put on you, his child, the crown of life, and in the form of a servant waiting on you with blessing. Extol that love, all painting, all sculpture, all music, all architecture, all worship! In Dresdenian gallery let Raphael hold him up as a child, and in Antwerp Cathedral let Rubens hand him down from the cross as a martyr, and Handel make all his oratorio vibrate around that one chord — "He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquity." But not until all the redeemed get home, and from the countenances of all the galleries of the ransomed shall be revealed the wonders of redemption, shall either man or seraph or archangel know the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of the love of God.

At our national capital, a monument in honor of him who did more than any one to achieve our American independence, was for scores of years in building, and most of us were discouraged and said it never would be completed. And how glad we all were when in the presence of the highest officials of the nation, the work was done? But will the monument to him who died for the eternal liberation of the human race ever be completed? For ages the

work has been going up; evangelists and apostles and martyrs have been adding to the heavenly pile, and every one of the millions of the redeemed going up from earth has made to it contribution of gladness, and weight of glory is swung to the top of other weight of glory, higher and higher as the centuries go by, higher and higher as the whole millenniums roll, sapphire on the top of jasper, sardonyx on the top of chalcedony, and chrysoprasus above topaz, until, far beneath shall be the walls and towers and domes of our earthly capitol, a monument forever and forever rising, and yet never done: "Unto him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests forever." Allelujah, amen.

WONDERS OF DISASTER AND BLESSING

Joel, 2: 30: "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

WONDERS OF DISASTER AND BLESSING*

Joel, 2: 30: "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

Dr. Cumming — great and good man! — would have told us the exact time of the fulfillment of this prophecy. As I stepped into his study in London on my arrival from Paris just after the French had surrendered at Sedan, the good doctor said to me: "It is just as I told you about France: people laughed at me because I talked about the seven horns and the vials, but I foresaw all this from the Book of Daniel and the Book of Revelation." Not taking any such responsibility in the interpretation of the passage, I simply assert that there is in it suggestions of many things in our time.

Our eyes dilate and our heart quickens in its pulsations as we read of events in the third century, the sixth century, the eighth century, the fourteenth century, but there are more far-reaching events crowded into the nineteenth century than into any other, and the last quarter bids fair to eclipse the preceding three quarters. We read in the daily newspapers of events announced in one paragraph, and without any special emphasis — of events which a Herodotus, a Josephus, a Xenophon, a Gibbon, would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to elaborate. Looking out upon our time, we must cry out, in the words of the text: "Wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

I propose to show you that the time in which we live is wonderful for disaster and wonderful for

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blessing, for there must be lights and shades in this picture as in all others. Need I argue that our time is wonderful for disaster? Our world has had a rough time since by the hand of God it was bowled out into space. It is an epileptic earth; convulsion after convulsion; frosts pounding it with sledge-hammer of iceberg, and fires melting it with furnaces seven hundred times heated. It is a wonder to me it has lasted so long. Meteors shooting by on this side and grazing it, and meteors shooting by on the other side and grazing it, none of them slowing up for safety. Whole fleets and navies and argosies and flotillas of worlds sweeping all about us. Our earth like a fishing smack off the banks of Newfoundland, while the *Etruria* and the *Germanic* and the *Arizona* and the *New York* rush by. Besides that, our world has by sin been damaged in its internal machinery, and ever and anon the furnaces have burst, and the walking-beams of the mountains have broken, and the islands have shipped a sea, and the great hulk of the world has been jarred with accidents that ever and anon threatened immediate demolition. But it seems to us as if our century were especially characterized by disaster — volcanic, oceanic, epidemic. I say volcanic, because an earthquake is only a volcano hushed up. When Stromboli and Cotopaxi and Vesuvius stop breathing, let the foundations of the earth beware! Seven thousand earthquakes in two centuries recorded in the catalogue of the British Association! Trajan, the emperor, goes to ancient Antioch, and amid the splendors of his reception is met by an earthquake that nearly destroys the emperor's life. Lisbon, fair and beautiful at one o'clock on the 1st of November, 1755, in six minutes sixty thousand have perished; and Voltaire writes of them: "For that re-

gion it was the last judgment, nothing wanting but a trumpet!" Europe and America feeling the throb; one thousand five hundred chimneys in Boston partly or fully destroyed!

But the disasters of other centuries have had their counterpart in our own. In 1812 Caracas was caught in the grip of an earthquake; in 1882, in Chili, one hundred thousand square miles of land by volcanic force upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation; in 1854 Japan felt the geological agony; Naples shaken in 1857; Mexico in 1858; Mendoza, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; Manila terrorized in 1863; the Hawaiian islands by such force uplifted and let down in 1871: Nevada shaken in 1871; Antioch in 1872; California in 1872; San Salvador in 1873; while in 1883 what subterranean excitement! Ischia, an island of the Mediterranean, a beautiful Italian watering-place, vineyard-clad, surrounded by all natural charm and historical reminiscence; yonder, Capri, the summer resort of the Roman emperors; yonder, Naples, the paradise of art — this beautiful island suddenly toppled into the trough of the earth, eight thousand merry-makers perishing, and some of them so far down beneath the reach of human obsequies that it may be said of many a one of them, as it was said of Moses, "The Lord buried him." Italy, all Europe weeping, all Christendom weeping where there were hearts to sympathize and Christians to pray. But while the nations were measuring that magnitude of disaster, measuring it not with golden rod like that with which the angel measured heaven, but with the black rule of death, Java, of the Indian archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of the earthquake, and mountain after mountain goes down, and city after city, until that island,

which produces the healthiest beverage of all the world, has produced the ghastliest catastrophe of the century. One hundred thousand people dying, dying, dead, dead! Coming nearer home on August 31, 1886, the great earthquake which prostrated one-half of Charleston, South Carolina.

But look at the disasters cyclonic. At the mouth of the Ganges are three islands — the Hattiah, the Sundeep and the Dakin Shabazpore. In the midnight of October, 1877, on all those three islands, the cry was: "The waters!" A cyclone arose and rolled the sea over those three islands, and of a population of three hundred and forty thousand, two hundred and fifteen thousand were drowned. Only those saved who had climbed to the top of the highest trees! Did you ever see a cyclone? No? Then I pray God you may never see one. I saw a cyclone on the ocean, and it swept us eight hundred miles back from our course, and for thirty-six hours during the cyclone and after it, we expected every moment to go to the bottom. They told us before we retired at nine o'clock that the barometer had fallen, but at eleven o'clock at night we were awakened with the shock of the waves. All the lights out! Crash! went all the lifeboats. Waters rushing through the skylights down into the cabin, and down on the furnaces until they hissed and smoked in the deluge. Seven hundred people praying, blaspheming, shrieking. Our great ship poised a moment on the top of a mountain of phosphorescent fire, and then plunged down, down, down, until it seemed as if she never would again be righted. Ah! you never want to see a cyclone at sea.

But I was in Minnesota, where there was one of those cyclones on land that swept the city of Rochester from its foundations, and took dwelling-

houses, barns, men, women, children, horses, cattle, and tossed them into indiscriminate ruin, and lifted a rail-train and dashed it down, a mightier hand than that of engineer on the airbrake. Cyclone in Kansas, cyclone in Missouri, cyclone in Wisconsin, cyclone in Illinois, cyclone in Iowa! Satan, prince of the power of the air, never made such cyclonic disturbances as he has in our day. And am I not right in saying that one of the characteristics of the time in which we live is disaster cyclonic?

But look at the disasters oceanic. Shall I call the roll of the dead shipping? Ye monsters of the deep, answer when I call your names. The *Ville de Havre*, the *Schiller*, the *City of Boston*, the *Melville*, the *President*, the *Cimbria*, the *Oregon*, the *Mohegan*. But why should I go on calling the roll when none of them answer, and the roll is as long as the white scroll of the Atlantic surf at Cape Hatteras breakers! If the oceanic cables could report all the scattered life and all the bleached bones that they rub against in the ocean, what a message of pathos and tragedy for both beaches! In one storm eighty fishermen perished off the coast of Newfoundland, and whole fleets of them off the coast of England. God help the poor fellows at sea, and give high seats in heaven to the Grace Darlings and the Ida Lewises and the lifeboat men hovering around Goodwin Sands and the Skerries! The sea, owning three-fourths of the earth, proposes to capture the other fourth, and is bombarding the land all around the earth. The moving of our hotels at Brighton Beach backward one hundred yards from where they once stood, a type of what is going on all around the world and on every coast. The Dead Sea rolls to-day where ancient cities stood. Pillars of temples that stood on hills, geologists now find three-quarters under the

water or altogether submerged. The sea, having wrecked so many merchantmen and flotillas, wants to wreck the continents, and hence disasters oceanic.

Look at the disasters epidemic. I speak not of the plague in the fourth century that ravaged Europe, and in Moscow and the Neapolitan dominions and Marseilles wrought such terror in the eighteenth century, but I look at the yellow fevers, and the cholcras, and the diphtherias, and the scarlet fevers, and the typhoids of our time. Hear the wailing of Memphis and Shreveport and New Orleans and Jacksonville of the last few decades. From Hurdwar, India, where every twelfth year three million devotees congregate, the caravans brought the cholera, and that one disease slew eighteen thousand in eighteen days in Bossorah. Twelve thousand in one summer slain by it in India, and twenty-five thousand in Egypt. Disasters epidemic! Some of the finest monuments in Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn are to doctors who lost their lives battling with Southern epidemic.

But now I turn the leaf in my subject, and I plant the white lilies and the palm-tree amid the night-shade and the myrtle. This age no more characterized by wonders of disaster than by wonders of blessing. Blessing of longevity; the average of human life rapidly increasing. Forty years now worth four hundred years once. Now I can travel from Manitoba to New York in three days and three nights. In other times it would have taken three months. In other words, three days and three nights now are worth three months of other days. The average of human life practically greater now than when Noah lived his nine hundred and fifty years and Methuselah lived his nine hundred and sixty-nine years.

Blessings of intelligence: The Salmon P. Chases and the Abraham Lincolns and the Henry Wilsons of the coming time will not be required to learn to read by pine-knot lights, or seated on shoemaker's bench, nor will the Fergusons have to study astronomy while watching the cattle. Knowledge rolls its tides along every poor man's door, and his children may go down and bathe in them. If the philosophers of the last century were called up to recite in a class with our boys at the Polytechnic, or our girls at the Packer, those old philosophers would be sent down to the foot of the class, because they failed to answer the questions! Free libraries in all the important towns and cities of the land. Historical alcoves and poetical shelves and magazine tables for all that desire to walk through them, or sit down at them.

Blessings of quick information: Newspapers falling all around us thick as leaves in a September equinoctial. News three days old, rancid and stale. We see the whole world twice a day — through the newspaper at the breakfast-table, and through the newspaper at the tea-table, with an "extra" here and there between.

Blessing of Gospel proclamation: Do you not know that nearly all the missionary societies have been born in this century? and nearly all the Bible societies, and nearly all the great philanthropic movements? A secretary of one of the denominations said to me the other day in Dakota: "You were wrong when you said our denomination averaged a new church every day of the year; they have established nine in one week, so you are far within the truth." A clergyman of our denomination said: "I have just been out establishing five mission stations."

Christianity is on the march, while infidelity is dwindling into imbecility. While infidelity is thus

dwindling and dropping down into imbecility and indecency, the wheel of Christianity is making about a thousand revolutions in a minute. All the copies of Shakespeare and Tennyson and Disraeli, and of any ten of the most popular writers of the day, less in number than the copies of the Bible going out from our printing presses. A few years ago, in six weeks, more than two million copies of the New Testament purchased, not given away, but purchased because the world will have it. More Christian men in high official position to-day in Great Britain and in the United States than ever before. Stop that falsehood going through the newspapers — I have seen it in twenty — that the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are all infidels except one. By personal acquaintance I know three of them to be old-fashioned evangelical Christians, sitting at the holy sacrament of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I suppose that the majority of them are staunch believers in our Christian religion. And then hear the dying words of Judge Black, a man who had been attorney-general of the United States, and who had been secretary of the United States — no stronger lawyer of the century than Judge Black — dying, his aged wife kneeling by his side, and he uttering that sublime and tender prayer: "O Lord God, from whom I derived my existence, and in whom I have always trusted, take my spirit to thyself, and let thy richest blessing come down upon my Mary." The most popular book to-day is the Bible, and the mightiest institution is the Church, and the greatest name among the nations, and more honored than any, is the name of Jesus.

Wonders of self-sacrifice: A clergyman told me in the Northwest that for six years he was a mission-

ary at the extreme north, living four hundred miles from a post-office, and sometimes he slept out of doors in winter, the thermometer sixty and sixty-five degrees below zero, wrapped in rabbit-skins woven together. I said: "Is it possible? You do not mean sixty and sixty-five degrees below zero?" He said, "I do, and I was happy." All for Christ! Where is there any other being that will rally such enthusiasm? Mothers sewing their fingers off to educate their boys for the Gospel ministry. For nine years no luxury on the table until the course through grammar school and college and theological seminary be completed. Poor widow putting her mite into the Lord's treasury, the face of emperor or president impressed upon the coin not so conspicuous as the blood with which she earned it. Millions of good men and women, but more women than men, to whom Christ is everything. Christ first, and Christ last, and Christ forever.

Why, this age is not so characterized by invention and scientific exploration as it is by Gospel proclamation. You can get no idea of it unless you can ring all the church bells in one chime, and sound all the organs in one diapason, and gather all the congregations of Christendom in one Gloria in Excelsis. Mighty camp meetings! Mighty Ocean Groves! Mighty Chautauquas! Mighty conventions of Christian workers! Mighty general assemblies of the Presbyterian Church! Mighty conferences of the Methodist Church! Mighty associations of the Baptist Church! Mighty conventions of the Episcopal Church! I think, before long, the best investments will not be in railroad stock or Western Union, but in trumpets and cymbals and festal decorations, for we are on the eve of victories wide and world-uplifting. There may be many years of hard work

yet before the consummation, but the signs are to me so encouraging that I would not be unbelieving if I saw the wing of the apocalyptic angel spread for its last triumphal flight in this day's sunset, or if to-morrow morning the ocean cables should thrill us with the news that Christ the Lord had alighted on Mount Olivet to proclaim universal dominion.

O you dead churches, wake up! Throw back the shutters of stiff ecclesiasticism, and let the light of the spring morning come in! Morning for the land! Morning for the sea! Morning of emancipation! Morning of light and love and peace! Morning of a day in which there shall be no chains to break, no sorrows to assuage, no despotism to shatter, no woes to compassionate. O Christ, descend! Scarred temple, take the crown! Bruised hand, take the sceptre! Wounded foot, step the throne! "Thine is the kingdom."

These things I say because I want you to be alert. I want you to be watching all these wonders unrolling from the heavens and the earth. God has classified, whether calamitous or pleasing. The divine purposes are harnessed in traces that cannot break, and in girths that cannot slip, and in buckles that cannot loosen, and are driven by reins they must answer. I preach no fatalism. A swarthy engineer at one of the depots in Dakota said: "When will you get on the locomotive, and take a ride with us?" "Well," I said, "now, if that suits you?" So I got on one side of the locomotive, and a Methodist minister, who was also invited, got on the other side, and between us were the engineer and the stoker. The train started. The engineer had his hand on the agitated pulse of the great engine. The stoker shoveled in the coal, and shut the door with a loud clang. A vast plain slipped under us, and the hills

swept by, and that great monster on which we rode trembled and bounded and snorted and raged as it hurled us on. I said to the Methodist minister on the other side of the locomotive: "My brother, why should Presbyterians and Methodists quarrel about the decrees and free agency? You see that track, that firm track, that iron track; that is the decree. You see this engineer's arm; that is free agency. How beautifully they work together. They are going to take us through. We could not do without the track, and we could not do without the engineer." So I rejoice day by day. Work for all to do, and we may turn the crank of the Christian machinery this way or that, for we are free agents; but there is the track laid so long ago no one remembers it, laid by the hand of Almighty God in sockets that no terrestrial or satanic pressure can ever affect. And along that track the car of the world's redemption will roll and roll to the Grand Central depot of the millennium. I have no anxiety about the track. I am only afraid that for our indolence God will discharge us and get some other stoker and some other engineer. The train is going through with us or without us. So, my brethren, watch all the events that are going by. If things seem to turn out right, give wings to your joy. If things seem to turn out wrong, throw out the anchor of faith, and hold fast.

There is a house in London where Peter the Great of Russia lived a while when he was moving through the land incognito and in workman's dress, that he might learn the ship-carpentry by which he could supply the needs of his people. A stranger was visiting at that house recently, and saw in a dark attic an old box, and he said to the owner of the house: "What's in the box?" The owner said: "I don't know; that box was there when I got the

house, and it was there when my father got it. We haven't had any curiosity to look at it; I guess there's nothing in it." "Well," said the stranger, "I'll give you two pounds for it." "Well, done." The two pounds are paid, and recently the contents of that box were sold to the Czar of Russia for fifty thousand dollars. In it the lathing machine of Peter the Great, his private letters, and documents of value beyond all monetary consideration. And here are the events that seem very insignificant and unimportant, but they incase treasures of Divine Providence and eternities of meaning which after a while God will demonstrate before the ages as being of stupendous value.

When Titans play quoits they pitch mountains; but who owns these gigantic forces you have been reading about the last two months? Whose hand is on the throttle-valve of the volcanoes? Whose foot, suddenly planted on the footstool, makes the continents quiver? God! God! He looked upon the mountains, and they tremble. He toucheth the hills, and they smoke. God! God! I must be at peace with him. Through the Lord Jesus Christ this God is mine and he is yours. I put the earthquake that shook Palestine at the crucifixion against all the down rockings of the centuries. This God on our side, we may challenge all the centuries of time and all the cycles of eternity.

Those of us who are in mid-life may well thank God that we have seen so many wondrous things; but there are people alive to-day who may live to see the shimmering veil between the material and the spiritual world lifted. Magnetism, a word with which we cover up our ignorance, will yet be an explored realm. Electricity, the fiery courser of the sky, that Benjamin Franklin lassoed, and Morse and Bell and Edison have tried to control, will become

completely manageable, and locomotion will be swiftened, and a world of practical knowledge thrown in upon the race. Whether we depart in this century, or whether we see the open gates of a more wonderful century, we will see these things. It does not make much difference where we stand, but the higher the standpoint the larger the prospect. We will see them from heaven if we do not see them from earth.

I was at Fire Island, Long Island, and I went up in the cupola from which they telegraph to New York the approach of vessels hours before they come into port. There is an opening in the wall, and the operator puts his telescope through that opening and looks out and sees vessels far out at sea. While I was talking with him, he went up and looked out. He said: "We are expecting the *Arizona* to-night." I said: "Is it possible you know all those vessels? Do you know them as you know a man's face" He said: "Yes; I never make a mistake; before I see the hulls, I often know them by the masts; I know them all; I have watched them so long." Oh, what a grand thing it is to have ships telegraphed and heralded long before they come to port, that friends may come down to the wharf and welcome their long-absent loved ones! So to-day we take our stand in the watch-tower, and we look off, and through the glass of inspiration we look off and see a whole fleet of ships coming in. That is the ship of peace, flag with one star of Bethlehem floating above the top-gallants. That is the ship of the Church, mark of salt wave high up on the smoke-stack, showing she has had rough weather, but the Captain of salvation commands her and all is well with her. The ship of Heaven, mightiest craft ever launched, millions of passengers waiting for millions more, prophets and apostles and martyrs in the

cabin, conquerors at the foot of the mast, while from the rigging hands are waving this way as if they knew us, and we wave back again, for they are ours; they went out from our own households. Ours! Hail! Hail! Put off the black, and put on the white. Stop tolling the funeral bell and ring the wedding anthem. Shut up the hearse and take the chariot. Now, the ship comes around the great headland. Soon she will strike the wharf and we will go aboard her. Tears for ships going out. Laughter for ships coming in. Now she touches the wharf. Throw on the planks. Block not up that gangway with embracing long-lost friends, for you will have eternity of reunion. Stand back and give way until other millions come on! Farewell to sin! Farewell to struggle! Farewell to sickness! Farewell to death! All aboard for Heaven!

THE HORNET'S MISSION

Deut., 7: 20: "The Lord thy God will send the hornet."

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It seems as if the insectile world were determined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grain fields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato-beetle, seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's ark as the door was opened.

In my text, the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree-branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and twenty of them alighting on one man will produce certain death.

The Persians attempted to conquer a Persian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up, and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. The Lord sent the hornet.

My friends, when we are assaulted by great Be-

hemoths of trouble, we become chivalric, and we assault them; we get on the high-mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and, if God be with us, we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But, alas, for these insectile annoyances of life — these foes too small to shoot — these things without any avoirdupois weight — the gnats and the midges and the flies and the wasps and the hornets! In other words, it is the small stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best-conditioned life, for some grand and glorious purpose God has sent the hornet.

I remark, in the first place, that these small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a nervous organization. People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy; but who pities anybody that is nervous? The doctors say, and the family say, and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a little nervous; that's all!" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of ten thousand annoyances, opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor physical health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken

of in the text or in the context — they have a very thin covering, and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin, and retail it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh, too — outside.

These people are brought to our attention in the Bible in the Book of Ruth. Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest of worldly prospects, into another land; but, after a while, she came back widowed and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city? They all went out, and, instead of giving her common-sense consolation, what did they do? Read the Book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said, "Is this Naomi?" as much as to stay, "How awful bad you do look!" When I entered the ministry I looked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, many times a year I was asked if I had not consumption; and, passing through the room, I would sometimes hear people sigh and say, "A-ah! not long for this world!" I resolved in those times that I never, in any conversation, would say anything depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the

resolution. These people of whom I speak reap and bind in the great harvest-field of discouragement. Some day you greet them with a hilarious "Good morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing information. "The Lord sent the hornet."

It is astonishing how some people prefer to write and to say disagreeable things. That was the case when Henry M. Stanley returned after his magnificent exploit of finding David Livingstone. When Mr. Stanley stood before the savants of Europe, and many of the small critics of the day, under pretense of getting geographical information, put to him most insolent question, he folded his arms and refused to answer. At the very time when you would suppose all decent men would have applauded the heroism of the man, there were those to hiss. "The Lord sent the hornet." And when afterward that man sat down on the western coast of Africa, sick and worn out, with, perhaps, the grandest achievement of the age in the way of geographical discovery, there were small critics all over the world to buzz and buzz, and caricature and deride him, and when, after a while, he got the London papers, as he opened them out flew the hornet. When I see that there are so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things, and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery stable, and the hostler, a plain man, said to me: "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday." I said, "Yes." He said: "No use, no use; man's a failure."

The small insect annoyances of life sometimes come in the shape of local physical trouble, which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which

bothers you when you want to feel the best. Perhaps it is a sick headache which has been the plague of your life, and you appoint some occasion of mirth, or sociality, or usefulness, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appearance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead, in the shape of a neuralgic twinge. Nobody can see it or sympathize with it; but just at the time when you want your intellect clearest, and your disposition brightest, you feel a sharp, keen, disconcerting thrust. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service, and to keep it, is one of the great questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogance and inconsiderateness of employers, but, whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances, and say: "Oh, these home troubles are very little things!" They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung, when she rushed in, asking Christ to scold Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through the 24th of September, 1869, the panics of 1873 and of 1893, without losing their balance, who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances — a clerk's ill manners, or a blot of ink on

a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store-confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment, but you wanted to please somebody else.

It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics come only once in ten or twenty years. It is the constant din of these every-day annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant; but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

I have noticed in the history of some of my congregation that their annoyances are multiplying, and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of twenty thousand wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God to-day, I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalists tell us they are very important in the world's economy; they kill spiders, and they clear the atmosphere; and I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul, and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to wake us up from our lethargy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the hollow tree sends the

hornet, or we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to cultivate our patience. In the gymnasium, you find upright parallel bars with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each hand and he begins to climb, one inch at a time, or two inches, and getting his strength cultivated, reaches after a while the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worriment a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultivated in fair weather. Patience is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable, and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to cultivate it is when you are lied about, and sick and half dead.

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well-to-do man I would be patient, too." You might as well say, "If it were not for this water I would swim;" or, "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the cartridge." When you stand chin-deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to "know Christ and the power of his resurrection, and to have fellowship with his sufferings."

Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is, whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken, or his eyesight put out, or some other

awful calamity befalls him; while the vast majority of people take the thing piecemeal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course in piecemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw; better ten fly-blisters than an amputation; better twenty squalls than one cyclone. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy and homœopathy; but in this matter of trouble I like homœopathic doses — small pellets of annoyance rather than some knock-down dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt give us the hornet. If you have a bank, you would a great deal rather that fifty men would come in with cheques less than a hundred dollars than to have two depositors come in the same day, each wanting his ten thousand dollars. In this latter case you cough and look down to the floor, and you look up at the ceiling, before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all-staggering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally require you to trust in Christ for succor, and for deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town, and threatened the lives of the population; and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him — followed him to the banks of the Weser, and then he blew a blast and they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course, this is a fable; but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the Gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrow-

ing annoyances of your life, and play them down into the depths forever.

How many touches did Mr. Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi," or his "Heart of the Andes?" I suppose about fifty thousand touches. I hear the canvas saying, "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says Mr. Church, "I know how to make a painting; it will take fifty thousand of these touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is these ten thousand annoyances which, under God, are making up the picture of your life, to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven, fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

I go into a sculptor's studio, and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke — click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way; I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiselling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come, and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no; God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men.

You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you

than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain-field sooner than the incursions of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances, that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting, and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of store-houses. Catherine de Medici got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny-nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Our national government, when it wanted money, did not think it belittling to put a tax on pins, and a tax on buckles, and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, oh Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much, in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle; and if you have the grace of God in your heart, you can get

sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy.

A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. The earth has been strewed with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun, or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying: "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish; wait until there comes a general engagement, and then you will see how courageous I am, and what battling I will do?" The general would say to such a man, "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large scale. If I had my way with you I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you each one a garden — a river flowing through it, geraniums and shrubs on the sides, and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid mansion, and the bed should be covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statues and statuettes, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and amethysts. Then you should each one of you have the finest horses, and your pick of the equipages of the world. Then I would have you live a hundred and fifty years, and

you should not have a pain or ache until the last breath. "Not each one of us?" you say. Yes; each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes; the only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls, and a little extra embroidery on their slippers. But, you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah! I bethink myself. He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vestibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven, that great gallery of the universe toward which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world, or we would want no heaven.

Polycarp was condemned to be burned to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it. The faggots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the poniard; the flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense, and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfill to you the blessing and the promises, as he did to Polycarp. "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand; but you shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.

CORN HUSKING TIME

Job, 5: 26: "As a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

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Going at the rate of forty miles the hour last Wednesday, I caught this sermon. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or in any of the country districts, you know that the corn is all cut. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields, until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock. It is estimated that there are now at least two billion bushels of corn either standing in the shock, or, having been already husked. In the latter part of this month or next month, the farmers will gather, one day on one farm, and then another day on another farm, and they will put on their rough husking apron, and they will take the husking peg — which is a piece of iron with a leathern loop fastened to the hand — and with it unsheath the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagon will come along and take it to the corn crib.

How vividly, to all those of us who were born in the country, comes the remembrance of the old-fashioned husking time! We waited for it as for a gala day of the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came

through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts which had silvered everything during the night, began to melt off the top of the corn shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others, they stood blowing their breath through their fingers, or thresh-ing their arms around their body to keep up warmth of circulation. Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready, now! The men take hold the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth, attempt escape. The withe of straw is unwound from the corn shock and the stalks heavy with the wealth of grain are rolled into two bundles between which the husker sits down. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the fingers rip off the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk, and the grain disimprisoned is hurled up into the sunlight.

The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe, that some laugh, and some shout, and some sing, and some banter, and some tease a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods in an eventide, in a carriage that holds but two, and some prophesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn shocks before sundown.

After a while, the dinner horn sounds from the farmhouse, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and there is carnival and neighborhood reunion, and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles but more with tears, as we remember

that the farm belongs now to other owners, and other hands gather in the fields, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been reaped " like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the Orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields; but recent discoveries have proved that the Hebrew knew all about Indian maize, for there have been grains of the corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio; so I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it, just as you and I threw it, just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls, while we think of coming in at last " like a shock of corn coming in in his season."

It is high time that the King of Terrors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of redolence and perpetual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to roseate June. It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of earthly incarceration into the diamonded wristlets of a bridal party; or to use the suggestion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in " like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Christ broke up a funeral procession at

the gate of Nain by making a resurrection day for a young man and his mother. And I would that I could break up your sadnesses and halt the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view of the last transition.

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence. Frost on the stubble. Frost on the ground. Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide between the corn-stacks so as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the cheek, and how benumbed were the hands. But after a while the sun was high up and all the frosts went out of the air, and hilarities awakened the echoes and joy from one corn-shock went up, "Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn-shock, "Aha, aha!" So we all realize that the death of our friends is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind. It comes out of the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of Heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle as he clapped his hands, "light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Of course, the husking time made rough work

with the ear of corn. The husking peg had to be thrust in and the hard thumb of the husker had to come down on the swathing of the ear, and then there was a pull and there was a ruthless tearing and then a complete snapping off before the corn was free, and if the husk could have spoken it would have said, "Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me?" Ah! my friends, that is the way God has arranged that the ear and the husk shall part, and that is the way he has arranged that the body and the soul shall separate. You can afford to have your physical distresses when you know that they are only forwarding the soul's liberation. Every rheumatic pain is only a plunge of the husking peg. Every neuralgic twinge is only a twist by the husker. There is gold in you that must come out. Some way the shackle must be broken. Some way the ship must be launched for heavenly voyage. You must let the Heavenly Husbandman husk off the mortality from the immortality.

There ought to be great consolation in this for all who have chronic ailments, since the Lord is gradually and more mildly taking away from you that which hinders your soul's liberation, doing gradually for you what for many of us in robust health perhaps he will do in one fell blow at the last. At the close of every illness, at the close of every paroxysm you ought to say, "Thank God, that is all past now; thank God, I will never have to suffer that again; thank God, I am so much nearer the hour of liberation." You will never suffer the same pain twice. You may have a new pain in an old place, but never the same pain twice. The pain does its work and then it dies. Just so many plunges of the crowbar to free the quarry stone for the building. Just so many strokes of the chisel to complete the statue. Just so many

pangs to separate the soul from the body. You who have chronic ailments and disorders, are only paying in installments that which some of us will have to pay in one payment when we pay the debt of nature. Thank God, therefore, ye who have chronic disorders, that you have so much less suffering at the last. Thank God, that you will have so much less to feel in the way of pain at the hands of the Heavenly Husbandman when "the shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer: Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you will find a man who is perfectly useless going about with easy digestion and steady nerves and robust health, and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husking peg was thrust into the corn and then there must be a stout pull before the swathing was taken off of the ear and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was released; while on the other hand there was corn that hardly seemed worth husking. We threw that into a place all by itself and we called it "nubbins." Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mice nibbled, and some of it was great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven up to the barn we came around with the corn basket and we picked up these nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around us there are people who amount to nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and nibbled on the

other side by the devil, and mildewed all over. Great promise and no fulfilment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will get to heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of our God. Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life — who would not rather be torn, and wounded, and lacerated, and wrenched, and husked and at last go in amid the very best grain of the granary, than to be pronounced not worth husking at all? Nubbins! In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body, and distress in business and distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory, it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you, or the Lord would not have husked you.

You remember also, that in the time of husking it was a neighborhood reunion. By the great fireplace in the winter, the fires roaring around the glorified back logs on an old-fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and registers are only the degenerate descendants, the farmers used to gather and spend the evening, and there would be much sociality; but it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they came in the very best humor, and they came from beyond the meadow, and they came from beyond the brook, and they came from regions two and three miles around. Good spirit reigned supreme, and there were great handshakings, and there was carnival, and there was the recital of the brightest experiences in all their lives, and there was a neighborhood reunion the memory of which makes all the nerves

of my body tremble with emotion as the strings of a harp when the fingers of the player have swept the chords. The husking time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so heaven will be just that. There they come up! They slept in the old village churchyard. There they come up! They reclined amid the fountains and the sculpture and the parterres of a city cemetery. There they come up! They went down when the ship foundered off Cape Hatteras. They come up from all sides — from Potter's Field and out of the solid masonry of Westminster Abbey. They come up! They come up! All the hindrances to their better nature husked off. All their physical ailments husked off. All their spiritual despondencies husked off. All their hindrances to usefulness husked off. The grain, the golden grain, the God-fashioned grain, visible and conspicuous. Some of them on earth were such disagreeable Christians you could hardly stand it in their presence. Now, in heaven, they are so radiant you hardly know them. The fact is, all their imperfections have been husked off. They did not mean on earth to be disagreeable. They meant well enough, but they told you how sick you looked, and they told you how many hard things they had heard about you, and they told you how often they had to stand up for you in some battles until you wished almost that they had been slain in some of the battles. Good, pious, consecrated, well-meaning disagreeables. Now, in heaven all their offensiveness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven one great neighborhood reunion. All kings and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all banqueters. God, the Father, with his children all around him. No "good-bye" in all the air. No grave cut in all the hills. River of crystal rolling

over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysoprasas, into seas of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain come in; out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing and the ripping and the twisting and the wrenching and the lacerating and the husking time of earth into the wide open door of the King's granary, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Yes, heaven will be a great sociable, with joy like the joy of the husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to some one that is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No bolting of the door of caste at one heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner whispering about a clique in another corner. David taking none of the airs of a giant-killer. Joshua making no one halt until he passes, because he made the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumptions over the most ordinary preacher of righteousness. Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more honored than the captive maid who told him where he could get a good doctor. The humblest man a king. The poorest woman a queen. The meanest house a palace. The shortest lifetime eternity. And what is more strange about it all, is, we may all get there. "Not I," says some one standing back under the galleries. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has not been in church in fifteen years before. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has been for fifty years filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes, you. There are monopolies on earth, monopolistic railroads, and monopolistic telegraph companies, and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopoly in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved, "without money and

without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people.

Of course, use common sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking ship for Portland, and you cannot get to heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in.

"But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernal society, if I should reach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at one corn-shock a farmer would be at work who owned two hundred acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn-shock owned but thirty acres of ground, and perhaps all that covered by a mortgage. That evening, at the close of the husking day, one man drove home a roan span so frisky, so full of life, they got their feet over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, great difference in worldly means; but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy one another's society. They did not ask any man how much property he owned, or what his education had been. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times. And so it will be in heaven. Our Father will gather his children around him, and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle and we will all praise the grace that brought him out of it. And some one will say, "Here is my old father that I put away with heartbreak; just look at him, he is as young as any of us!" And some one will say, "Here is my darling child

that I buried in Greenwood, and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation — just look at her! She does not seem as if she had been sick a minute." Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness. Go in and dine. What though John Milton sit down on one side of you and John Howard sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. What though Charlotte Elizabeth sit down on one side and Hannah More sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. A monarch yourself, why be embarrassed among monarchs? A songster yourself, why be embarrassed amid glorified songsters? Go in and dine.

All the shocks of corn coming in in their season. Not one of you having died too soon, or having died too late, or having died at haphazard. Planted at just the right time. Plowed at just the right time. Cut down at just the right time. Husked at just the right time. Garnered at just the right time. Coming in in your season. Oh, I wish that the two billion bushels of corn now in the fields or on the way to the seaboard might be a type of the grand yield of honor and glory and immortality, when all the shocks come in.

I do not know how you are constituted, but I am so constituted that there is nothing that so awakens reminiscences in me as the odors of a cornfield, when I cross it at this time of year, after the corn has been cut and it stands in shocks. And so I have thought it might be practically useful for us to-day to cross the cornfield, and I have thought perhaps, there might be some reminiscence roused in our soul that might be salutary and might be saving.

In Sweden, a prima donna, while her house in the city was being repaired, took a house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her

great array of jewels to show a friend who wished to see them. One night after displaying these jewels, and leaving them on the table, and all her friends had gone, and the servants had gone — one summer night — she sat thinking and looking into a mirror just in front of her chair, when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at the window behind her and gazing at those jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and hardly knowing why she did so she began to sing an old nursery song, her fears making the pathos of the song more telling. Suddenly she noticed while looking at the mirror that the robber's face had gone from the window, and it did not come back. A few days after the prima donna received a letter from the robber saying: "I heard that the jewels were to be out that night, and I came to take them, at whatever hazard; but when I heard you sing that nursery song with which my mother so often sang me to sleep, I could not stand it and I fled, and I have resolved upon a new and an honest life." There are jewels in peril richer than those which lay upon that table that night. They are the jewels of the immortal soul. Would God that some song, rolling up out of the deserted nursery of your childhood, or some song rolling up out of the cornfields, the song of the huskers twenty or forty years ago, might turn all our feet out of the paths of sin into the paths of righteousness. Would God that those memories wafted in on odor or song might start us this moment with swift feet toward that blessed place where so many of our loved ones have already preceded us, "as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

DECORATION OF THE SOUL

Luke, 15: 22: "Put a ring on his hand."

DECORATION OF THE SOUL

Luke, 15: 22: "Put a ring on his hand."

There is no need that I rehearse the familiar story of the fast young man of the parable. You know what a splendid home he left. You know what a hard time he had. And you remember how, after that season of vagabondage and prodigality, he resolved to go and weep out his sorrows on the bosom of parental forgiveness. Well, there is great excitement one day in front of the door of the old farmhouse. The servants come rushing up and say: "What's the matter?" But before they quite arrive, the old man cries out: "Put a ring on his hand." What a seeming absurdity! What can such a wretched mendicant as this fellow that is tramping on toward the house want with a ring? Oh, he is the prodigal son. No more tending of the swine-trough; no more longing for the pods of the carob-tree; no more blistered feet. Off with the rags! On with the robe! Out with the ring! Even so does God receive every one of us when we come back. There are gold rings and pearl rings and carnelian rings and diamond rings; but the richest ring that ever flashed on the vision is that which our Father puts upon a forgiven soul.

I know that the impression is abroad among some people that religion bemeans and belittles a man; that it takes all the sparkle out of his soul; that he has to exchange a roystering independence for an ecclesiastical strait-jacket. Not so. When a man becomes a Christian, he does not go down; he starts upward.

Religion multiplies one by ten thousand. Nay, the multiplier is an infinity. It is not a blotting out; it is a polishing; it is an arborescence; it is an efflorescence; it is an irradiation. When a man comes into the kingdom of God he is not sent into a menial service, but the Lord God Almighty from the palaces of heaven calls upon the messenger angels that wait upon the throne to fly and "put a ring on his hand." In Christ are the largest liberty and brightest joy and highest honor and richest adornment.

I remark, in the first place, that when Christ receives a soul into his love he puts upon him the ring of adoption. In my church in Philadelphia there came the representative of a benevolent society in New York. He brought with him eight or ten children of the street, that he had picked up; and he was trying to find for them Christian homes; and as the little ones stood on the pulpit and sang, our hearts melted within us. At the close of the services a great-hearted, wealthy man came up and said: "I'll take this little bright-eyed girl, and I'll adopt her as one of my own children;" and he took her by the hand, lifted her into the carriage, and went away. The next day, while we were in the church, gathering up garments for the poor of New York, this little child came back with a bundle under her arm, and she said: "There's my old dress; perhaps some of the poor children would like to have it," while she herself was in bright and beautiful array; and those who more closely examined her, said that she had a ring on her hand. It was a ring of adoption.

There are a great many persons who pride themselves on their ancestry, and they glory over the royal blood that pours through their arteries. In their line there was a lord or a duke or a prime minister or a king. But when the Lord, our Father, puts upon us

the ring of his adoption, we become the children of the Ruler of all nations. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." It matters not how poor our garments may be in this world, or how scant our bread, or how mean the hut we live in; if we have that ring of Christ's adoption upon our hand, we are assured of eternal defenses. Adopted! Why, then, we are brothers and sisters to all the good of earth and heaven. We have the family name, the family dress, the family keys, the family wardrobe. The Father looks after us, robes us, defends us, blesses us. We have royal blood in our veins, and there are crowns in our line. If we are his children, then princes and princesses. It is only a question of time when we get our coronet. Adopted! Then we have the family secrets. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Adopted! Then we have the family inheritance; in the day when our Father shall divide the riches of heaven, we shall take our share of the mansions and palaces and temples. Henceforth let us boast no more of an earthly ancestry. The insignia of eternal glory are our coat of arms. This ring of adoption puts upon us all honor and all privilege. Now we can take the words of Charles Wesley, that prince of hymn-makers, and sing:

Come, let us join our friends above,
  Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
  To joy celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
  With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
  In heaven and earth are one.

I have been told that when any of the members of any of the great secret societies of this country are in a distant city and are in any kind of trouble and are set upon by enemies, they have only to give a certain signal and the members of that organization will flock around for defense. And when any man belongs to this great Christian brotherhood, if he gets in trouble, in trial, in persecution, in temptation, he has only to show this ring of Christ's adoption, and all the armed cohorts of heaven will come to his rescue.

Still further, when Christ takes a soul into his love he puts upon it a marriage ring. The Lord declares: "I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness and in judgment and in loving kindness and in mercies." At the wedding altar the bridegroom puts a ring upon the hand of the bride, signifying love and faithfulness. Trouble may come upon the household, and the carpets may go, the pictures may go, the piano may go, everything else may go—the last that goes is that marriage ring, for it is considered sacred. In the burial hour it is withdrawn from the hand and kept in a casket, and sometimes the box is opened on an anniversary day, and as you look at that ring you see under its arch a long procession of precious memories. Within the golden circle of that ring there is room for a thousand sweet recollections to revolve, and you think of the great contrast between the hour when, at the close of the wedding march, under the flashing lights and amid the aroma of orange-blossoms, you set that ring on the round finger of the plump hand; and that other hour when, at the close of the exhaustive watching, when you knew that the soul had fled, you took from the hand, which gave back no responsive clasp, from that emaciated finger, the ring that she had worn so long and worn so well. On

some anniversary day you take up that ring, and you repolish it until all the old lustre comes back, and you can see in it the flash of eyes that long ago ceased to weep. Oh, it is not an unmeaning thing when I tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his keeping he puts on it a marriage ring. He endows you from that moment with all his wealth. You are one—Christ and the soul—one in sympathy, one in affection, one in hope. There is no power in earth or hell to effect a divorcement after Christ and the soul are united. Other kings have turned out their companions when they got weary of them, and sent them adrift from the palace gate. Ahasuerus banished Vashti; Napoleon forsook Josephine; but Christ is the husband that is true forever. Having loved you once, he loves you to the end. Did they not try to divorce Margaret, the Scotch girl, from Jesus? They said: "You must give up your religion." She said: "I cannot give up my religion." And so they took her down to the beach of the sea, and they drove in a stake at low-water mark and they fastened her to it, expecting that as the tide came up her faith would fail. The tide began to rise, and came up higher and higher, and to the girdle, and to the lip, and in the last moment, just as the wave was washing her soul into glory, she shouted the praises of Jesus. Oh, no; you cannot separate a soul from Christ. It is an everlasting marriage. Battle and storm and darkness cannot do it. Is it too much exultation for a man, who is but dust and ashes like myself, to cry out to-day: "I am persuaded that neither height nor depth nor principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come nor any other creature shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, my Lord"? Glory be to God that when Christ and the soul are married they are bound by a chain—

a golden chain, if I might say so—a chain with one link, and that one link the golden ring of God's everlasting love.

I go a step further, and tell you that when Christ receives a soul he puts on him the ring of festivity. You know that it has been the custom in all ages to bestow rings on very happy occasions. There is nothing more appropriate for a birthday gift than a ring. You delight to bestow such a gift upon your children at such a time. It means joy, hilarity, festivity. Well, when this old man of the text wanted to tell how glad he was that his boy had got back, he expressed it in this way. Actually, before he ordered sandals to be put on his bare feet; before he ordered the fatted calf to be killed to appease the boy's hunger, he commanded: "Put a ring on his hand." So it is a merry time when Christ and the soul are united! Joy of forgiveness! What a splendid thing it is to feel that all is right between God and my soul! What a glorious thing it is to have God just take up all the sins of my life and put them in one bundle, and then fling them into the depths of the sea; never to rise again, never to be talked of again! Pollution all gone. Darkness all illumined. God reconciled. The prodigal home! "Put a ring on his hand!"

Every day I find happy Christian people. I find some of them with no second coat, and yet they are as happy as happy can be. They sing "Rock of Ages" as no other people in the world sing it. They never wore any jewelry in their life but one gold ring, and that was the ring of God's undying affection. True religion is joy. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Why, religion lightens all our burdens. It smooths all our way. It interprets all our sorrows. It changes the jar of earthly discord for the peal of festal bells. In front of the flaming

furnace of trial it sets the forge on which sceptres are hammered out. Would you not like to-day to come up from the swine-feeding and try this religion? All the joys of heaven would come out to meet you, and God would cry from the throne: "Put a ring on his hand."

You are not happy. I see it. There is no peace, and sometimes you laugh when you feel a great deal more like crying. The world is a cheat. It first wears you down with its follies, then it kicks you out into darkness. It comes back from the massacre of a million souls to attempt the destruction of your soul to-day. No peace out of God, but here is the fountain that can slake the thirst. Here is the harbor where you can drop safe anchorage.

Would you not like, I ask you—not perfunctorily, but as one brother might talk to another—would you not like to have a pillow of rest to put your head on? And would you not like, when you retire at night, to feel that all is well, whether you wake up to-morrow morning at six o'clock, or sleep the sleep that knows no waking? Would you not like to change this awful uncertainty about the future for a glorious assurance of heaven? Accept of the Lord Jesus to-day, and all is well. If on your way home some peril should cross the street and dash your life out, it would not hurt you. You would rise up immediately. You would stand in the celestial streets. You would be amid the great throng that forever worship and are forever happy. If this day some sudden disease should come upon you, it would not frighten you. If you knew you were going, you could give a calm farewell to your beautiful home on earth, and know that you are going right into the companionship of those who have already got beyond the toiling and the weeping.

You feel on Saturday night different from the way

you feel any other night of the week. You come home from the bank or the store or the shop and you say: "Well, now my week's work is done, and to-morrow is Sunday." It is a pleasant thought. There is refreshment and reconstruction in the very idea. Oh, how pleasant it will be if, when we get through the day of our life and we go and lie down in our bed of dust, we can realize: "Well, now the work is all done, and to-morrow is Sunday—an everlasting Sunday."

Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

There are people to-day who are very near the eternal world. If you are Christians, I bid you be of good cheer. Bear with you our congratulations to the bright city. Aged men, who will soon be gone, take with you our love for our kindred in the better land; and when you see them, tell them that we are soon coming. Only a few more sermons to preach and hear. Only a few more heart-aches. Only a few more toils. Only a few more tears. And then, what an entrancing spectacle will open before us!

Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains, that never tire;
Beautiful harps, through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

I approach you now with a general invitation, not picking out here and there a man or here and there a woman or here and there a child; but giving you an unlimited invitation, saying: "Come, for all things

are now ready." We invite you to the warm heart of Christ, and the inclosure of the Christian Church. I know a great many think that the Church does not amount to much; that it is obsolete; that it did its work and is dead now, so far as all usefulness is concerned. It is the happiest place I have ever been in, except my own home. I know there are some people who say they are Christians, who seem to get along without any help from others, and who cultivate solitary piety. They do not want any ordinances. I do not belong to that class. I cannot get along without them. There are so many things in this world that take my attention from God and Christ and heaven, that I want all the helps of all the symbols and of all the Christian associations; and I want around about me a solid phalanx of men who love God and keep his commandments. Are there any here who would like to enter into that association? Then by a simple, child-like faith, apply for admission into the visible church, and you will be received. No questions asked about your past history or present surroundings. Only one test—do you love Christ, and do you trust him for your eternal salvation? Baptism does not amount to anything, say a great many people; but the Lord Jesus declared: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," putting baptism and faith side by side. And an apostle declares: "Repent and be baptized, every one of you." I do not stickle for any particular mode of baptism, but I put great emphasis on the fact that you ought to be baptized. Yet no more emphasis than the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Head of the Church, puts upon it.

The world is going to lose, after a while, a great many of its votaries. There are to be revivals of religion that will shake the earth. We give you warning. There is a great host coming in to stand under

the banner of the Lord Jesus Christ. Will you be among the gathered sheaves? Some of you have been thinking on this subject year after year. You have found out that this world is a poor portion. You want to be Christians. You have come almost into the Kingdom of God; but there you stop, forgetful of the fact that to be almost saved is not to be saved at all. Oh, my brother, after having come so near to the door of mercy, if you turn back you will never come at all. After you have heard of the goodness of God, if you turn away and die, it will not be because you did not have a good offer.

> God's spirit will not always strive
> With hardened, self-destroying man;
> Ye who persist his love to grieve
> May never hear his voice again.

May God Almighty this hour move upon your soul and bring you back from the husks of the wilderness to the Father's house, and set you at the banquet, and "put a ring on your hand."

EVANGELISM VINDICATED

Rev., 10: 10, 11: "And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey; and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter. And he said unto me, Thou must prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings."

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Domitian, the Roman Emperor, had in his realm a troublesome evangelist who would keep preaching, and so he exiled him to a barren island, as the English Government used to send prisoners to Australia, as our United States Government exiled prisoners to Dry Tortugas. The island I speak of is now called Patmos, and is so barren and unproductive that its inhabitants live by fishing. But one day the evangelist of whom I speak, sitting at the mouth of a cavern on the hillside, and perhaps half asleep under the drone of the sea, has a supernatural dream; and before him pass, as in panorama, time and eternity. Among the strange things that he saw was an angel with a little book in his hand; and in his dream the evangelist asked for this little book, and the angel gave it to him and told him to eat it up. As in a dream things are sometimes incongruous, the evangelist took the little book and ate it up. The angel told him beforehand that it would be very sweet in the mouth, but afterward he would be troubled with indigestion. True enough, the evangelist devours the book, and it becomes to him a sweetness during the mastication, but afterward a nauseating bitterness. Who the angel was and what the book was, no one can tell. The commentators do not agree, and I shall take no re-

sponsibility of interpretation, but will tell you that it suggests to me the little book of creeds, which skeptics take and chew up and find a very luscious morsel to their witticism, but after a while it is to them a great distress. The angel of the Church hands out this little book of evangelism, and the antagonists of the Christian Church take it and eat it up, and it makes them smile at first, but afterward it is to them a dire dyspepsia.

All intelligent people have creeds—that is, favorite theories which they have adopted. Political creeds—that is, theories about tariff, about finance, about civil service, about government. Social creeds—that is, theories about manners and customs and good neighborhood. Æsthetic creeds—that is, theories about tapestry, about bric-a-brac, about styles of ornamentation. Religious creeds—that is, theories about the Deity, about the soul, about the great future. The only being who has no creed about anything is the idiot. This scoffing against creeds is always a sign of profound ignorance on the part of the scoffer; for he has himself a hundred creeds in regard to other things. In our time the beliefs of evangelistic churches are under a fusilade of caricature and misrepresentation. Men set up what they call orthodox faith, and then they rake it with the musketry of their denunciation. They falsify what the Christian churches believe. They take evangelical doctrines and set them in a harsh and repulsive way, and put them out of the association with other truths. They are like a mad anatomist who, desiring to tell what a man is, dissects a human body and hangs up in one place the heart, and in another place the two lungs, and in another place an ankle bone, and says that is a man. They are only fragments of a man wrenched out of their God-appointed places.

Evangelical religion is a healthy, symmetrical, well-jointed, roseate, bounding life; and the scalpel and dissecting knife of the infidel or the atheist cannot tell you what it is. Evangelical religion is as different from what it is represented to be by these enemies as the scarecrow, which a farmer puts in the cornfield to keep off the ravens, is different from the farmer himself. For instance, these enemies of evangelism say that the Presbyterian Church believes that God is a savage sovereign, and that he made some men just to damn them, and that there are infants in hell a span long. These old slanders come down from generation to generation. The Presbyterian Church believes no such thing The Presbyterian Church believes that God is a loving and just Sovereign, and that we are free agents. "No, no! that cannot be," say these men who have chewed up the creed and have the consequent embittered stomachs; "that is impossible. If God is a Sovereign, we cannot be free agents." Why, my friends, we admit this in every other direction. I, De Witt Talmage, am a free citizen of Brooklyn. I go when I please and I come when I please, but I have at least four sovereigns. The Church court of our denomination; that is my ecclesiastical sovereign. The Mayor of this city; he is my municipal sovereign. The Governor of New York; he is my State sovereign. The President of the United States; he is my national sovereign. Four sovereigns have I, and yet in every faculty of body, mind and soul I am a free man. So, you see, it is possible that the two doctrines go side by side, and there is a common-sense way of presenting it, and there is a way that is repulsive. If you accept the two doctrines in a worldly direction, why not in a religious direction? If I choose to-morrow morning to walk into the Mercantile Library and improve my mind; or to go through the conservatory of my friend

at Jamaica, who has flowers from all lands growing under the arches of glass, and who has an aquarium all asquirm with trout and goldfish, and there are trees bearing oranges and bananas—if I want to go there, I could. I am free to go. If I want to go over to Hoboken and leap into a furnace of an oil factory, if I want to jump from the platform of the Philadelphia express train, if I want to leap from the Brooklyn Bridge, I may. But suppose I should go to-morrow and leap into the furnace at Hoboken, who would be to blame? That is all there is about sovereignty and free agency. God rules and reigns, and he has conservatories and he has blast furnaces. If you want to walk in the gardens, walk there. If you want to leap into the furnaces, you may.

Suppose, now, a man had a charmed key with which he could open all the jails, and he should open Raymond Street Jail and the New York Tombs and all the prisons on the continent. In three weeks what kind of a country would this be?—all the inmates turned out of those prisons and penitentiaries. Suppose all the reprobates, the bad spirits, the outrageous spirits, should be turned into the New Jerusalem. Why, the next morning the gates of pearl would be found off hinge, the linchpin would be gone out of the chariot wheels, the "house of many mansions" would be burglarized. Assault and battery, arson, libertinism and assassination would reside in the capital of the skies. Angels of God would be insulted on the streets. Heaven would be a dead failure if there were no great lockup. Your common sense demands two destinies! And then, as to the Presbyterian Church believing there are infants in perdition, if you bring me a Presbyterian of good morals and sound mind who will say that he believes there ever was a baby in the lost world, or ever will be, I will make him a

deed to my house, and he can take possession tomorrow.

So the Episcopalian Church is misrepresented by the enemies of evangelism. They say that church substitutes forms and ceremonies for heart religion, and it is all a matter of liturgy and genuflexion. False again. All Episcopalians will tell you that the forms and creed of their church are worse than nothing unless the heart go with them.

So, also, the Baptist Church has been misrepresented. The enemies of evangelism say the Baptist Church believes that unless a man is immersed he will never get into heaven. False again. All the Baptist, close communion and open communion, believe that if a man accept the Lord Jesus Christ he will be saved, whether he be baptized by one drop of water on the forehead, or be plunged into the Ohio or Susquehanna; although immersion is the only gate by which one enters their earthly communion.

The enemies of evangelism also misrepresent the Methodist Church. They say the Methodist Church believes that a man can convert himself, and that conversion in that church is a temporary emotion, and that all a man has to do is to kneel down at the altar and feel bad and then the minister pats him on the back and says, "It is all right," and that is all there is of it. False again. The Methodist Church believes that the Holy Ghost alone can convert a heart, and in that church conversion is an earthquake of conviction and a sunburst of pardon. And as to mere "temporary emotion," I wish we all had more of the "temporary emotion" which lasted Bishop Janes and Matthew Simpson for a half-century, keeping them on fire for God until their holy enthusiasm consumed their bodies.

So all the evangelical denominations are misrepresented. And then these enemies of evangelism go on

and hold up the great doctrines of the Christian Churches as absurd, dry and inexplicable technicalities. "There is your doctrine of the Trinity," they say. "Absurd beyond all bounds. The idea that there is a God in three persons! Impossible. If it is one God he cannot be three; and if there are three, there cannot be one." At the same time all of us—they with us—acknowledge trinities all around us. Trinity in our own make-up—body, mind, soul; body with which we move, mind with which we think, soul with which we love. Three, yet one man. Trinity in the air—light, heat, moisture—yet one atmosphere. Trinity in the court-room—three judges on the bench, but one court. Trinities all around about us, in earthly government and in nature. Of course, all the illustrations are defective for the reason that the natural cannot fully illustrate the spiritual. But suppose an ignorant man should come up to a chemist and say: "I deny what you say about the water and about the air; they are not made of different parts. The air is one; I breathe it every day. The water is one; I drink it every day. You can't deceive me about the elements that go to make up the air and the water." The chemist would say, "You come up into my laboratory and I will demonstrate this whole thing to you." The ignorant man goes into the chemist's laboratory, and sees for himself. He learns that the water is one and the air is one, but they are made up of different parts. So here is a man who says, "I cannot understand the doctrine of the Trinity." God says, "You come up here into the laboratory after your death, and you will see—you will see it explained, you will see it demonstrated." The ignorant man cannot understand the chemistry of the water and the air until he goes into the laboratory, and we will never understand the Trinity until we go into heaven. The ignorance of the

man who cannot understand the chemistry of the air and water does not change the fact in regard to the composition of air and water. Because we cannot understand the Trinity, does that change the fact?

"And there is your absurd doctrine about justification by faith," say these antagonists who have chewed up the little book of evangelism, and have the consequent embittered stomach—"justification by faith; you can't explain it." I can explain it. It is simply this: when a man takes the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour from sin, God lets the offender off. Just as you have a difference with some one, he has injured you, he apologizes or he makes reparation, you say, "Now, that's all right, that's all right." Justification by faith is this: a man takes Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and God says to the man, "Now, it was all wrong before, but it is all right now; it is all right." That was what made Martin Luther what he was. Justification by faith: it is going to conquer all nations.

"There is your absurd doctrine about regeneration," these antagonists of evangelism say. What is regeneration? Why, regeneration is reconstruction. Anybody can understand that. Have you not seen people who are all made over again by some wonderful influence? In other words, they are now just as different as possible from what they used to be. The old man-of-war, *Constellation*, lay down here at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Famine came to Ireland. The old *Constellation* was fitted up, and though it had been carrying gunpowder and bullets, it took bread to Ireland. You remember the enthusiasm as the old *Constellation* went out of our harbor, and with what joy it was greeted by the famishing nation on the other side the sea. That is regeneration. A man once loaded up with sin and death, now loaded up with

life. Refitted. Your observation has been very small indeed if you have not seen changes in character as radical as that.

About four weeks ago a man came into my church one night, and he was intoxicated, and at an utterance of the pulpit he said in a subdued tone, "That's a lie." An officer of the church tapped him on the shoulder and said, "You must be silent, or you must go out." The next night that stranger came, and he was converted to God. He was in the liquor business. He resigned the business. The next day he sent back the samples that had just been sent him. He began to love that which he hated. A large salary was offered him if he would return to his former business. He declined it. He would rather suffer with Jesus Christ than be prospered in the world. He wrote home a letter to his Christian mother. The Christian mother wrote back congratulating him, and said: "If in the change of your business you have lack of means, come home; you are always welcome home." He told of his conversion to a dissolute companion. The dissolute companion said: "Well, if you have become a Christian, you had better go over and talk to that dying girl. She is dying with quick consumption in that house." The new convert went there. All the surroundings were dissolute. He told the dying girl that Jesus Christ would save her. "Oh," she said, "that cannot be, that cannot be! What makes you think so?" "I have it here in a book in my pocket," he replied. He pulled out a New Testament. She said: "Show it to me; if I can be saved, show it to me in that book." He said: "I have neglected this book as you have neglected it for many years, and I do not know where to find it, but I know it is somewhere between the lids." Then he began to turn over the leaves, and, strange to say, his eye struck upon this

beautiful passage: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." She said: "It isn't possible that is there!" "Yes," he said, "that is there." He held it up before her dying eyes, and she said: "Oh, yes, I see it for myself; I accept the promise, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.'" In a few hours her spirit sped away to the Lord that gave it, and the new convert preached the funeral sermon. The man who a few days before had been a blasphemer and a drunkard and a hater of all that was good, he preached the sermon. That is regeneration, that is regeneration! If there are any dry husks of technicality in that, where are they? Changed himself, by the power of God, changing another. All made over again by the power of the grace of God.

Several years ago a ship-captain came into my church and sat under the gallery. He came in with a contempt for the Church of God and with an especial dislike for Talmage. When an opportunity was given he arose for prayer, and as he was more than six feet high, when he arose for prayer no one doubted that he arose! That hour he became a Christian. He went out and told the ship-owners and the ship-commanders what a great change had been wrought in him, and scores and scores have been brought to God through his instrumentality. A little while after his conversion he was on ship off Cape Hatteras in a thick and prolonged fog, and they were at their wits' ends and knew not what to do; the ship drifting about hither and thither, and they lost their bearings; and the converted sea captain went to his room and asked God for the salvation of the ship, and God revealed it to him while he was on his knees that at a certain hour, only a little way off, the fog would lift; and the converted sea-captain came out on the deck and told how God heard his prayers. He said:

"It is all right, boys; very soon now the fog will lift," mentioning the hour. A man who stood there laughed aloud in derision at the idea that God would answer prayer; but at just the hour when God had assured the captain the fog would lift there came a flash of lightning through the fog, and the man who had jeered and laughed was stunned and fell to the deck. The fog lifted. Yonder was Cape Hatteras lighthouse. The ship was put on the right course, and sailed on to the harbor of safety.

Now these many years past, when in seaport the captain spends most of his time in evangelical work. He kneels down by one who has been helpless in her bed for many months, and the next day she walks forth in the streets, well. He kneels beside one who has been long decrepit, and he resigns the crutches. He kneels beside one who had not seen enough to be able to read for ten years, and she reads the Bible that day. Consumptions go away; and those who had diseases that were appalling to behold, come up to rapid convalescence and to complete health. I am not telling you anything second-handed. I have had the story from the lips of the patients, those who were brought to health of body while at the same time brought to God. No second-hand story this. I have heard the testimony from men and women who have been cured. You may call it faith-cure, or you may call it the power of God coming down in answer to prayer; I do not care what you call it, it is a fact. The scoffing sea-captain, his heart full of hatred for Christianity, now becomes a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, giving all the time to evangelical labors, or all the time he can spare from other occupations. That is regeneration, that is regeneration. Man all made over again.

"There is your absurd doctrine of vicarious sacri-

fice," say these men who have chewed up the little book of creeds and have the consequent embittered stomach. "Vicarious sacrifice! Let every man suffer for himself. Why do I want Christ to suffer for me? I'll suffer for myself and carry my own burdens." They scoff at the idea of vicarious sacrifice, while they admire it everywhere else except in Christ. People see its beauty when a mother suffers for her child. People see its beauty when a patriot suffers for his country. People see its beauty when a man denies himself for a friend. They can see the beauty of vicarious sacrifice in every one but Christ.

A young lady in one of the literary institutions was a teacher. She was very reticent and retired in her habits, and she formed no companionships in the new position she occupied, and her dress was very plain—sometimes it was very shabby. After a while she was discharged from the place for that reason, but no reason was given. In answer to the letter discharging her from the position, she said: "Well, if I have failed to please, I suppose it is my own fault." She went here and there for employment, and found none, and in desperation and in dementia she ended her life by suicide. Investigation was made, and it was found that out of her small means she had supported her father, eighty years of age, and was paying the way for her brother in Yale College on his way to the ministry. It was found she had no blanket on the bed that winter, and she had no fire on the very coldest day of all the season. People found it out, and there was a large gathering at the funeral, the largest ever at any funeral in that place, and the very people who had scoffed came and looked upon the pale face of the martyr, and all honor was done her; but it was too late. Vicarious sacrifice. All are thrilled with such instances as that. But many are not moved by the fact

that Christ paid his poverty for our riches, his self-abnegation for our enthronement, and knelt on the sharp edges of humiliation that we might climb over his lacerated shoulder into peace and heaven.

Be it ours to admire and adore these doctrines at which others jeer. Oh, the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable is his wisdom, and his ways are past finding out! Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the infinity, the immensity, the eternity of that love! Let our earnest prayers go out in behalf of all those who scoff at these doctrines of grace. When the London plague was raging in the last century there was a hotel near the chief burial-place that excited much comment. England was in fright and bereavement. The dead-carts went through the streets day and night, and the cry, "Bring out your dead!" was answered by the bringing out of the forms of the loved ones, and they were put twenty or thirty in a cart, and the wagons went on to the cemetery; and these dead were not buried in graves, but in great trenches, in great pits—in one pit eleven hundred and fourteen burials! The carts would come up with their great burden of twenty or thirty to the mouth of the pit, and the front of the cart was lifted and the dead shot into the pit. All the churches in London were open for prayer day and night, and England was in a great anguish. At that very time, it appears, at a wayside inn near the chief burial-place, there was a group of hardened men, who sat day after day and night after night, blaspheming God and imitating the grief-struck who went by to the burial-place. These men sat there day after day and night after night, and they scoffed at men and they scoffed at women and they scoffed at God. But after a while one of them was struck with the plague, and in two

weeks all of the group were down in the trench from the margin of which they had uttered their ribaldry. My friends, a greater plague is abroad in the world. Millions have died of it. Millions are smitten with it now. Plague of sin, plague of sorrow, plague of wretchedness, plague of woe. And consecrated women and men from all Christendom are going out trying to stay the plague and alleviate the anguish, and there is a group of men in this country base enough to sit and deride the work. They scoff at the Bible and they scoff at evangelism and they scoff at Jesus Christ and they scoff at God. If these words shall reach them, either while they are sitting here to-day, or through the printing-press, let me tell them to remember the fate of that group in the wayside inn while the plague spread its two black wings over the doomed city of London. Oh, instead of being scoffers, let us be disciples! "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

THE JORDANIC PASSAGE

Joshua, 3: 17: "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan."

THE JORDANIC PASSAGE*

Joshua, 3: 17. "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan."

Washington crossed the Delaware when crossing was pronounced impossible; but he did it by boat. Xerxes crossed the Hellespont with two million men, but he did it by an extemporized bridge. The Israelites crossed the Red Sea, but the same orchestra that celebrated the deliverance of one army sounded the strangulation of the other. This crossing in my text is different from all those. It was without the loss of a human life. It was without the loss of so much as a linchpin. It seemed as if the waters were driven away. As the priests, who were the vanguard of the army, came down and touched the brim of the river the waters fled away, and then it was as if all the dampness had been sponged off, as though the road by a towel had been wiped dry. The streets of Jerusalem were not more dry than the depths of that river.

Yonder go the army of the Israelites, the armed men in front, followed by the wives, the children, the flocks, and the herds. As they come down into the midst of the river, and the waters pile up in crystal wall, the passing multitudes look up and think of the peril if that wall should fall before the march is completed, and the people get to the other side, the bank amid the tamarisks and the oleanders. And so I think the mothers hugged their children closer to their

*First preached in Brooklyn, afterward in Detroit, Mich.

hearts and hastened their pace. Quick now, get up on the other bank, all the host, the armed men, the wives, the children, the flocks, the herds lest this which seems to be a triumphal march, end in awful catastrophe.

Seated this morning on the shelving of limestone we look off upon the river, this wonderful river that Joshua crossed under rainbow arch woven out of the spray — the river which afterward became the baptistery where Christ was sprinkled or plunged — the river in which the borrowed axe-head miraculously swam at the prophet's order — the river illustrious in the world's history for heroic faith and omnipotent deliverance, and typical of scenes to transpire in your life and mine, scenes enough to make us from sole of foot to crown of head thrill with gladness.

Standing this morning by the affrighted and fugitive river of Jordan, we learn in the first place that obstacles touched vanish. The priests came down at the head of the Israelitish host, and they did not wade in chin deep, or chest deep, or knee deep, or ankle deep; they with the foot just touched the rim of the water, and Jordan fled. So it was with a great many of the obstacles in your life and mine. They are tremendous in the distance, but when we advance upon them, when we touch them with our courage they are gone.

Paul and John in the Scriptures seemed to have especial antipathy to cross dogs. Paul says in Philippians, "Beware of dogs;" and John seems to shut the gate of heaven against all the canine species, when he says, "Without are dogs." But I have been told that when those ferocious animals come upon you, if you can keep your eye upon them they retreat.

Whether that is so or not I cannot say, but this I know, that many of the troubles and annoyances of life which hound you, if you will only turn upon them, and as they advance upon you, you advance upon them and you keep your eye of courage upon them and cry, "Begone!" they will slink and cower.

There is a beautiful tradition among the American Indians that Manitou was traveling in the invisible world, and that he came upon a hedge of thorns, and after a while he saw wild beasts glare upon him from the thicket, and after a while he saw an impassable river; but as he determined to proceed, did go on, the thorns turned to be phantoms, the wild beasts a powerless ghost, the river only the phantom of a river. And it is the simple fact of our lives that the vast majority of the obstacles in our way disappear when we march upon them. Jordan touched vanishes.

You see some duty in the future you do not want to perform. "Oh," you say, "I haven't the physical courage for it, I haven't faith in God for it, I can't do it, I am not competent for the circumstance!" Go right on and do your whole duty, and the obstacles will be gone. The waters touched vanish. What is true when we are well and in great prosperity, we imagine may be true in the last hour of life. How many there are who are afraid of the Jordan of death! If I should ask all those Christians in this audience, who have no fear or agitation about the crossing from this world into the next, to rise, there would not be twenty persons in the house rising. Why, it is not your time to die. God never gives dying grace until you are going to die. We might as well expect martyr's grace when we are not called to be martyrs. It is the Jordan in the distance that is so terrible. When you come up to it it will depart. That is going to be

true in all the histories — not one exception — of those who are the children of God.

Good old John Livingston used to have a great horror of leaving this world. He was in a sloop going from Elizabethport to New York, and there came a sudden gust of wind, and the probability was that the sloop would be destroyed, and the most affrighted man on board was John Livingston, and many were surprised that so good and gracious and glorious a man as John Livingston should be affrighted under such circumstances; but when at last that man was called to die, he was as calm as a child asleep on a bank of flowers. It is death in the distance, not death close by, that affrights the Christian. Jordan touched vanishes.

So it will be when your last hour comes. I say it in perfect confidence. I know it will be so. Christ, your priest, with bruised feet, will go ahead of you. He will put his foot to the brim of the water, and you will follow. The waters will fly and you will go through dryshod on beds of coral and flowers of heaven and paths of pearl.

O! Could we make these doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes,

Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream or death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.

Looking off upon this strange crossing of the river, I also learn the completeness of everything that God does. When the Jordan was bidden to halt, you would have supposed it would have overflowed and

devastated the country. That would be the natural law. Halt a river in its march to the sea, and you destroy the country. But when God built an invisible dam across the Jordan so it halted, he built at the same time an invisible dam on either side the Jordan, so that the context says the waters stood up — stood up — they reared in their march. It was a complete miracle, complete in every respect, just like God's work, always complete.

But you would have said, "If the waters of the Jordan are drawn off it does not make any difference though there be two or three feet of water, the Israelites can easily wade through, and they will come up with saturated garments on the beach as people came up from a shipwreck." No, it was better than that. You would have said, "If the waters of Jordan are drawn off, then there will be a bed of mud and slime through which the Israelites must pass. Draw off the waters of the Connecticut or the Hudson, or the Potomac, and there would be a bed of mud and slime impassable. It would take days and weeks for it to dry up." But lo! the completeness of the divine miracle. The waters fly. The bed of the river is perfectly dry. They go through dryshod.

Oh! the completeness of everything that God does. Does he build a universe, it is a perfect clock running ever since it was wound up. Fixed stars the pivots, constellations the intermoving wheels, and ponderous laws the weights and mighty swinging pendulum. The stars in the dome striking midnight, and the sun with brazen tongue tolling the hour of noon. The wildest comet has on it the chain of a law it cannot break. The thistle-down that flies before the school-boy's breath is controlled by the same law that controls a whole universe. The rose-bush in your

window is controlled by the same law that controls the tree of the universe, on which stars are ripening fruit, and on which God will some time put his hand and shake down the fruit. It is a complete universe. No astronomer has ever suggested an amendment.

Does God make a Bible, it is a complete Bible. Standing amid its dreadful and delightful truths, you seem to be in the midst of an orchestra, where the wailing over sin, and the shoutings over pardon, and the martial strains of victory, sound like the anthem of eternity. It seems like an ocean of truth on which God walks, sometimes in the darkness of prophecy, and sometimes in the splendor with which he walked on Galilee — apostle answering to prophet, Paul to Isaiah, Revelation to Genesis. A complete book. It is the kiss of God on the soul of lost man.

Does God provide a Saviour, he is a complete Saviour. God, man — divinity, humanity. He set up the starry pillars of the universe. He planted the cedars of Lebanon. He quarried the sardonyx and the chrysolite and the topaz for the wall of Heaven, putting down jasper for the foundation, and heaving up amethyst for the capstone, and made the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. A mighty Saviour, and yet a sympathetic Saviour. In one instant he thought out a universe, and yet, held by his mother's hand. All heaven adoring him, yet on earth called "this fellow." Angels folding their wings over their faces and bowing before him, holy, holy, holy, yet called a sot and a blasphemer. Rocked in a boat on Gennesaret, and yet he it is that undirks the lightning from the storm-cloud and dismasts Lebanon of its cedars. Rubbing his hand over the place where you have an ache or pain, and yet the stars of heaven the adoring gems of his right hand. Holding us in his arms

when we take the last look at our dead; sitting beside us at the tombstone, and while we plant roses there, he plants consolations in our soul. Every chapter a stalk. Every paragraph a stem. Every word a rose. A complete universe. A complete Bible. A complete Saviour. A complete Jordanic passage. Everything he does is complete.

Again: I look off upon the wonderful scene of my text and I learn that between us and everything bright and beautiful and useful and prosperous, there is a river of difficulty that we must cross. "Oh!" said the Israelites to Joshua, "I wish I could get some of those grapes." "Well," said Joshua, "why don't you cross over and get them." The grapes are always on the other side. You have to cross over to get them. That which costs nothing is worth nothing. God puts everything valuable a little out of our reach, that we may struggle for it. For the same reason he puts gold deep down in the mine, and pearls deep down in the sea, to make us dig and dive. We all understand that in worldly things. Would God we understood it in religious things. Nobody is surprised to read that Cornelius Vanderbilt blistered his hands rowing a ferryboat. Nobody is surprised to read that A. T. Stewart used to sweep out his own store. You can think of those who had it very hard who now have it very easy. Their walls blossom and bloom with pictures. Carpets that made foreign looms laugh now embrace their feet. The horses neigh and champ their bits at the doorway, the glided harness tinkling with silver, and the carriage rolling away like a beautiful wave of New York life.

Who is it? It is the boy who had all his estate slung over his shoulder in a cotton handkerchief. The silver on the harness of the dancing span is petrified

sweat drops. That beautiful dress is the faded calico that God ran his hand over, and it became Turkish satin or Italian silk. Those diamonds are the tears which suffering froze as they fell. There is always a river of difficulty between us and anything that is worth having.

There was a river of difficulty between Shakespeare, the boy holding the horses at the London Theatre for a sixpence, and Shakespeare, the world's dramatist winning the applause of all nations by his incomparable tragedies. There was a river of difficulty between Benjamin Franklin, with a loaf of bread under his arm trudging along the street of Philadelphia, and Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, outside of Boston, playing kite with the thunder storm. An indolent man was cured of his indolence by looking out of the window at night into another window, and seeing a man turning off one sheet of writing paper after another sheet of writing paper until almost the daybreak. Who was it that wrote until the morning? It was Walter Scott. Who was it that looked at him from the opposite window? Lockhart, afterwards his illustrious biographer.

It is push and struggle and drive. There are mountains to scale, there are rivers to ford. Lord Mansfield, pursued of the press and pursued of the populace, said, "If a man die in behalf of the law and liberty of his country, he cannot die too soon." And there has been struggle for everybody that gained anything for themselves, or gained anything for the Church, or gained anything for the world. We all understand it in wordly things? Why can we not understand it in religious things.

You think it is a mere accident that that old Christian knows so much about the Bible. Why, he was

studying his Bible when you were reading your newspaper. He got strong by running the Christian race. In fifty Solferinos he learned how to fight. In a shipwreck he learned how to swim. It was by pounding the anvil of trouble that he became swarthy. Then when this Christian goes on and gets across all these other rivers of difficulty there is the River of Death still. Lieutenant Molineaux explored the Jordan, and he said he had several boats all split to pieces in the rapids of the Jordan. Some parts of the river are very dangerous, and he had his boats completely destroyed in trying to explore the river Jordan. And the River of Death has destroyed many. There is a gurgling in the water, there is a moaning in the air, there is a thunder in the sky, and God seems to write, "I will tread them in my wrath and trample them in my fury."

To some it seems a dreadful river to cross, but now here is the Christian coming. It is time for departure. He has crossed all the other rivers and here is the River of Death. His priest, the Lord Jesus Christ, with bruised feet, goes right on ahead of him and he comes to the water, and his breath gets shorter and shorter, and his last breath is gone as he touches the wave. But then all the billows toss their plumes and begin to sing: "O! death, where is thy sting? O! grave, where is thy victory?" "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more sea, and there shall be no more death."

What a matter of congratulation it must be to those Israelites that they not only got through themselves, but their families with them. Here are the fathers and mothers climbing up the other bank, and here are their families coming right on with them. O! my brother, my sister will it not be grand, will it not be glorious,

if we pass through ourselves in safety, and all our loved ones besides!

I was some time ago seated at my table at home, and my family were all there, and I said, "What a beautiful thing it would be if we could all get into one boat, and I could be the oarsman, and we could just pull away across the River of Death; all start together, all go together, and all land in heaven together." That is not the way. It would not do to substitute our ignorance for God's wisdom. It is one by one, one by one. My mother, in her dying moments, said to my father — they had been married sixty years — "father, wouldn't it be pleasant if we could both go together?" But no; it was three years apart. It is one by one.

Some of us who were brought up in the country remember when the summer was coming, warm summer weather, in our boyhood we used to ask mother to let us go barefoot, and we remember just the sensation when we put our uncovered foot upon the soft dust and the cool grass. And the time will come when we will cast off these sandals, which we must wear because there are so many sharp places on the road of life. We will cast off these sandals, and with unsandaled foot we will step on the soft bed of the river. Then with one foot in the bed of the river, with the other we will spring up on the other bank, and that will be heaven. It will not be a breaking down; it will be a lifting up; it will be an irradiation as was beautifully illustrated when the Christian husband was dying and he said to his wife, "How that candle flickers, Nellie; put it out. I shall sleep well to-night and waken in the morning."

Oh, how much comfort there is in this subject for all the bereft! You see our departed are not swamped

in the waters, are not submerged. They have crossed over. That is all. The Israelites were just as certainly alive on the eastern bank of the Jordan as they were on the western bank of the Jordan, and our departed Christian friends are just as certainly alive now as they were before they crossed the River of Death. The respiration easier. The sight keener. All their aches and ailments left this side. An impassable barrier put between them and all human and Satanic pursuit. Crossed over. Not sick, not dead, not obliterated, not blotted out, but crossed over. Ought I not congratulate you, the bereft, at the thought that your friends are safe in heaven?

I remember that the *Australia* has been out now a good while, and I believe is nine days overdue, and there is a great deal of apprehension about the *Australia*. And I remember a few years ago when there was a great deal of apprehension about the *City of Brussels*. She was overdue. She left New York harbor for Liverpool. I think there were eight or ten days that she was overdue, and there was a great deal of apprehension on the part of the friends here about their friends on board that ship. The general impression was all through New York and in England, that the *City of Brussels* had gone down. But one day the news flashed from Liverpool, "The *City of Brussels* is coming up the harbor." What a time of rejoicing it was in New York! Did we not do well to congratulate the people who had friends on board that they had got across safely, that they landed in Liverpool safely? How heartily we shook their hands in gladness, and am I not right in congratulating you, O Christian bereft, that your friends have got safely over! They have not gone down. They are harbored, crossed over. You would not call them back, would

you? If you had the capacity, would you call them back? Would you call your aged parents back? Did they not have a struggle long enough? Was not the journey tedious enough? Did they not have ailments and sickness enough? Would you call your Christian father, your Christian mother back, if you could? Would you call your children back? Perhaps it would not be safe for the Lord to trust us with the power. But I do not think we could afford to call our children back to temptation and struggle, for life under the very best circumstances is a struggle. We could not afford to call them back. What! Would we have our departed friends cross the Jordan three times? Is not once enough? In addition to the crossing they have already made, would we have them cross back again? And then after many years had gone they would have to cross over again to the other side, for surely you would not want to keep them forever out of heaven. You would not want them to cross three times. The poet says:

> Pause and weep, not for the freed from sin,
> But that the sigh of love would bring them back again.

I ask a question and the answer comes back in heavenly echo, "Will you never be sick again?" "Never — sick — again." Will you never be tired again?" "Never—tired—again." "Will you never sin again?" "Never — sin — again." "Will you never weep again?" "Never — weep — again." "Will you never die again?" "Never — die — again."

O! ye army of departed kindred, I hail you from bank to bank. Wait for us. When our work is done meet us half way between the willowed banks of earth and the palm groves of heaven. There is one old hymn that rings through your soul today while I am

preaching, words consecrated by many a dying lip, words we tried to sing at my father's departure, but all the voices broke down at the close of the first verse, broke in emotion:

On Jordan's stormy bank I stand
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie,
O! the transporting, rapturous scene
That rushes on my sight,
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight.

INDEXES

INDEXES

PREFATORY NOTE

A glance at the following Indexes will show their purpose and value. The **Texts** of Sermons are first given in Biblical order, they then appear in conjunction with the **Titles** of Sermons in alphabetical order. The titles are indexed as fully as cross-references will permit. The Index of **Anecdotal** and **Historical Illustrations** will afford a mine of wealth to the preacher, Sunday-school teacher and Christian worker. In the Index of **Subjects** those dwelt upon at any length will be found in groups, while others more lightly touched upon are dismissed with a line. While nothing short of a concordance would exhibit all the variety of Dr. Talmage's presentations of truth, familiarity with these Indexes will prove their thoroughly practical and comprehensive character.

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